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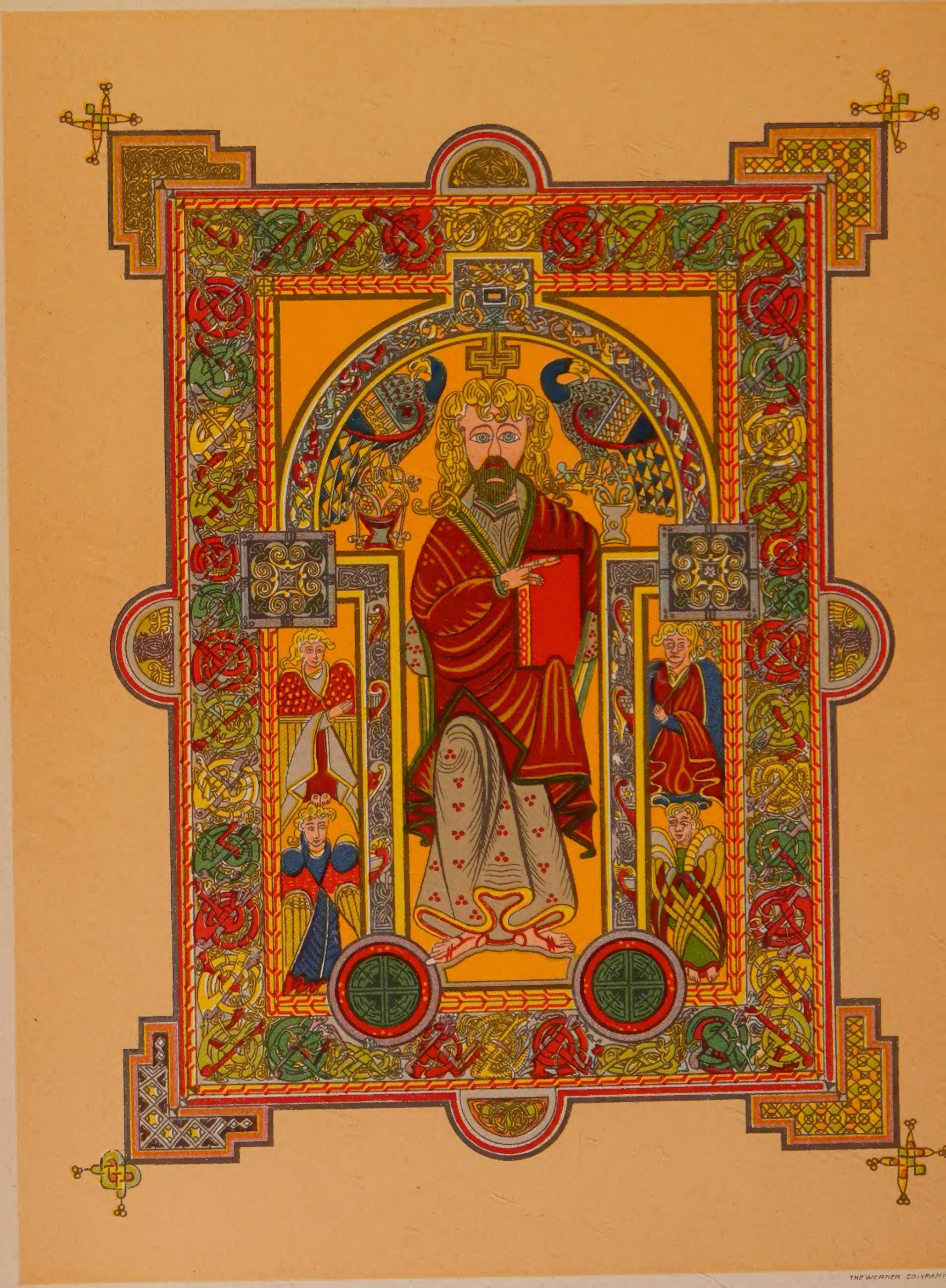

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This portrayal of the saint is from a Latin copy of the Gospels, now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is sometimes called the "Great Gospel of Columba," but is better known as the "Book of Kells," of which St. Columba was patron. The book was written about 660 A. D. and was a treasured possession of the monastery, except for a short time in 1006 A. D. when it was stolen, until it came into the possession of the Bishop Usher. During the wars of Cromwell, the book was confiscated and carried to England, coming later into the hands of Charles II., by whom it was given to its present custodian. The manuscript is a fine example of the Irish school of illuminating, showing the characteristic style of treating the human and animal forms.

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FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XXIV.

NEW YORK
THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY
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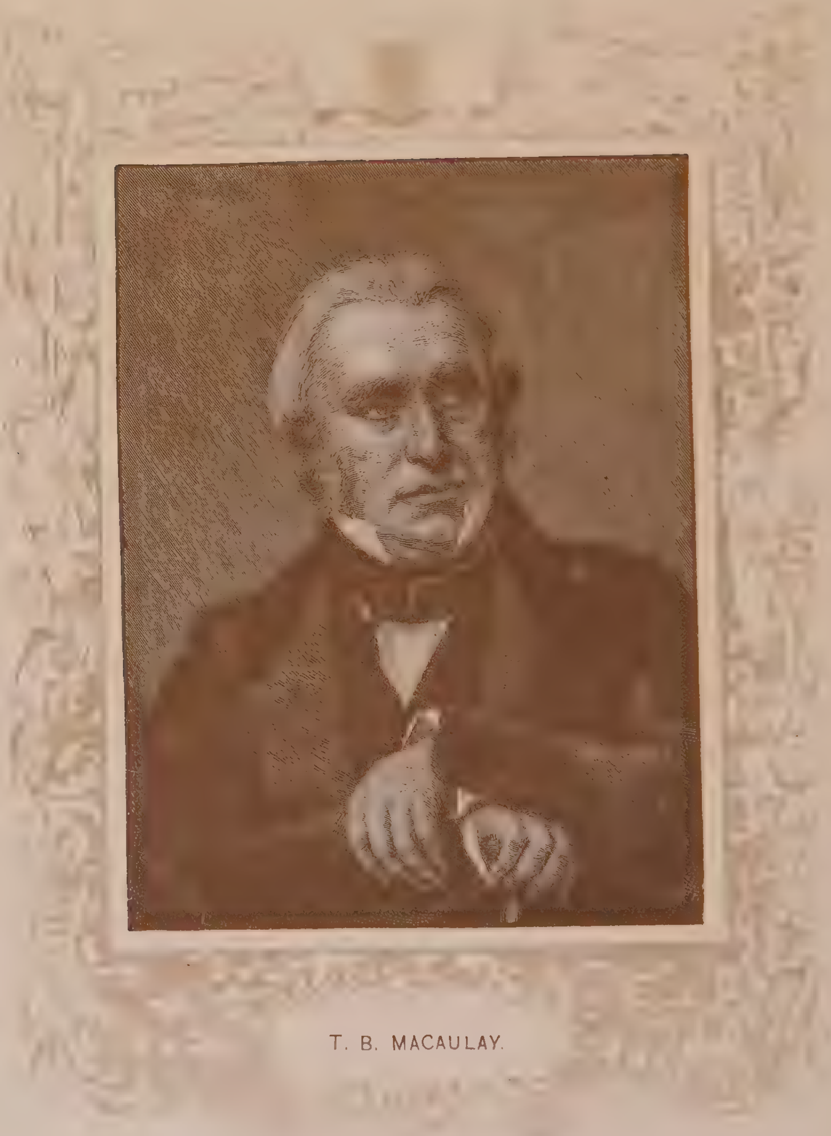

T. B. MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

(1800–1859)

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most widely read of English essayists and historians, was born near London on the 25th of October, 1800. His early education was received at private schools; but in 1818 he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated with honor, and was elected a fellow in 1824. Out of deference to the wishes of his father he thought for a while of becoming an attorney, read law, and was called to the bar in 1826. But the labors of the profession were little to his liking; no business of consequence came to him, and he was soon deep in literature and politics, for the pursuit of which his tastes, his habits, and his parts pre-eminently fitted him.

His nephew and biographer has gathered a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences, which go far to show that while still a lad Macaulay displayed in a high degree many of the mental characteristics which later in life made him famous. The eagerness with which he devoured books of every sort; the marvelous memory which enabled him to recall for years whole pages and poems, read but once; the quickness of perception by the aid of which he could at a glance extract the contents of a printed page; his love of novels and poetry; his volubility, his positiveness of assertion, and the astonishing amount of information he could pour out on matters of even trivial importance,—were as characteristic of the boy as of the man.

As might have been expected from one so gifted, Macaulay began to write while a mere child; but his first printed piece was an anonymous letter defending novel-reading and lauding Fielding and Smollett. It was written at the age of sixteen; was addressed to his father, then editor of the Christian Observer, was inserted in utter ignorance of the author, and brought down on the periodical the wrath of a host of subscribers. One declared that he had given the obnoxious number to the flames, and should never again read the magazine. At twenty-three Macaulay began to write for Knight's Quarterly Magazine, and contributed to it articles some of which — as 'The Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War'; his criticism of Dante and Petrarch; that on Athenian Orators; and the 'Fragments of a Roman Tale' — are still given a place in his collected writings. In themselves these pieces are of small value; but they served to draw attention to the author just at the time when Jeffrey, the editor of the great Whig Edinburgh Review, was eagerly and anxiously searching for « some clever young man » to write for it. Macaulay was such a clever young man. Overtures were therefore made to him; and in 1825, in the August number of the Review, appeared his essay on John Milton. The effect was immediate. Like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous; was praised and complimented on every hand, and day after day saw his table covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every part of London. And well he might be praised; for no English magazine had ever before published so readable, so eloquent, so entertaining an essay. Its very faults are pleasing. Its merits are of a high order; but the passage which will best bear selection as a specimen of the writing of Macaulay at twenty-five is the description of the Puritan.

Macaulay had now found his true vocation, and entered on it eagerly and with delight. In March 1827 came the essay on Machiavelli; and during 1828 those on John Dryden, on History, and on Hallam's ‹Constitutional History.› During 1829 he wrote and published reviews of James Mill's ‹Essay on Government› (which involved him in an unseemly wrangle with the Westminster Review, and called forth two more essays on the Utilitarian Theory of Government), Southey's ‹Colloquies on Society,› Sadler's ‹Law of Population,› and the reviews of Robert Montgomery's Poems. The reviews of Moore's ‹Life of Byron› and of Southey's edition of the ‹Pilgrim's Progress› appeared during 1830. In that same year Macaulay entered Parliament, and for a time the essays came forth less frequently. A reply to a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler written in reply to Macaulay's review, the famous article in which Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson was pilloried, and the essay on John Hampden, were all he wrote in 1831. In 1832 came Burleigh and his Times, and Mirabeau; in 1833 The War of the Succession in Spain, and Horace Walpole; in 1834 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; in 1835 Sir James Mackintosh; in 1837 Lord Bacon, the finest yet produced; in 1838 Sir William Temple; in 1839 Gladstone on Church and State; and in 1840 the greatest of all his essays, those on Von Ranke's ‹History of the Popes› and on Lord Clive. The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, Warren Hastings, and a short sketch of Lord Holland, were written in 1841; Frederic the Great in 1842; Madame D'Arblay and Addison in 1843; Barère and The Earl of Chatham in 1844: and with these the long list closes.

Never before in any period of twenty years had the British reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of essays. Taken as a whole the series falls naturally into three classes: the critical, the biographical, and the historical. Each has merits and peculiarities of its own; but all have certain characteristics in common which enable us to treat them in a group.

Whoever will take the pains to read the six-and-thirty essays we have mentioned,—and he will be richly repaid for his pains,—cannot fail to perceive that sympathy with the past is Macaulay's ruling passion. Concerning the present he knew little and cared less. The range of topics covered by him was enormous; art, science, theology, history, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy—all were passed in review. Yet he has never once failed to treat his subject historically. We look in vain for the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytical treatment. He reviewed Mill's essay on Government, and Hallam's 'Constitutional History'; but he made no observations on government in the abstract, nor expressed any opinions as to what sort of government is best suited for civilized communities in general. He wrote about Bacon; yet he never attempted to expound the principles or describe the influence of the Baconian philosophy. He wrote about Addison and Johnson, Hastings and Clive, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay; yet in no case did he analyze the works, or fully examine the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas, of one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splendid historical picture of the times in which these people lived. Thus the essay on Milton is a review of the Cromwellian period; Machiavelli, of Italian morals in the sixteenth century; that on Dryden, of the state of poetry and the drama in the days of Charles the Second; that on Johnson, of the state of English literature in the days of Walpole. In the essays on Clive and Hastings, we find little of the founders of British India beyond the enumeration of their acts. But the Mogul empire, and the rivalries and struggles which overthrew it, are all depicted in gorgeous detail. No other writer has ever given so fine an account of the foreign policy of Charles the Second as Macaulay has done in the essay on Sir William Temple; nor of the Parliamentary history of England for the forty years preceding our Revolution, as is to be found in the essays on Lord Chatham. In each case the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct. We are told of the trial of John Hampden; but we do not see the fearless champion of popular liberty as he stood before the judges of King Charles. We are introduced to Frederic the Great, and are given a summary of his characteristics and a glowing narrative of the wars in which he won fame; but the real Frederic, the man contending «against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune,» is lost in the mass of accessories. He describes the outward man admirably: the inner man is never touched.

But however faulty the Essays may be in respect to the treatment accorded to individual men, they display a prodigious knowledge of the facts and events of the periods they cover. His wonderful memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources, his astonishing power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, joined with a clear and vigorous style, enabled him to produce historical scenes with a grouping, a finish, and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His picture of the Puritan in the essay on Milton, and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the essay on the Popes; his description of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and magnificence of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the essay on Sir James Mackintosh,—are but a few of many of his bits of word-painting which cannot be surpassed. What is thus true of particular scenes and incidents in the Essays is equally true of many of them in the whole. Long periods of time, great political movements, complicated policies, fluctuations of ministries, are sketched with an accuracy, animation, and clearness not to be met with in any elaborate treatise covering the same period.

While Macaulay was writing two and three essays a year, he won renown in a new field by the publication of ‘The Lays of Ancient Rome.’ They consist of four ballads—‘Horatius’; ‘The Battle of the Lake Regillus’; ‘Virginius’; and ‘The Prophecy of Capys’—which are supposed to have been sung by Roman minstrels, and to belong to a very early period in the history of the city. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the Essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents: but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. The setting of Horatius, which belongs to the earliest days of Rome, is totally different from the setting of the Prophecy of Capys, which belongs to the time when Rome was fast acquiring the mastery over Italy; and in each case the setting is studiously and remarkably exact. In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious learning, the same richness of illustration, which distinguish the essays; and they are adorned with a profusion of metaphor and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

The ‘Lays’ appeared in 1842, and at once found their way into popular favor. Macaulay's biographer assures us that in ten years 18,000 copies were sold in Great Britain; 40,000 copies in twenty years; and before 1875 nearly 100,000 had passed into the hands of readers.

Meantime the same popularity attended the ‘Essays.’ Again and again Macaulay had been urged to collect and publish them in book form, and had stoutly refused. But when an enterprising publisher in Philadelphia not only reprinted them but shipped copies to England, Macaulay gave way; and in the early months of 1843 a volume was issued. Like the Lays, the Essays rose at once into popular favor, and in the course of thirty years 120,000 copies were sold in the United Kingdom by one publisher.

But the work on which he was now intent was the ‹History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living.› The idea of such a narrative had long been in his mind; but it was not till 1841 that he began seriously to write, and not till 1848 that he published the first and second volumes. Again his success was instant. Nothing like it had been known since the days of Waverley. Of ‹Marmion› 2,000 were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's History 3,000 copies were sold in ten days. Of the ‹Lay of the Last Minstrel› 2,250 copies were disposed of in course of the first year; but the publishers sold 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. In the United States the success was greater yet.

> «We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work,» wrote Harper & Brothers in 1849. «There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is now in preparation; so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm.»

Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year the London publisher disposed of the work at the rate of seventy sets a week. In November 1855 the third and fourth volumes were issued. Confident of an immense sale, 25,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and were taken by the trade before a copy was bound. In the United States the sale, he was assured by Everett, was greater than that of any book ever printed, save the Bible and a few school-books in universal use. Prior to 1875, his biographer states, 140,000 copies of the History were sold in the United Kingdom. In ten weeks from the day of the issue 26,500 copies were taken, and in March 1856 $100,000 was paid him as a part of the royalty due in December.

Honors of every sort were now showered on him. He was raised to the peerage; he was rich, famous, and great. But the enjoyment of his honors was short-lived; for in December 1859 he was found in his library, seated in his easy-chair, dead. Before him on the table lay a copy of the Cornhill Magazine, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of ‹Lovel the Widower.›

All that has been said regarding the Essays and the Lays applies with equal force to the 'History of England.' No historian who has yet written has shown such familiarity with the facts of English history, no matter what the subject in hand may be: the extinction of villeinage, the Bloody Assizes, the appearance of the newspaper, the origin of the national debt, or the state of England in 1685. Macaulay is absolutely unrivaled in the art of arranging and combining his facts, and of presenting in a clear and vigorous narrative the spirit of the epoch he treats. Nor should we fail to mention that both Essays and History abound in remarks, general observations, and comment always clear, vigorous, and shrewd, and in the main very just.

John Bach McMaster

THE COFFEE-HOUSE

From the 'History of England'

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our time have been called, a Fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the State. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an unusual outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments,— his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Foppington to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go. For in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether 'Paradise Lost' ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that 'Venice Preserved' ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who in the year 1685 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's; and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark eyed money-changers from Venice and Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND, 1685

From the 'History of England'

THE chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially; and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite unacquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs; which has enabled navies to advance in face of wind and tide, and brigades of troops, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest racehorse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam-engine, which he called a fire-water work, and which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion. But the Marquess was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a Papist. His inventions therefore found no favorable reception. His fire-water work might perhaps furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no railways, except a few made of timber, on which coals were carried from the mouths of the Northumbrian pits to the banks of the Tyne. There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Lewis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby the antiquary was in danger of losing his way on the Great North

Road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high-road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads; and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travelers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that in 1685, a viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in traveling fourteen miles, from St. Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk a great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest horses could in winter get through the bog, in which at every step they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were in this district generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that during fourteen hours he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the Great North Road, which traversed very poor and thinly inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed, it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. Soon after the Restoration this grievance attracted the notice of Parliament; and an act, the first of our many turnpike acts, was passed, imposing a small toll on travelers and goods, for the purpose of keeping some parts of this important line of communication in good repair. This innovation, however, excited many murmurs; and the other great avenues to the capital were long left under the old system. A change was at length effected, but not without much difficulty. For unjust and absurd taxation to which men are accustomed is often borne far more willingly than the most reasonable impost which is new. It was not till many toll-bars had been violently pulled down, till the troops had in many districts been forced to act against the people, and till much blood had been shed, that a good system was introduced. By slow degrees reason triumphed over prejudice; and our island is now crossed in every direction by near thirty thousand miles of turnpike road.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage-wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter twelve pounds a ton. This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile; more by a third than was afterwards charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by railway companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea; and was indeed always known in the south of England by the name of sea-coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country north of York and west of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct, were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small. But the caravan moved at a foot's pace; and in winter the cold was often insupportable.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton, the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair; but found at St. Albans that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan. A coach-and-six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the Heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The Vice-Chancellor, by a notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College; and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the Continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public coach should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old mode of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the King in council from several companies of the City of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties. We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.

In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not incumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If a traveler wished to move expeditiously, he rode post. Fresh saddle-horses and guides were to be procured at convenient distances along all the great lines of road. The charge was threepence a mile for each horse, and fourpence a stage for the guide. In this manner, when the ways were good, it was possible to travel, for a considerable time, as rapidly as by any conveyance known in England, till vehicles were propelled by steam. There were as yet no post-chaises; nor could those who rode in their own coaches ordinarily procure a change of horses. The King, however, and the great officers of State, were able to command relays. Thus, Charles commonly went in one day from Whitehall to Newmarket, a distance of about fifty-five miles, through a level country; and this was thought by his subjects a proof of great activity. Evelyn performed the same journey in company with the Lord Treasurer Clifford. The coach was drawn by six horses, which were changed at Bishop Stortford and again at Chesterford. The travelers reached Newmarket at night. Such a mode of conveyance seems to have been considered as a rare luxury, confined to princes and ministers.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

From the ‹History of England›

WHATEVER might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travelers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses: their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the innkeepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good-nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men: how at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the Crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable: but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

THE DELUSION OF OVERRATING THE HAPPINESS OF OUR ANCESTORS

From the ‹History of England›

The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they are now to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.

Photogravure from a painting by Boughton.

THE PURITAN

From the Essay on 'John Milton'

We would speak first of the Puritans; the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves, and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

«Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene;
Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene.»*

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed out of the most unpromising materials the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth,—were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's-head and the Fool's-head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

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* «Behold the fount of mirth, behold the rill
Containing mortal perils in itself;
And therefore here to bridle our desires,
And to be cautious well doth us befit.»

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows; but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics; had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system,—intolerance and extravagant austerity; that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

SPAIN UNDER PHILIP II.

From the Essay on Lord Mahon's ‹History of the War of the Succession in Spain›

WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great States may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small States of Italy, were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines, and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the spice islands of the Eastern

Archipelago. In America, his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome, was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessaries. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet-root. The influence of Philip on the Continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain,—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. «The King of Spain,» said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, «since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of

Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great. . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendency which Spain then had in Europe was in one sense well deserved. It was an ascendency which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic, and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "regere imperio populos," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortez and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added, that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: «Capta ferum victorem cepit.» The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome were driven out by imitations of Theocritus and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier and a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of Gil Blas, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was in their apprehension a kind of dæmon; horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. «They be verye wyse and politicke,» says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, «and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the manners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe: whose mischievous manners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection: but then shall he parfectlye parceyve and fele them; which thynge I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES II. OF ENGLAND

From the Essay on Mackintosh's 'History of the Revolution in England'

Such was England in 1660. In 1678 the whole face of things had changed. At the former of those epochs eighteen years of commotion had made the majority of the people ready to buy repose at any price. At the latter epoch eighteen years of misgovernment had made the same majority desirous to obtain security for their liberties at any risk. The fury of their returning loyalty had spent itself in its first outbreak. In a very few months they had hanged and half-hanged, quartered and emboweled, enough to satisfy them. The Roundhead party seemed to be not merely overcome, but too much broken and scattered ever to rally again. Then commenced the reflux of public opinion. The nation began to find out to what a man it had intrusted without conditions all its dearest interests, on what a man it had lavished all its fondest affection.

On the ignoble nature of the restored exile, adversity had exhausted all her discipline in vain. He had one immense advantage over most other princes. Though born in the purple, he was far better acquainted with the vicissitudes of life and the diversities of character than most of his subjects. He had known restraint, danger, penury, and dependence. He had often suffered from ingratitude, insolence, and treachery. He had received many signal proofs of faithful and heroic attachment. He had seen, if ever man saw, both sides of human nature. But only one side remained in his memory. He had learned only to despise and to distrust his species; to consider integrity in men, and modesty in women, as mere acting: nor did he think it worth while to keep his opinion to himself. He was incapable of friendship; yet he was perpetually led by favorites, without being in the smallest degree duped by them. He knew that their regard to his interests was all simulated; but from a certain easiness which had no connection with humanity, he submitted, half laughing at himself, to be made the tool of any woman whose person attracted him or of any man whose tattle diverted him. He thought little and cared less about religion. He seems to have passed his life in dawdling suspense between Hobbism and Popery. He was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand; he died at last with the Host sticking in his throat; and during most of the intermediate years was occupied in persecuting both Covenanters and Catholics. He was not a tyrant from the ordinary motives. He valued power for its own sake little, and fame still less. He does not appear to have been vindictive, or to have found any pleasing excitement in cruelty. What he wanted was to be amused, to get through the twenty-four hours pleasantly without sitting down to dry business. Sauntering was, as Sheffield expresses it, the true Sultana Queen of his Majesty's affections. A sitting in council would have been insupportable to him if the Duke of Buckingham had not been there to make mouths at the Chancellor. It has been said, and is highly probable, that in his exile he was quite disposed to sell his rights to Cromwell for a good round sum. To the last, his only quarrel with his Parliaments was that they often gave him trouble and would not always give him money. If there was a person for whom he felt a real regard, that person was his brother. If there was a point about which he really entertained a scruple of conscience or of honor, that point was the descent of the crown. Yet he was willing to consent to the Exclusion Bill for six hundred thousand pounds; and the negotiation was broken off only because he insisted on being paid beforehand. To do him justice, his temper was good; his manners agreeable; his natural talents above mediocrity. But he was sensual, frivolous, false, and cold-hearted, beyond almost any prince of whom history makes mention.

Under the government of such a man, the English people could not be long in recovering from the intoxication of loyalty.

THE CHURCH OF ROME

From the Essay on Ranke's 'History of the Popes'

There is not, and there never was on the earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightening must be favorable to Protestantism and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy; that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life; that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved; that government, police, and law have been improved, though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. But we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has on the whole been in favor of the Church of Rome. We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system which has, to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress made by the human race in knowledge since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Indeed, the argument which we are considering seems to us to be founded on an entire mistake. There are branches of knowledge with respect to which the law of the human mind is progress. In mathematics, when once a proposition has been demonstrated, it is never afterwards contested. Every fresh story is as solid a basis for a new superstructure as the original foundation was. Here, therefore, there is a constant addition to the stock of truth. In the inductive sciences, again, the law is progress. Every day furnishes new facts, and thus brings theory nearer and nearer to perfection. There is no chance that either in the purely demonstrative or in the purely experimental sciences, the world will ever go back or even remain stationary. Nobody ever heard of a reaction against Taylor's theorem, or of a reaction against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

But with theology the case is very different. As respects natural religion,—revelation being for the present altogether left out of the question,—it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe which the early Greek had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower, and shell. The reasoning by which Socrates, in Xenophon's hearing, confuted the little atheist Aristodemus, is exactly the reasoning of Paley's Natural Theology. Socrates makes precisely the same use of the statues of Polycletus and the pictures of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question, the question what becomes of man after death, we do not see that a highly educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted without the help of revelation to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably. . . .

Of the dealings of God with man, no more has been revealed to the nineteenth century than to the first, or to London than to the wildest parish in the Hebrides. It is true that in those things which concern this life and this world, man constantly becomes wiser and wiser. But it is no less true that, as respects a higher power and a future state, man, in the language of Goethe's scoffing fiend,

«bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag.»*

The history of Catholicism strikingly illustrates these observations. During the last seven centuries the public mind of Europe has made constant progress in every department of secular knowledge. But in religion we can trace no constant progress. The ecclesiastical history of that long period is a history of movement to and fro. Four times, since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom, has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish.

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* «—remains always of the same stamp,
And is as unaccountable as on the first day.»

LOYOLA AND THE JESUITS

From the Essay on Ranke's ‹History of the Popes›

It is not, therefore, strange that the effect of the great outbreak of Protestantism in one part of Christendom should have been to produce an equally violent outbreak of Catholic zeal in another. Two reformations were pushed on at once with equal energy and effect: a reformation of doctrine in the North, a reformation of manners and discipline in the South. In the course of a single generation, the whole spirit of the Church of Rome underwent a change. From the halls of the Vatican to the most secluded hermitage of the Apennines, the great revival was everywhere felt and seen. All the institutions anciently devised for the propagation and defense of the faith were furbished up and made efficient. Fresh engines of still more formidable power were constructed. Everywhere old religious communities were remodeled and new religious communities called into existence. Within a year after the death of Leo, the order of Camaldoli was purified. The Capuchins restored the old Franciscan discipline, the midnight prayer and the life of silence. The Barnabites and the society of Somasca devoted themselves to the relief and education of the poor. To the Theatine order a still higher interest belongs. Its great object was the same with that of our early Methodists; namely, to supply the deficiencies of the parochial clergy. The Church of Rome, wiser than the Church of England, gave every countenance to the good work. The members of the new brotherhood preached to great multitudes in the streets and in the fields, prayed by the beds of the sick, and administered the last sacraments to the dying. Foremost among them in zeal and devotion was Gian Pietro Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul the Fourth.

In the convent of the Theatines at Venice, under the eye of Caraffa, a Spanish gentleman took up his abode, tended the poor in the hospitals, went about in rags, starved himself almost to death, and often sallied into the streets, mounted on stones, and waving his hat to invite the passers-by, began to preach in a strange jargon of mingled Castilian and Tuscan. The Theatines were among the most zealous and rigid of men: but to this enthusiastic neophyte their discipline seemed lax, and their movements sluggish; for his own mind, naturally passionate and imaginative, had passed through a training which had given to all its peculiarities a morbid intensity and energy. In his early life he had been the very prototype of the hero of Cervantes. The single study of the young Hidalgo had been chivalrous romance; and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued. He had chosen a Dulcinea, «no countess, no duchess,»—these are his own words,—«but one of far higher station;» and he flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jeweled turbans of Asiatic kings.

In the midst of these visions of martial glory and prosperous love, a severe wound stretched him on a bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered, and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises, was no longer for him. He could no longer hope to strike down gigantic soldans, or to find favor in the sight of beautiful women. A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his own delusions in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier; he would still be a knight-errant: but the soldier and knight-errant of the spouse of Christ. He would smite the Great Red Dragon. He would be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun. He would break the charm under which false prophets held the souls of men in bondage. His restless spirit led him to the Syrian deserts and to the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the farthest West, and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Savior face to face with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile that in the sacrifice of the mass, he saw transubstantiation take place; and that as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity in Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement.

Dissatisfied with the system of the Theatines, the enthusiastic Spaniard turned his face towards Rome. Poor, obscure, without a patron, without recommendations, he entered the city where now two princely temples, rich with painting and many-colored marble, commemorate his great services to the Church; where his form stands sculptured in massive silver; where his bones, enshrined amidst jewels, are placed beneath the altar of God. His activity and zeal bore down all opposition; and under his rule the order of Jesuits began to exist, and grew rapidly to the full measure of his gigantic powers. With what vehemence, with what policy, with what exact discipline, with what dauntless courage, with what self-denial, with what forgetfulness of the dearest private ties, with what intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, with what unscrupulous laxity and versatility in the choice of means, the Jesuits fought the battle of their church, is written in every page of the annals of Europe during several generations. In the Order of Jesus was concentrated the quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and the history of the Order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction. That order possessed itself at once of all the strongholds which command the public mind: of the pulpit, of the press, of the confessional, of the academies. Wherever the Jesuit preached, the church was too small for the audience. The name of Jesuit on a title-page secured the circulation of a book. It was in the ears of the Jesuit that the powerful, the noble, and the beautiful breathed the secret history of their lives. It was at the feet of the Jesuit that the youth of the higher and middle classes were brought up from childhood to manhood, from the first rudiments to the courses of rhetoric and philosophy. Literature and science, lately associated with infidelity or with heresy, now became the allies of orthodoxy.

Dominant in the South of Europe, the great order soon went forth conquering and to conquer. In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering-blocks, Jesuits were to be found under every disguise and in every country; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving-men; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor-house of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught; arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. Nor was it less their office to plot against the thrones and lives of the apostate kings, to spread evil rumors, to raise tumults, to inflame civil wars, to arm the hand of the assassin. Inflexible in nothing but in their fidelity to the Church, they were equally ready to appeal in her cause to the spirit of loyalty and to the spirit of freedom. Extreme doctrines of obedience and extreme doctrines of liberty, the right of rulers to misgovern the people, the right of every one of the people to plunge his knife in the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed himself to the subject of Philip or to the subject of Elizabeth. Some described these divines as the most rigid, others as the most indulgent of spiritual directors; and both descriptions were correct. The truly devout listened with awe to the high and saintly morality of the Jesuit. The gay cavalier who had run his rival through the body, the frail beauty who had forgotten her marriage vow, found in the Jesuit an easy well-bred man of the world, who knew how to make allowance for the little irregularities of people of fashion. The confessor was strict or lax, according to the temper of the penitent. The first object was to drive no person out of the pale of the Church. Since there were bad people, it was better that they should be bad Catholics than bad Protestants. If a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine, or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too.

The Old World was not wide enough for this strange activity. The Jesuits invaded all the countries which the great maritime discoveries of the preceding age had laid open to European enterprise. They were to be found in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave-caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

From the Essay on ‹Barère›

No great party can be composed of such materials as these [disinterested enthusiasts]. It is the inevitable law that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the Church to such a point that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned, not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious bravoes, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any State engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the first of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the proconsuls whom the sovereign committee had sent forth to the departments reveled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavellian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offenses than the cholera, or an earthquake like that of Lisbon, would

ON THE WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

Photogravure from a painting by C. von Piloty.

"Then came those days when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the first of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the proconsuls whom the sovereign committee had sent forth to the departments reveled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand."—*Macaulay.*

have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France,—with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected without sending schoolboys and schoolgirls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but at the same time great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France and in the eighteenth century only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half-savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djezzar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their new line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behead people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent, to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation,—is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child.

By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might in 1793 have preserved the independence of France without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute,—the guillotine. Indeed, their exceeding ignorance and the barrenness of their invention are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

That under their administration the war against the European coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted before their elevation, and continued to be successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was not the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Bonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valor of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

From the Essay on Gleig's ‹Memoirs of Warren Hastings›

In the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way,—George Elliot, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition; a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis:* such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him,—men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who near twenty years later successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke,—ignorant indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit,—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone,—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who within the last ten years have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
   The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
   Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
   Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
   Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
   Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
   From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
   Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
   Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
   Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
   For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
   Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
   Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
   Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
   Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
   Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
   Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
   Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
   Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
   Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
   The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
   Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
   Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
   Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
   In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
   This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
   Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
   This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
   Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
   The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
   Both morn and evening stand;
Evening and morn the Thirty
   Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
   By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
   Have their glad answer given:—
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
   Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
   To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
   The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
   Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
   The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
   Is met the great array:
A proud man was Lars Porsena
   Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
   Were ranged beneath his eye
And many a banished Roman,
   And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
   To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
   Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
   Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
   To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
   The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
   Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
   And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
   That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
   High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
   With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
   Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
   And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
   That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
   Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
   Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
   Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
   They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
   With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

Iwis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate:
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:—
«The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.»

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:—
«To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here.»
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,

Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
«Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?»

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:—
«To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods;

«And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest;
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast;
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

«Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?»

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
«Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.»
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titian blood was he:
«I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.»

«Horatius,» quoth the Consul,
«As thou sayest, so let it be.»

And straight against that great array
  Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
  Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
  In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
  Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
  And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
  And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
   And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
   From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
   Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
   To win the narrow way:

Aunus from green Tifernum,
   Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
   Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
   Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
   O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
   Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
   And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
   Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
   Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
   Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
   The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
   Who slew the great wild boar—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
   Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
   Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
   Horatius sent a blow.

«Lie there,» he cried, «fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail.»

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears'-lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is «Astur!»
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, «The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?»

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh:
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space:
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
«And see,» he cried, «the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?»

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
   Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
   To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried «Forward!»
   And those before cried «Back!»
And backward now and forward
   Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
   Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
   Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
   And they gave him greeting loud:—
«Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
   Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
   Here lies the road to Rome.»

Thrice looked he at the city;
   Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
   And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
   Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
   The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
   Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
   Above the boiling tide.
«Come back, come back, Horatius!»
   Loud cried the Fathers all.
«Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
   Back, ere the ruin fall!»

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
   Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
   They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement and plank and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
«Down with him!» cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
«Now yield thee,» cried Lars Porsena,
«Now yield thee to our grace.»

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he:
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

«O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray;
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
Take thou in charge this day!»

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
   The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
   Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
   Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
   Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
   They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
   Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
   Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
   And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
   And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
   But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
   In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
   Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
   By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
   Bore bravely up his chin.

«Curse on him!» quoth false Sextus;
   «Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
   We should have sacked the town!»
«Heaven help him!» quoth Lars Porsena,
   «And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
   Was never seen before.»

And now he feels the bottom;
   Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
   To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
   And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
   Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
   That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
   Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
   And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
   To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
   Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
   Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
   In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
   In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
   Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
   To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
   For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
   In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
   When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
   Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
   Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
   Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
   And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
   And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
   Around the firebrands close;

When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

[Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March 1590 he gained a decisive victory over that party at Ivry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops—«My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume: you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.» His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, «Save the French!» and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, «God save our lord, the King!»
«And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.»

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
«Remember St. Bartholomew,» was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry then, «No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.»
Oh! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France that
day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight,
And our good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en—
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the world may know
How God hath humbled the proud house that wrought his Church
such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets peal their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! ho, matrons of Luzerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Géneviève, keep watch and ward to-night:
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

JUSTIN McCARTHY

(1830–)

Although Justin McCarthy is not without reputation as a Home Rule politician, he is primarily a literary man; his adventures into the fields of history and fiction having preceded his Parliamentary career. He is perhaps a novel-writer rather than a historian in the strict sense of the term. His histories are clever and astute accounts of comparatively recent events, but bear little evidence of the patient scholarship, the critical research, which are characteristic of modern historical scholarship. Yet the 'History of Our Own Times' (a record of English political and social life in this century), the 'Four Georges,' and the 'Epoch of Reform,' are not without the value and interest attached to the writings of a man of affairs whose dramatic sense is well developed. Mr. McCarthy writes of the first Reform Bill, of Lord Grey, of Lord Palmerston, of Disraeli, of Gladstone, of Home Rule politics, in the spirit of one who has been in the swing of the movements which he describes, and who has known his heroes in person or by near repute. Mr. McCarthy's talents as a novelist are of use to him as a historian. He is quick to grasp the salient features of character, and he is sensitive to the dramatic elements in individuality. His 'Leo XIII.,' and his 'Modern Leaders,' a series of biographical sketches, are successful portraits of their kind. That Mr. McCarthy does not always see below the surface in his estimates of famous contemporaries detracts little from the picturesque character of his biographies. He is capable of giving to his reader in a sentence or two a vivid if general impression of a personality or of a literary work; as when he says that «Charlotte Brontë was all genius and ignorance, and George Eliot is all genius and culture»; or when he says of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' that it is «history read by lightning.»

JUSTIN McCARTHY

Justin McCarthy has been a journalist as well as a writer of fiction and of history. Born at Cork in 1830, he connected himself with the Liverpool press in 1853, and in 1860 became a member of the staff of the Morning Star. In 1864 he became chief editor. His newspaper experience has had not a little influence upon his style and methods of literary composition, as his political life has guided him in his treatment of historical subjects. Since 1879 he has represented Longford in Parliament as a Home-Ruler. Since that year, also, many of his novels have been written. They show the quick observation of the man of newspaper training, and his talents as a ready and clever writer. Mr. McCarthy's novels, like his histories and biographies, are concerned mainly with the England of his own day. Occasionally the plot is worked out against the background of Parliamentary life, as in 'The Ladies' Gallery' and 'The Right Honorable.' Among his other novels—he has written a great number—are 'Miss Misanthrope,' 'A Fair Saxon,' 'Lady Judith,' 'Dear Lady Disdain,' 'The Maid of Athens,' and 'Paul Massie.' Mr. McCarthy's style is crisp, straightforward, and for the most part entertaining. Of all his works, the 'History of Our Own Times' will perhaps retain its value longest as a vivid, anecdotal, and stimulating record of English national development in the nineteenth century.

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

From 'A History of Our Own Times'

Before half-past two o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837, William IV. was lying dead in Windsor Castle, while the messengers were already hurrying off to Kensington Palace to bear to his successor her summons to the throne. The illness of the King had been but short, and at one time, even after it had been pronounced alarming, it seemed to take so hopeful a turn that the physicians began to think it would pass harmlessly away. But the King was an old man—was an old man even when he came to the throne; and when the dangerous symptoms again exhibited themselves, their warning was very soon followed by fulfillment. The death of King William may be fairly regarded as having closed an era of our history. With him, we may believe, ended the reign of personal government in England. William was indeed a constitutional king in more than mere name. He was to the best of his lights a faithful representative of the constitutional principle. He was as far in advance of his two predecessors in understanding and acceptance of the principle as his successor has proved herself beyond him. Constitutional government has developed itself gradually, as everything else has done in English politics. The written principle and code of its system it would be as vain to look for as for the British Constitution itself. King William still held to and exercised the right to dismiss his ministers when he pleased, and because he pleased. His father had held to the right of maintaining favorite ministers in defiance of repeated votes of the House of Commons. It would not be easy to find any written rule or declaration of constitutional law pronouncing decisively that either was in the wrong. But in our day we should believe that the constitutional freedom of England was outraged, or at least put in the extremest danger, if a sovereign were to dismiss a ministry at mere pleasure, or to retain it in despite of the expressed wish of the House of Commons. Virtually therefore there was still personal government in the reign of William IV. With his death the long chapter of its history came to an end. We find it difficult now to believe that it was a living principle, openly at work among us, if not openly acknowledged, so lately as in the reign of King William.

The closing scenes of King William's life were undoubtedly characterized by some personal dignity. As a rule, sovereigns show that they know how to die. Perhaps the necessary consequence of their training, by virtue of which they come to regard themselves always as the central figures in great State pageantry, is to make them assume a manner of dignity on all occasions when the eyes of their subjects may be supposed to be on them, even if dignity of bearing is not the free gift of nature. The manners of William IV. had been, like those of most of his brothers, somewhat rough and overbearing. He had been an unmanageable naval officer. He had again and again disregarded or disobeyed orders; and at last it had been found convenient to withdraw him from active service altogether, and allow him to rise through the successive ranks of his profession by a merely formal and technical process of ascent. In his more private capacity he had, when younger, indulged more than once in unseemly and insufferable freaks of temper. He had made himself unpopular, while Duke of Clarence, by his strenuous opposition to some of the measures which were especially desired by all the enlightenment of the country. He was, for example, a determined opponent of the measures for the abolition of the slave trade. He had wrangled publicly in open debate with some of his brothers in the House of Lords; and words had been interchanged among the royal princes which could not be heard in our day even in the hottest debates of the more turbulent House of Commons. But William seems to have been one of the men whom increased responsibility improves. He was far better as a king than as a prince. He proved that he was able at least to understand that first duty of a constitutional sovereign, which to the last day of his active life his father, George III., never could be brought to comprehend,—that the personal predilections and prejudices of the king must sometimes give way to the public interest.

Nothing perhaps in life became him like the leaving of it. His closing days were marked by gentleness and kindly consideration for the feelings of those around him. When he awoke on June 18th he remembered that it was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He expressed a strong, pathetic wish to live over that day, even if he were never to see another sunset. He called for the flag which the Duke of Wellington always sent him on that anniversary; and he laid his hand upon the eagle which adorned it, and said he felt revived by the touch. He had himself attended since his accession the Waterloo banquet; but this time the Duke of Wellington thought it would perhaps be more seemly to have the dinner put off, and sent accordingly to take the wishes of his Majesty. The King declared that the dinner must go on as usual; and sent to the Duke a friendly, simple message, expressing his hope that the guests might have a pleasant day. He talked in his homely way to those about him, his direct language seeming to acquire a sort of tragic dignity from the approach of the death that was so near. He had prayers read to him again and again, and called those near him to witness that he had always been a faithful believer in the truths of religion. He had his dispatch-boxes brought to him, and tried to get through some business with his private secretary. It was remarked with some interest that the last official act he ever performed was to sign with his trembling hand the pardon of a condemned criminal. Even a far nobler reign than his would have received new dignity if it closed with a deed of mercy. When some of those around him endeavored to encourage him with the idea that he might recover and live many years yet, he declared with a simplicity which had something oddly pathetic in it that he would be willing to live ten years yet for the sake of the country. The poor King was evidently under the sincere conviction that England could hardly get on without him. His consideration for his country, whatever whimsical thoughts it may suggest, is entitled to some at least of the respect which we give to the dying groan of a Pitt or a Mirabeau, who fears with too much reason that he leaves a blank not easily to be filled. «Young royal tarry-breeks,» William had been jocularly called by Robert Burns fifty years before, when there was yet a popular belief that he would come all right and do brilliant and gallant things, and become a stout sailor in whom a seafaring nation might feel pride. He disappointed all such expectations; but it must be owned that when responsibility came upon him he disappointed expectation anew in a different way, and was a better sovereign, more deserving of the complimentary title of patriot-king, than even his friends would have ventured to anticipate.

There were eulogies pronounced upon him after his death, in both Houses of Parliament, as a matter of course. It is not necessary, however, to set down to mere court homage or parliamentary form some of the praises that were bestowed upon the dead King by Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham and Lord Grey. A certain tone of sincerity, not quite free perhaps from surprise, appears to run through some of these expressions of admiration. They seem to say that the speakers were at one time or another considerably surprised to find that after all, William really was able and willing on grave occasions to subordinate his personal likings and dislikings to considerations of State policy, and to what was shown to him to be for the good of the nation. In this sense at least he may be called a patriot-king. We have advanced a good deal since that time, and we require somewhat higher and more positive qualities in a sovereign now to excite our political wonder. But we must judge William by the reigns that went before, and not the reign that came after him; and with that consideration borne in mind, we may accept the panegyric of Lord Melbourne and of Lord Grey, and admit that on the whole he was better than his education, his early opportunities, and his early promise.

William IV. (third son of George III.) had left no children who could have succeeded to the throne; and the crown passed therefore to the daughter of his brother (fourth son of George), the Duke of Kent. This was the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, who was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819. The princess was therefore at this time little more than eighteen years of age. The Duke of Kent died a few months after the birth of his daughter, and the child was brought up under the care of his widow. She was well brought up: both as regards her intellect and her character her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as though she had been born to be poor. One is not generally inclined to attach much importance to what historians tell us of the education of contemporary princes or princesses; but it cannot be doubted that the Princess Victoria was trained for intelligence and goodness.

« The death of the King of England has everywhere caused the greatest sensation. . . . Cousin Victoria is said to have shown astonishing self-possession. She undertakes a heavy responsibility, especially at the present moment, when parties are so excited, and all rest their hopes on her.» These words are an extract from a letter written on July 4th, 1837, by the late Prince Albert, the Prince Consort of so many happy years. The letter was written to the Prince's father, from Bonn. The young Queen had indeed behaved with remarkable self-possession. There is a pretty description, which has been often quoted, but will bear citing once more, given by Miss Wynn, of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession to a throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the King's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington until five o'clock in the morning. « They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was presently sent for, and a meeting of the Privy Council summoned for eleven o'clock; when the Lord Chancellor administered the usual oaths to the Queen, and Her Majesty received in return the oaths of allegiance of the Cabinet ministers and other privy councillors present. Mr. Greville, who was usually as little disposed to record any enthusiastic admiration of royalty and royal personages as Humboldt or Varnhagen von Ense could have been, has described the scene in words well worthy of quotation.

"The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which, for this purpose, Melbourne had himself to learn. . . . She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations,—and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers, and the

Duke of Wellington and Peel, approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do,—which hardly ever occurred,—and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating.»

Sir Robert Peel told Mr. Greville that he was amazed «at her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness.» The Duke of Wellington said in his blunt way that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. «At twelve,» says Mr. Greville, «she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. . . . In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense; and as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do; though,» Mr. Greville somewhat superfluously adds, «it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters.»

The interest or curiosity with which the demeanor of the young Queen was watched was all the keener because the world in general knew so little about her. Not merely was the world in general thus ignorant, but even the statesmen and officials in closest communication with court circles were in almost absolute ignorance. According to Mr. Greville (whose authority, however, is not to be taken too implicitly except as to matters which he actually saw), the young Queen had been previously kept in such seclusion by her mother—«never,» he says, «having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen»—that «not one of her acquaintances, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is or what she promises to be.» There was enough in the court of the two sovereigns who went before Queen Victoria to justify any strictness of seclusion which the Duchess of Kent might desire for her daughter. George IV. was a Charles II. without the education or the talents; William IV. was a Frederick William of Prussia without the genius. The ordinary manners of the society at the court of either had a full flavor, to put it in the softest way, such as a decent tap-room would hardly exhibit in a time like the present. No one can read even the most favorable descriptions given by contemporaries of the manners of those two courts, without feeling grateful to the Duchess of Kent for resolving that her daughter should see as little as possible of their ways and their company.

It was remarked with some interest that the Queen subscribed herself simply «Victoria,» and not, as had been expected, «Alexandrina Victoria.» Mr. Greville mentions in his diary of December 24th, 1819, that «the Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven [the Russian ambassador, husband of the famous Princess de Lieven], and made him a great many compliments, *en le persiflant*, on the Emperor's being godfather; but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all.» It was a very wise choice to employ simply the name Victoria, around which no ungenial associations of any kind hung at that time, and which can have only grateful associations in the history of this country for the future.

It is not necessary to go into any formal description of the various ceremonials and pageantries which celebrated the accession of the new sovereign. The proclamation of the Queen, her appearance for the first time on the throne in the House of Lords when she prorogued Parliament in person, and even the gorgeous festival of her coronation,—which took place on June 28th, in the following year, 1838,—may be passed over with a mere word of record. It is worth mentioning, however, that at the coronation procession one of the most conspicuous figures was that of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, the opponent of Moore and Wellington in the Peninsula, the commander of the Old Guard at Lützen, and one of the strong arms of Napoleon at

Waterloo. Soult had been sent as ambassador extraordinary to represent the French government and people at the coronation of Queen Victoria; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was received by the crowds in the streets of London on that day. The white-haired soldier was cheered wherever a glimpse of his face or figure could be caught. He appeared in the procession in a carriage the frame of which had been used on occasions of state by some of the princes of the House of Condé, and which Soult had had splendidly decorated for the ceremony of the coronation. Even the Austrian ambassador, says an eye-witness, attracted less attention than Soult, although the dress of the Austrian, Prince Esterhazy, «down to his very boot-heels sparkled with diamonds.» The comparison savors now of the ridiculous, but is remarkably expressive and effective. Prince Esterhazy's name in those days suggested nothing but diamonds. His diamonds may be said to glitter through all the light literature of the time. When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wanted a comparison with which to illustrate excessive splendor and brightness, she found it in «Mr. Pitt's diamonds.» Prince Esterhazy's served the same purpose for the writers of the early years of the present reign. It was therefore, perhaps, no very poor tribute to the stout old *moustache* of the Republic and the Empire to say that at a London pageant his war-worn face drew attention away from Prince Esterhazy's diamonds. Soult himself felt very warmly the genuine kindness of the reception given to him. Years after, in a debate in the French Chamber, when M. Guizot was accused of too much partiality for the English alliance, Marshal Soult declared himself a warm champion of that alliance. «I fought the English down to Toulouse,» he said, «when I fired the last cannon in defense of the national independence: in the mean time I have been in London; and France knows the reception which I had there. The English themselves cried ‹Vive Soult!›— they cried, ‹Soult forever!› I had learned to estimate the English on the field of battle; I have learned to estimate them in peace: and I repeat that I am a warm partisan of the English alliance.» History is not exclusively made by cabinets and professional diplomatists. It is highly probable that the cheers of a London crowd on the day of the Queen's coronation did something genuine and substantial to restore the good feeling between this country and France, and efface the bitter memories of Waterloo.

It is a fact well worthy of note, amid whatever records of court ceremonial and of political change, that a few days after the accession of the Queen, Mr. Montefiore was elected Sheriff of London (the first Jew who had ever been chosen for that office), and that he received knighthood at the hands of her Majesty when she visited the City on the following Lord Mayor's day. He was the first Jew whom royalty had honored in this country since the good old times when royalty was pleased to borrow the Jew's money, or order instead the extraction of his teeth. The expansion of the principle of religious liberty and equality, which has been one of the most remarkable characteristics of the reign of Queen Victoria, could hardly have been more becomingly inaugurated than by the compliment which sovereign and city paid to Sir Moses Montefiore.

A MODERN ENGLISH STATESMAN

From ‹A History of Our Own Times›

«Un-arm, Eros: the long day's task is done, and we must sleep!» A long, very long day's task was nearly done. A marvelous career was fast drawing to its close. Down in Hertfordshire Lord Palmerston was dying. As Mirabeau said of himself, so Palmerston might have said: he could already hear the preparations for the funeral of Achilles. He had enjoyed life to the last as fully as ever Churchill did, although in a different sense. Long as his life was, if counted by mere years, it seems much longer still when we consider what it had compassed, and how active it had been from the earliest to the very end. Many men were older than Lord Palmerston; he left more than one senior behind him. But they were for the most part men whose work had long been done,— men who had been consigned to the arm-chair of complete inactivity. Palmerston was a hard-working statesman until within a very few days of his death. He had been a member of Parliament for nearly sixty years. He entered Parliament for the first time in the year when Byron, like himself a Harrow boy, published his first poems. He had been in the House of Commons for thirty years when the Queen came to the throne. He used to play chess with the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the Prince Regent, when she lived at

Kensington as Princess of Wales. In 1808, being then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, he had defended the Copenhagen expedition of the year before, and insisted that it was a stroke indispensable to the defeat of the designs of Napoleon. During all his political career he was only out of office for rare and brief seasons. To be a private member of Parliament was a short occasional episode in his successful life. In the words of Sadi, the Persian poet, he had obtained an ear of corn from every harvest. . . .

No man since the death of the Duke of Wellington had filled so conspicuous a place in the public mind. No man had enjoyed anything like the same amount of popularity. He died at the moment when that popularity had reached its very zenith. It had become the fashion of the day to praise all he said and all he did. It was the settled canon of the ordinary Englishman's faith, that what Palmerston said England must feel. . . .

Privately, he can hardly have had any enemies. He had a kindly heart, which won on all people who came near him. He had no enduring enmities or capricious dislikes; and it was therefore very hard for ill-feeling to live in his beaming, friendly presence. He never disliked men merely because he had often to encounter them in political war. He tried his best to give them as good as they brought, and he bore no malice. There were some men whom he disliked, as we have already mentioned in these volumes; but they were men who for one reason or another stood persistently in his way, and who, he fancied he had reason to believe, had acted treacherously towards him. He liked a man to be «English,» and he liked him to be what he considered a gentleman; but he did not restrict his definition of the word «gentleman» to the mere qualifications of birth or social rank. His manners were frank and genial rather than polished; and his is one of the rare instances in which a man contrived always to keep up his personal dignity without any stateliness of bearing and tone. He was a model combatant: when the combat was over, he was ready to sit down by his antagonist's side and be his friend, and talk over their experiences and exploits. He was absolutely free from affectation. This very fact gave sometimes an air almost of roughness to his manners, he could be so plain-spoken and downright when suddenly called on to express his mind. He was not, in the highest sense of the word, a truthful man; that is to say, there were episodes of his career in which for purposes of statecraft he allowed the House of Commons and the country to become the dupes of an erroneous impression. Personally truthful and honorable of course it would be superfluous to pronounce him. A man of Palmerston's bringing-up is as certain to be personally truthful as he is to be brave, and to be fond of open-air exercise and the cold bath. But Palmerston was too often willing to distinguish between the personal and the political integrity of a statesman. The distinction is common to the majority of statesmen: so much the worse for statesmanship. But the gravest errors of this kind which Palmerston had committed were committed for an earlier generation. . . .

His greatest praise with Englishmen must be that he loved England with a sincere love that never abated. He had no predilection, no prejudice, that did not give way where the welfare of England was concerned. He ought to have gone one step higher in the path of public duty: he ought to have loved justice and right even more than he loved England. He ought to have felt more tranquilly convinced that the cause of justice and of right must be the best thing which an English minister could advance even for England's sake in the end. Lord Palmerston was not a statesman who took any lofty view of a minister's duties. His statesmanship never stood on any high moral elevation. He sometimes did things in the cause of England which we may well believe he would not have done for any consideration in any cause of his own. His policy was necessarily shifting, uncertain, and inconsistent; for he molded it always on the supposed interests of England as they showed themselves to his eyes at the time. His sympathies with liberty were capricious guides. Sympathies with liberty must be so always where there is no clear principle defining objects and guiding conduct. Lord Palmerston was not prevented by his liberal sympathies from sustaining the policy of the Coup d'État; nor did his hatred of slavery, one of his few strong and genuine emotions apart from English interests, inspire him with any repugnance for the cause of the Southern slaveholders. But it cannot be doubted that his very defects were a main cause of his popularity and his success. He was able always with a good conscience to assure the English people that they were the greatest and the best — the only good and great — people in the world, because he had long taught himself to believe this, and had come to believe it. He was always popular, because his speeches invariably conveyed this impression to the English crowd whom he addressed in or out of Parliament. Other public men spoke for the most part to tell English people of something they ought to do which they were not doing, something which they had done and ought not to have done. It is not in the nature of things that such men should be as popular as those who told England that whatever she did must be right. Nor did Palmerston lay on his praise with coarse and palpable artifice. He had no artifice in the matter. He believed what he said; and his very sincerity made it the more captivating and the more dangerous.

A phrase sprang up in Palmerston's days which was employed to stigmatize certain political conduct beyond all ordinary reproach. It was meant to stamp such conduct as outside the pale of reasonable argument or patriotic consideration. That was the word «un-English.» It was enough with certain classes to say that anything was «un-English» in order to put it utterly out of court. No matter to what principles, higher, more universal, and more abiding than those that are merely English, it might happen to appeal, the one word of condemnation was held to be enough for it. Some of the noblest and the wisest men of our day were denounced as «un-English.» A stranger might have asked in wonder, at one time, whether it was un-English to be just, to be merciful, to have consideration for the claims and the rights of others, to admit that there was any higher object in a nation's life than a diplomatic success. All that would have made a man odious and insufferable in private life was apparently held up as belonging to the virtues of the English nation. Rude self-assertion, blunt disregard for the feelings and the claims of others, a self-sufficiency which would regard all earth's interests as made for England's special use alone,—the yet more outrageous form of egotism which would fancy that the moral code as it applies to others does not apply to us,—all this seemed to be considered the becoming national characteristic of the English people. It would be almost superfluous to say that this did not show its worst in Lord Palmerston himself. As in art, so in politics, we never see how bad some peculiar defect is until we see it in the imitators of a great man's style. A school of Palmerstons, had it been powerful and lasting, would have made England a nuisance to other nations. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that Lord Palmerston's statesmanship on the whole lowered the moral tone of English politics for a time. This consideration alone, if there were nothing else, forbids us to regard him as a statesman whose deeds were equal to his opportunities and to his genius. To serve the purpose of the hour was his policy. To succeed in serving it was his triumph. It is not thus that a great fame is built up, unless indeed where the genius of the man is like that of some Cæsar or Napoleon, which can convert its very ruins into monumental records. Lord Palmerston is hardly to be called a great man. Perhaps he may be called a great "man of the time."

GEORGE MACDONALD

(1824–)

George Macdonald has been characterized as a «cross between a poet and a spiritual teacher.» His powers as a novelist, however, are not taken into account by this description. Added to his genuine poetical feeling, and to his refined moral sense, are the qualities of a good story-teller. He knows how to handle an elaborate plot; he understands the dramatic values of situations; he can put life into his characters. Yet the dominant impression left by his novels is their essential moral nobility. The ideal which Mr. Macdonald sets before himself as a writer of fiction is summed up in this passage from ‘Sir Gibbie’:—

George Macdonald

«But whatever the demand of the age, I insist that that which ought to be presented to its beholding is the common good, uncommonly developed: and that not because of its rarity, but because it is truer to humanity. It is the noble, not the failure from the noble, that is the true human: and if I must show the failure, let it ever be with an eye to the final possible, yea, imperative success. But in our day a man who will accept any oddity of idiosyncratic development in manners, tastes, and habits, will refuse not only as improbable, but as inconsistent with human nature, the representation of a man trying to be merely as noble as is absolutely essential to his being.»

This quaint realism of Mr. Macdonald's in a literary age, when many believe that only the evil in man's nature is real, dominates his novels, from ‘David Elginbrod’ to ‘The Elect Lady.’ They are wholesome stories of pure men and women. The author is at his strongest when drawing a character like that of Sir Gibbie, compelled forever to follow the highest law of his nature. With villains and with mean folk, Mr. Macdonald can do nothing. He cannot understand them, neither can he understand complexity of character. He is too dogmatic ever to see the «shadowy third» between the one and one. He is too much of a preacher to be altogether a novelist.

His training has increased his dogmatic faculty. Born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824, he was graduated at King's College, Aberdeen, and then entered upon the study of theology at the Independent College, Highbury, London. He was for a time a preacher in the Scottish Congregational Church, but afterwards became a layman in the Church of England. He then assumed the principalship of a seminary in London. His novels witness to his Scotch origin and training. The scenes of many of them are laid in Scotland, and not a few of the characters speak the North-Scottish dialect. But the spirit which informs them is even more Scotch than their setting. The strong moral convictions of George Macdonald infuse them with the sermonizing element. The novelist is of the spiritual kindred of the Covenanters. Yet they are full of a kindly humanity, and where the moralist is merged in the writer of fiction they attain a high degree of charm.

The pure and tender spirit of Mr. Macdonald makes him peculiarly fitted to understand children and child life. «Gibbie had never been kissed,» he writes; «and how is any child to thrive without kisses?» His stories for children, ‹At the Back of the North Wind› and ‹The Princess and Curdie,› are full of beauty in their fine sympathy for the moods of a child.

Mr. Macdonald has written a great number of novels. They include ‹David Elginbrod,› ‹Alec Forbes of How Glen,› ‹Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood,› ‹The Seaboard Parish› (sequel to the foregoing), ‹Robert Falconer,› ‹Wilfrid Cumbermede,› ‹Malcolm,› ‹The Marquis of Lossie,› ‹St. George and St. Michael,› ‹Sir Gibbie,› ‹What's Mine's Mine,› ‹The Elect Lady,› and such fanciful stories as his well-known ‹Phantastes.› He has also published ‹Miracles of Our Lord› and ‹Unspoken Sermons.› Mr. Macdonald's sermons, as might be expected, are vigorous, and exhibit his peculiar sensitiveness to the moral and spiritual elements in man's existence. This same sensitiveness pervades his verse; which, while not of the first order, gives evidence — especially in the lyrics — of the true poetic instinct.

THE FLOOD

From ‹Sir Gibbie›

STILL the rain fell and the wind blew; the torrents came tearing down from the hills, and shot madly into the rivers; the rivers ran into the valleys, and deepened the lakes that filled them. On every side of the Mains, from the foot of Glashgar to Gormdhu, all was one yellow and red sea, with roaring currents and vortices numberless. It burrowed holes, it opened long-deserted channels and water-courses; here it deposited inches of rich mold, there yards of sand and gravel; here it was carrying away fertile ground, leaving behind only bare rock or shingle where the corn had been waving; there it was scooping out the bed of a new lake. Many a thick soft lawn of loveliest grass, dotted with fragrant shrubs and rare trees, vanished, and nothing was there when the waters subsided but a stony waste, or a gravelly precipice. Woods and copses were undermined, and trees and soil together swept into the vast; sometimes the very place was hardly there to say it knew its children no more. Houses were torn to pieces; and their contents, as from broken boxes, sent wandering on the brown waste through the gray air to the discolored sea, whose saltness for a long way out had vanished with its hue. Hay-mows were buried to the very top in sand; others went sailing bodily down the mighty stream — some of them followed or surrounded, like big ducks, by a great brood of ricks for their ducklings. Huge trees went past as if shot down an Alpine slide — cottages and bridges of stone giving way before them. Wooden mills, thatched roofs, great mill-wheels, went dipping and swaying and hobbling down. From the upper windows of the Mains, looking towards the chief current, they saw a drift of everything belonging to farms and dwelling-houses that would float. Chairs and tables, chests, carts, saddles, chests of drawers, tubs of linen, beds and blankets, work-benches, harrows, girnels, planes, cheeses, churns, spinning-wheels, cradles, iron pots, wheel-barrows — all these and many other things hurried past as they gazed. Everybody was looking, and for a time all had been silent. . . .

Just as Mr. Duff entered the stable from the nearer end, the opposite gable fell out with a great splash, letting in the wide level vision of turbidly raging waters, fading into the obscurity of the wind-driven rain. While he stared aghast, a great tree struck the wall like a battering-ram, so that the stable shook. The horses, which had been for some time moving uneasily, were now quite scared. There was not a moment to be lost. Duff shouted for his men; one or two came running; and in less than a minute more, those in the house heard the iron-shod feet splashing and stamping through the water, as one after another the horses were brought across the yard to the door of the house. Mr. Duff led by the halter his favorite Snowball, who was a good deal excited, plunging and rearing so that it was all he could do to hold him. He had ordered the men to take the others first, thinking he would follow more quietly. But the moment Snowball heard the first thundering of hoofs on the stair, he went out of his senses with terror, broke from his master, and went plunging back to the stable. Duff started after him, but was only in time to see him rush from the further end into the swift current, where he was at once out of his depth, and was instantly caught and hurried, rolling over and over, from his master's sight. He ran back into the house, and up to the highest window. From that he caught sight of him a long way down, swimming. Once or twice he saw him turned heels over head—only to get his neck up again presently, and swim as well as before. But alas! it was in the direction of the Daur, which would soon, his master did not doubt, sweep his carcass into the North Sea. With troubled heart he strained his sight after him as long as he could distinguish his lessening head, but it got amongst some wreck; and, unable to tell any more whether he saw it or not, he returned to his men with his eyes full of tears.

. . . .

Gibbie woke with the first of the dawn. The rain still fell—descending in spoonfuls rather than drops; the wind kept shaping itself into long hopeless howls, rising to shrill yells that went drifting away over the land; and then the howling rose again. Nature seemed in despair. There must be more for Gibbie to do! He must go again to the foot of the mountain, and see if there was anybody to help. They might even be in trouble at the Mains: who could tell! . . .

Gibbie sped down the hill through a worse rain than ever. The morning was close, and the vapors that filled it were like smoke burned to the hue of the flames whence it issued. Many a man that morning believed another great deluge begun, and all measures relating to things of this world lost labor. Going down his own side of the Glashburn, the nearest path to the valley, the gamekeeper's cottage was the first dwelling on his way. It stood a little distance from the bank of the burn, opposite the bridge and gate, while such things were.

It had been with great difficulty—for even Angus did not know the mountain so well as Gibbie—that the gamekeeper reached it with the housekeeper the night before. It was within two gun-shots of the house of Glashruach, yet to get to it they had to walk miles up and down Glashgar. A mountain in storm is as hard to cross as a sea. Arrived, they did not therefore feel safe. The tendency of the Glashburn was indeed away from the cottage, as the grounds of Glashruach sadly witnessed; but a torrent is double-edged, and who could tell? The yielding of one stone in its channel might send it to them. All night Angus watched, peering out ever again into the darkness, but seeing nothing save three lights that burned above the water — one of them, he thought, at the Mains. The other two went out in the darkness, but that only in the dawn. When the morning came, there was the Glashburn meeting the Lorrie in his garden. But the cottage was well built, and fit to stand a good siege, while any moment the waters might have reached their height. By breakfast-time, however, they were round it from behind. There is nothing like a flood for revealing the variations of surface, the dips and swells of a country. In a few minutes they were isolated, with the current of the Glashburn on one side and that of the Lorrie in front. When he saw the water come in at front and back doors at once, Angus ordered his family up the stair: the cottage had a large attic, with dormer windows, where they slept. He himself remained below for some time longer, in that end of the house where he kept his guns and fishing-tackle; there he sat on a table, preparing nets for the fish that would be left in the pools; and not until he found himself afloat did he take his work to the attic.

There the room was hot, and they had the window open. Mistress MacPholp stood at it, looking out on the awful prospect, with her youngest child, a sickly boy, in her arms. He had in his a little terrier pup, greatly valued of the gamekeeper. In a sudden outbreak of peevish willfulness, he threw the creature out of the window. It fell on the sloping roof, and before it could recover itself, being too young to have the full command of four legs, rolled off.

« Eh! the doggie's i' the watter! » cried Mistress MacPholp in dismay.

Angus threw down everything with an ugly oath,— for he had given strict orders not one of the children should handle the whelp,— jumped up, and got out on the roof. From there he might have managed to reach it, so high now was the water, had the little thing remained where it fell; but already it had swum a yard or two from the house. Angus, who was a fair swimmer and an angry man, threw off his coat, and plunging after it, greatly to the delight of the little one, caught the pup with his teeth by the back of the neck, and turned to make for the house. Just then a shrub swept from the hill caught him in the face, and so bewildered him that before he got rid of it he had blundered into the edge of the current, which seized and bore him rapidly away. He dropped the pup and struck out for home with all his strength. But he soon found the most he could do was to keep his head above water, and gave himself up for lost. His wife screamed in agony. Gibbie heard her as he came down the hill, and ran at full speed towards the cottage.

About a hundred yards from the house, the current bore Angus straight into a large elder-tree. He got into the middle of it, and there remained trembling,—the weak branches breaking with every motion he made, while the stream worked at the roots, and the wind laid hold of him with fierce leverage. In terror, seeming still to sink as he sat, he watched the trees dart by like battering-rams in the swiftest of the current; the least of them diverging would tear the elder-tree with it. Brave enough in dealing with poachers, Angus was not the man to gaze with composure in the face of a sure slow death, against which no assault could be made. Many a man is courageous because he has not conscience enough to make a coward of him, but Angus had not quite reached that condition; and from the branches of the elder-tree showed a pale, terror-stricken visage. Amidst the many objects in the face of the water, Gibbie, however, did not distinguish it; and plunging in, swam round to the front of the cottage to learn what was the matter. There the wife's gesticulations directed his eyes to her drowning husband.

But what was he to do? He could swim to the tree well enough, and, he thought, back again; but how was that to be made of service to Angus? He could not save him by main force: there was not enough of that between them. If he had a line—and there must be plenty of lines in the cottage—he could carry him the end of it to haul upon: that would do. If he could send it to him, that would be better still; for then he could help at the other end, and would be in the right position up-stream to help further if necessary, for down the current alone was the path of communication open. He caught hold of the eaves and scrambled on to the roof. But in the folly and faithlessness of her despair, the woman would not let him enter.

With a curse caught from her husband, she struck him from the window, crying—

« Ye s' no come in here, an' my man droonin' yon'er! Gang till 'im, ye cooard! »

Never had poor Gibbie so much missed the use of speech. On the slope of the roof he could do little to force an entrance, therefore threw himself off it to seek another, and betook himself to the windows below. Through that of Angus's room, he caught sight of a floating anker cask. It was the very thing!—and there on the walls hung a quantity of nets and cordage! But how to get in? It was a sash window, and of course swollen with the wet, and therefore not to be opened; and there was not a square in it large enough to let him through. He swam to the other side, and crept softly on to the roof and over the ridge. But a broken slate betrayed him. The woman saw him, rushed to the fireplace, caught up the poker, and darted back to defend the window.

« Ye s' no come in here, I tell ye,» she screeched, « an' my man stickin' i' yon boortree buss! »

Gibbie advanced. She made a blow at him with the poker. He caught it, wrenched it from her grasp, and threw himself from the roof. The next moment they heard the poker at work smashing the window.

« He'll be in an' murder 's a'! » cried the mother, and ran to the stair, while the children screamed and danced with terror.

But the water was far too deep for her. She returned to the attic, barricaded the door, and went again to the window to watch her drowning husband.

Gibbie was inside in a moment; and seizing the cask, proceeded to attach to it a strong line. He broke a bit from a fishing-rod, secured the line round the middle of it with a notch, put the stick through the bunghole in the bilge, and corked up the whole with a net-float. Happily he had a knife in his pocket. He then joined strong lines together until he thought he had length enough, secured the last end to a bar of the grate, and knocked out both sashes of the window with an axe. A passage thus cleared, he floated out first a chair, then a creepie, and one thing after another, to learn from what part to start the barrel. Seeing and recognizing them from above, Mistress MacPholp raised a terrible outcry. In the very presence of her drowning husband, such a wanton dissipation of her property roused her to fiercest wrath; for she imagined Gibbie was emptying her house with leisurely revenge. Satisfied at length, he floated out his barrel, and followed with the line in his hand, to aid its direction if necessary. It struck the tree. With a yell of joy Angus laid hold of it, and hauling the line taut, and feeling it secure, committed himself at once to the water, holding by the barrel and swimming with his legs, while Gibbie, away to the side with a hold of the rope, was swimming his hardest to draw him out of the current. But a weary man was Angus when at length he reached the house. It was all he could do to get himself in at the window and crawl up the stair. At the top of it he fell benumbed on the floor.

By the time that, repentant and grateful, Mistress MacPholp bethought herself of Gibbie, not a trace of him was to be seen. While they looked for him in the water and on the land, Gibbie was again in the room below, carrying out a fresh thought. With the help of the table he emptied the cask, into which a good deal of water had got. Then he took out the stick, corked the bunghole tight, laced the cask up in a piece of net, attached the line to the net and wound it about the cask by rolling the latter round and round, took the cask between his hands, and pushed from the window straight into the current of the Glashburn. In a moment it had swept him to the Lorrie. By the greater rapidity of the former he got easily across the heavier current of the latter, and was presently in water comparatively still, swimming quietly towards the Mains, and enjoying his trip none the less that he had to keep a sharp lookout: if he should have to dive to avoid any drifting object, he might lose his barrel. Quickly now, had he been so minded, he could have returned to the city,—changing vessel for vessel, as one after another went to pieces. Many a house roof offered itself for the voyage; now and then a great water-wheel, horizontal and helpless, devoured of its element. Once he saw a cradle come gyrating along, and urging all his might, intercepted it; but hardly knew whether he was more sorry or relieved to find it empty. When he was about half-way to the Mains, a whole fleet of ricks bore down upon him. He boarded one, and scrambled to the top of it, keeping fast hold of the end of his line, which unrolled from the barrel as he ascended. From its peak he surveyed the wild scene. All was running water. Not a human being was visible, and but a few house roofs; of which for a moment it was hard to say whether or not they were of those that were afloat. Here and there were the tops of trees, showing like low bushes. Nothing was uplifted except the mountains. He drew near the Mains. All the ricks in the yard were bobbing about, as if amusing themselves with a slow contra-dance; but they were as yet kept in by the barn and a huge old hedge of hawthorn. What was that cry from far away? Surely it was that of a horse in danger! It brought a lusty equine response from the farm. Where could horses be, with such a depth of water about the place? Then began a great lowing of cattle. But again came the cry of the horse from afar, and Gibbie, this time recognizing the voice as Snowball's, forgot the rest. He stood up on the very top of the rick, and sent his keen glance round on all sides. The cry came again and again, so that he was soon satisfied in what direction he must look. The rain had abated a little; but the air was so thick with vapor that he could not tell whether it was really an object he seemed to see white against the brown water, far away to the left, or a fancy of his excited hope; it *might* be Snowball on the turnpike road, which thereabout ran along the top of a high embankment. He tumbled from the rick, rolled the line about the barrel, and pushed vigorously for what might be the horse.

It took him a weary hour—in so many currents was he caught, one after the other, all straining to carry him far below the object he wanted to reach: an object it plainly was, before he had got half-way across; and by-and-by as plainly it was Snowball, testified to ears and eyes together. When at length he scrambled on the embankment beside him, the poor shivering, perishing creature gave a low neigh of delight: he did not know Gibbie, but he was a human being. He was quite cowed and submissive, and Gibbie at once set about his rescue. He had reasoned as he came along, that if there were beasts at the Mains there must be room for Snowball, and thither he would endeavor to take him. He tied the end of the line to the remnant of the halter on his head, the other end being still fast to the barrel, and took to the water again. Encouraged by the power upon his head,—the pressure, namely, of the halter,—the horse followed, and they made for the Mains. It was a long journey, and Gibbie had not breath enough to sing to Snowball, but he made what noises he could, and they got slowly along. He found the difficulties far greater now that he had to look out for the horse as well as for himself. None but one much used to the water could have succeeded in the attempt, or could indeed have stood out against its weakening influence and the strain of the continued exertion together so long. At length his barrel got waterlogged, and he sent it adrift. . . .

When they arrived at the door, they found a difficulty awaiting them: the water was now so high that Snowball's head rose above the lintel; and though all animals can swim, they do not all know how to dive. A tumult of suggestions immediately broke out. But Donal had already thrown himself from a window with a rope, and swum to Gibbie's assistance; the two understood each other, and heeding nothing the rest were saying, held their own communications. In a minute the rope was fastened round Snowball's body, and the end of it drawn between his forelegs and through the ring of his head-stall, when Donal swam with it to his mother who stood on the stair, with the request that as soon as she saw Snowball's head under the water, she would pull with all her might, and draw him in at the door. Donal then swam back, and threw his arms around Snowball's neck from below, while the same moment Gibbie cast his whole weight on it from above: the horse was over head and ears in an instant, and through the door in another. With snorting nostrils and blazing eyes his head rose in the passage, and in terror he struck out for the stair. As he scrambled heavily up from the water, his master and Robert seized him, and with much petting and patting and gentling, though there was little enough difficulty in managing him now, conducted him into the bedroom to the rest of the horses. There he was welcomed by his companions, and immediately began devouring the hay upon his master's bedstead. Gibbie came close behind him, was seized by Janet at the top of the stair, embraced like one come alive from the grave, and led, all dripping as he was, into the room where the women were.

THE HAY-LOFT

From ‹At the Back of the North Wind›

I HAVE been asked to tell you about the back of the North Wind. An old Greek writer mentions a people who lived there, and were so comfortable that they could not bear it any longer, and drowned themselves. My story is not the same as his. I do not think Herodotus had got the right account of the place. I am going to tell you how it fared with a boy who went there.

He lived in a low room over a coach-house; and that was not by any means at the back of the North Wind, as his mother very well knew. For one side of the room was built only of boards, and the boards were so old that you might run a penknife through into the North Wind. And then let them settle between them which was the sharper! I know that when you pulled it out again, the wind would be after it like a cat after a mouse, and you would know soon enough you were *not* at the back of the North Wind. Still, this room was not very cold, except when the north wind blew stronger than usual: the room I have to do with now was always cold, except in summer, when the sun took the matter into his own hands. Indeed, I am not sure whether I ought to call it a room at all; for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. And when little Diamond — but stop: I must tell you that his father, who was a coachman, had named him after a favorite horse, and his mother had had no objection — when little Diamond, then, lay there in bed, he could hear the horses under him munching away in the dark, or moving sleepily in their dreams. For Diamond's father had built him a bed in the loft with boards all round it, because they had so little room in their own end over the coach-house; and Diamond's father put old Diamond in the stall under the bed, because he was a quiet horse, and did not go to sleep standing, but lay down like a reasonable creature. But although he was a surprisingly reasonable creature, yet when young Diamond woke in the middle of the night and felt the bed shaking in the blasts of the North Wind, he could not help wondering whether, if the wind should blow the house down, and he were to fall through into the manger, old Diamond mightn't eat him up before he knew him in his night-gown. And although old Diamond was very quiet all night long, yet when he woke he got up like an earthquake; and then young Diamond knew what o'clock it was, or at least what was to be done next, which was — to go to sleep again as fast as he could.

There was hay at his feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof. Indeed, it was sometimes only through a little lane with several turnings, which looked as if it had been sawn out for him, that he could reach his bed at all.

For the stock of hay was of course always in a state either of slow ebb or of sudden flow. Sometimes the whole space of the loft, with the little panes in the roof for the stars to look in, would lie open before his open eyes as he lay in bed; sometimes a yellow wall of sweet-smelling fibres closed up his view at the distance of half a yard. Sometimes when his mother had undressed him in her room, and told him to trot away to bed by himself, he would creep into the heart of the hay, and lie there thinking how cold it was outside in the wind, and how warm it was inside there in his bed, and how he could go to it when he pleased, only he wouldn't just yet: he would get a little colder first. And ever as he grew colder, his bed would grow warmer, till at last he would scramble out of the hay, shoot like an arrow into his bed, cover himself up, and snuggle down, thinking what a happy boy he was. He had not the least idea that the wind got in at a chink in the wall, and blew about him all night. For the back of his bed was only of boards an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the North Wind.

Now, as I have already said, these boards were soft and crumbly. To be sure, they were tarred on the outside, yet in many places they were more like tinder than timber. Hence it happened that the soft part having worn away from about it, little Diamond found one night after he lay down, that a knot had come out of one of them, and that the wind was blowing in upon him in a cold and rather imperious fashion. Now he had no fancy for leaving things wrong that might be set right; so he jumped out of bed again, got a little strike of hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and having thus made it into a cork, stuck it into the hole in the wall. But the wind began to blow loud and angrily; and as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew his cork and hit him on the nose, just hard enough to wake him up quite, and let him hear the wind whistling shrill in the hole. He searched for his hay-cork, found it, stuck it in harder, and was just dropping off once more, when, pop! with an angry whistle behind it, the cork struck him again, this time on the cheek. Up he rose once more, made a fresh stopple of hay, and corked the hole severely. But he was hardly down again before —pop! it came on his forehead. He gave it up, drew the clothes above his head, and was soon fast asleep.

Although the next day was very stormy, Diamond forgot all about the hole; for he was busy making a cave by the side of his mother's fire,—with a broken chair, a three-legged stool, and a blanket,—and sitting in it. His mother, however, discovered it and pasted a bit of brown paper over it; so that when Diamond had snuggled down for the next night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could that be talking to him? The wind was rising again, and getting very loud, and full of rushes and whistles. He was sure some one was talking—and very near him too it was. But he was not frightened, for he had not yet learned how to be; so he sat up and hearkened. At last the voice, which though quite gentle sounded a little angry, appeared to come from the back of the bed. He crept nearer to it, and laid his ear against the wall. Then he heard nothing but the wind, which sounded very loud indeed. The moment, however, that he moved his head from the wall he heard the voice again, close to his ear. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly. There was in fact a little corner of the paper loose; and through that, as from a mouth in the wall, the voice came.

«What do you mean, little boy—closing up my window?»

«What window?» asked Diamond.

«You stuffed hay into it three times last night. I had to blow it out again three times.»

«You can't mean this little hole! It isn't a window; it's a hole in my bed.»

«I did not say it was *a* window: I said it was *my* window.»

«But it can't be a window, because windows are holes to see out of.»

«Well, that's just what I made this window for.»

«But you are outside: you can't want a window.»

«You are quite mistaken. Windows are to see out of, you say. Well, I'm in my house, and I want windows to see out of it.»

«But you've made a window into my bed.»

«Well, your mother has got three windows into my dancing-room, and you have three into my garret.»

«But I heard father say, when my mother wanted him to make a window through the wall, that it was against the law, for it would look into Mr. Dyves's garden.»

The voice laughed.

«The law would have some trouble to catch me!» it said.

«But if it's not right, you know,» said Diamond, «that's no matter. You shouldn't do it.»

«I am so tall I am above *that* law,» said the voice.

«You must have a tall house, then,» said Diamond.

«Yes, a tall house: the clouds are inside it.»

«Dear me!» said Diamond, and thought a minute. «I think, then, you can hardly expect me to keep a window in my bed for you. Why don't you make a window into Mr. Dyves's bed?»

«Nobody makes a window into an ash-pit,» said the voice rather sadly: «I like to see nice things out of my windows.»

«But he must have a nicer bed than I have; though mine is *very* nice—so nice that I couldn't wish a better.»

«It's not the bed I care about: it's what is in it.—But you just open that window.»

«Well, mother says I shouldn't be disobliging; but it's rather hard. You see the north wind will blow right in my face if I do.»

«I am the North Wind.»

«O-o-oh!» said Diamond thoughtfully. «Then will you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window?»

«I can't promise that.»

«But you'll give me the toothache. Mother's got it already.»

«But what's to become of me without a window?»

«I'm sure I don't know. All I say is, it will be worse for me than for you.»

«No, it will not. You shall not be the worse for it—I promise you that. You will be much the better for it. Just you believe what I say, and do as I tell you.»

«Well, I *can* pull the clothes over my head,» said Diamond; and feeling with his little sharp nails, he got hold of the open edge of the paper and tore it off at once.

In came a long whistling spear of cold, and struck his little naked chest. He scrambled and tumbled in under the bed-clothes, and covered himself up: there was no paper now between him and the voice, and he felt a little—not frightened exactly, I told you he had not learned that yet—but rather queer; for what a strange person this North Wind must be that lived in the great house—«called Out-of-Doors, I suppose,» thought Diamond—and made windows into people's beds! But the voice began again;

and he could hear it quite plainly, even with his head under the bedclothes. It was a still more gentle voice now, although six times as large and loud as it had been, and he thought it sounded a little like his mother's.

«What is your name, little boy?» it asked.

«Diamond,» answered Diamond under the bedclothes.

«What a funny name!»

«It's a very nice name,» returned its owner.

«I don't know that,» said the voice.

«Well, I do,» retorted Diamond, a little rudely.

«Do you know to whom you are speaking?»

«No,» said Diamond.

And indeed he did not. For to know a person's name is not always to know the person's self.

«Then I must not be angry with you.—You had better look and see, though.»

«Diamond is a very pretty name,» persisted the boy, vexed that it should not give satisfaction.

«Diamond is a useless thing, rather,» said the voice.

«That's not true. Diamond is very nice—as big as two—and so quiet all night! And doesn't he make a jolly row in the morning, getting up on his four great legs! It's like thunder.»

«You don't seem to know what a diamond is.»

«Oh, don't I just! Diamond is a great and good horse; and he sleeps right under me. He is Old Diamond, and I am Young Diamond; or if you like it better,—for you're very particular, Mr. North Wind,—he's Big Diamond, and I'm Little Diamond: and I don't know which of us my father likes best.»

A beautiful laugh, large but very soft and musical, sounded somewhere beside him; but Diamond kept his head under the clothes.

«I'm not Mr. North Wind,» said the voice.

«You told me that you were the North Wind,» insisted Diamond.

«I did not say *Mister* North Wind,» said the voice.

«Well then, I do; for mother tells me I ought to be polite.»

«Then let me tell you I don't think it at all polite of you to say *Mister* to me.»

«Well, I didn't know better. I'm very sorry.»

«But you ought to know better.»

«I don't know that.»

"I do. You can't say it's polite to lie there talking, with your head under the bedclothes, and never look up to see what kind of person you are talking to. I want you to come out with me."

"I want to go to sleep," said Diamond, very nearly crying; for he did not like to be scolded, even when he deserved it.

"You shall sleep all the better to-morrow night."

"Besides," said Diamond, "you are out in Mr. Dyves's garden, and I can't get there. I can only get into our own yard."

"Will you take your head out of the bedclothes?" said the voice, just a little angrily.

"No!" answered Diamond, half peevish, half frightened.

The instant he said the word, a tremendous blast of wind crashed in a board of the wall, and swept the clothes off Diamond. He started up in terror. Leaning over him was the large, beautiful, pale face of a woman. Her dark eyes looked a little angry, for they had just begun to flash; but a quivering in her sweet upper lip made her look as if she were going to cry. What was most strange was that away from her head streamed out her black hair in every direction, so that the darkness in the hay-loft looked as if it were made of her hair; but as Diamond gazed at her in speechless amazement, mingled with confidence, — for the boy was entranced with her mighty beauty,— her hair began to gather itself out of the darkness, and fell down all about her again, till her face looked out of the midst of it like a moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair; and that was all he did see of her yet. The wind was over and gone.

"Will you go with me now, you little Diamond? I am sorry I was forced to be so rough with you," said the lady.

"I will; yes, I will," answered Diamond, holding out both his arms. "But," he added, dropping them, "how shall I get my clothes? They are in mother's room, and the door is locked."

"Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the North Wind."

"I thought everybody was," said Diamond.

"That is a great mistake. Most people make it, however. They are cold because they are not with the North Wind, but without it."

If Diamond had been a little older, and had supposed himself a good deal wiser, he would have thought the lady was joking.

But he was not older, and did not fancy himself wiser, and therefore understood her well enough. Again he stretched out his arms. The lady's face drew back a little.

« Follow me, Diamond,» she said.

« Yes,» said Diamond, only a little ruefully.

« You're not afraid?» said the North Wind.

« No, ma'am: but mother never would let me go without shoes; she never said anything about clothes, so I daresay she wouldn't mind that.»

« I know your mother very well,» said the lady. « She is a good woman. I have visited her often. I was with her when you were born. I saw her laugh and cry both at once. I love your mother, Diamond.»

« How was it you did not know my name, then, ma'am? Please, am I to say *ma'am* to you, ma'am?»

« One question at a time, dear boy. I knew your name quite well, but I wanted to hear what you would say for it. Don't you remember that day when the man was finding fault with your name — how I blew the window in?»

« Yes, yes,» answered Diamond eagerly. « Our window opens like a door, right over the coach-house door. And the wind — you, ma'am — came in, and blew the Bible out of the man's hands, and the leaves went all flutter-flutter on the floor, and my mother picked it up and gave it back to him open, and there — »

« Was your name in the Bible — the sixth stone in the high-priest's breast-plate.»

« Oh! a stone, was it?» said Diamond. « I thought it had been a horse — I did.»

« Never mind. A horse is better than a stone any day. Well, you see, I know all about you and your mother.»

« Yes. I will go with you.»

« Now for the next question: you're not to call me *ma'am*. You must call me just my own name — respectfully, you know — just North Wind.»

« Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you.»

« You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond.»

« But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?»

"No; I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. So little boys may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful."

"Well, I will go with you because you are beautiful and good too."

"Ah, but there's another thing, Diamond: What if I should look ugly without being bad—look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful?—what then?"

"I don't quite understand you, North Wind. You tell me what then."

"Well, I will tell you. If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife,—even if you see me looking in at people's windows like Mrs. Eve Dropper, the gardener's wife,—you must believe that I am doing my work. Nay, Diamond, if I change into a serpent or a tiger, you must not let go your hold of me, for my hand will never change in yours if you keep a good hold. If you keep a hold, you will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least like the North Wind. I may look something very awful. Do you understand?"

"Quite well," said little Diamond.

"Come along then," said North Wind, and disappeared behind the mountain of hay.

Diamond crept out of bed and followed her.

JEAN MACÉ

(1815-)

Jean Macé is a benign child-lover, and has never lost the childlike simplicity and zest in life which characterize his style. He was born in Paris in 1815; and his parents, plain working-people who were ambitious for their boy, gave him unusual advantages for one of his class. His course at the Collège Stanilaus was not completed without self-sacrifice at home which made him prize and improve his opportunities. At twenty-one he became instructor in history in the same college, and he was teaching in the Collège Henri IV., when he was drafted as a soldier. After three years' service he was bought out by his friend and former professor M. Burette, whose private secretary he became. Always interested in politics, and an ardent republican, he welcomed the revolution of 1848 with an enthusiasm which involved him in difficulties a few years later. With the restoration of the Empire under Louis Napoleon he was banished; and in exile, at the age of thirty-seven, he discovered his true vocation.

Jean Macé

The «Little Château,» at Beblenheim in Alsace, was a private school for girls, kept by his friend Mademoiselle Verenet, who now offered Macé a position as teacher of natural science and literature. He loved to teach, loved to impart fact so that it might exercise a moral influence upon character; and he was very happy in the calmly busy life at Beblenheim, where, as he says, «I was at last in my true calling.»

In 1861 he published the 'Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain,'—a simple yet comprehensive work on physiology, made as delightful as a story-book to child readers. Its wide popularity both in French, and in an English translation as 'The Story of a Mouthful of Bread,' prompted a sequel, 'Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac' (The Servants of the Stomach), also very successful. But the 'Contes du Petit Château,' a collection of charming fairy tales written for his little pupils, is Macé's masterpiece. These stories are simple lessons in thrift, truth, and generosity, inculcated with dramatic force and imaginative vigor. Translated as 'Home Fairy Tales,' they have long been familiar to English and American children.

After ten years at Beblenheim, Macé returned to Paris, where in company with Stahl he established the popular Magasin d'Éducation et de Récréation. One of his strongest desires has always been to extend educational influences; and for this purpose he established in 1863 the Société des Bibliothèques Communales du Haut Rhin, and later organized a League of Instruction for increasing the number of schools and libraries.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

From 'Macé's Fairy Book.' Translated by Mary L. Booth, and published by Harper & Brothers

There was once a little girl by the name of Coralie, who took pleasure in telling falsehoods. Some children think very little of not speaking the truth; and a small falsehood, or a great one in case of necessity, that saves them from a duty or a punishment, procures them a pleasure, or gratifies their self-love, seems to them the most allowable thing in the world. Now Coralie was one of this sort. The truth was a thing of which she had no idea; and any excuse was good to her, provided that it was believed. Her parents were for a long time deceived by her stories; but they saw at last that she was telling them what was not true, and from that moment they had not the least confidence in anything that she said.

It is a terrible thing for parents not to be able to believe their children's words. It would be better almost to have no children; for the habit of lying, early acquired, may lead them in after years to the most shameful crimes: and what parent can help trembling at the thought that he may be bringing up his children to dishonor?

After vainly trying every means to reform her, Coralie's parents resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was celebrated at that time over all the globe, and who was the greatest friend of truth that ever lived. For this reason, little children that were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him from all directions, in order that he might cure them.

The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace, the walls of which were transparent; and never in his whole life had the idea crossed his mind of disguising one of his actions, of causing others to believe what was not true, or even of suffering them to believe it by being silent when he might have spoken. He knew liars by their odor a league off; and when Coralie approached the palace, he was obliged to burn vinegar to prevent himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother, with a beating heart, undertook to explain the vile disease which had attacked her daughter; and blushingly commenced a confused speech, rendered misty by shame, when Merlin stopped her short.

«I know what is the matter, my good lady,» said he. «I felt your daughter's approach long ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world, and she has made me very uncomfortable.»

The parents perceived that fame had not deceived them in praising the skill of the enchanter; and Coralie, covered with confusion, knew not where to hide her head. She took refuge under the apron of her mother, who sheltered her as well as she could, terrified at the turn affairs were taking, while her father stood before her to protect her at all risks. They were very anxious that their child should be cured, but they wished her cured gently and without hurting her.

«Don't be afraid,» said Merlin, seeing their terror: «I do not employ violence in curing these diseases. I am only going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will not displease her.»

He opened a drawer, and took from it a magnificent amethyst necklace, beautifully set, with a diamond clasp of dazzling lustre. He put it on Coralie's neck, and dismissing the parents with a friendly gesture, «Go, good people,» said he, «and have no more anxiety. Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of the truth.»

Coralie, flushed with pleasure, was hastily retreating, delighted at having escaped so easily, when Merlin called her back.

«In a year,» said he, looking at her sternly, «I shall come for my necklace. Till that time I forbid you to take it off for a single instant: if you dare to do so, woe be unto you!»

«Oh, I ask nothing better than always to wear it,—it is so beautiful.»

In order that you may know, I will tell you that this necklace was none other than the famous Necklace of Truth, so much talked of in ancient books, which unveiled every species of falsehood.

The day after Coralie returned home she was sent to school. As she had long been absent, all the little girls crowded round her, as always happens in such cases. There was a general cry of admiration at the sight of the necklace.

"Where did it come from?" and "Where did you get it?" was asked on all sides.

In those days, for any one to say that he had been to the enchanter Merlin's was to tell the whole story. Coralie took good care not to betray herself in this way.

"I was sick for a long time," said she, boldly; "and on my recovery, my parents gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry rose from all at once. The diamonds of the clasp, which had shot forth so brilliant a light, had suddenly become dim, and were turned to coarse glass.

"Well, yes, I have been sick! What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood, the amethysts in turn changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie, seeing all eyes fixed on her necklace, looked that way herself, and was struck with terror.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," said she humbly, understanding from what direction the blow came, and not daring to persist in her falsehood.

Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace recovered all its beauty; but the loud bursts of laughter that sounded around her mortified her to such a degree that she felt the need of saying something to retrieve her reputation.

"You do very wrong to laugh," said she, "for he treated us with the greatest possible respect. He sent his carriage to meet us at the next town, and you have no idea what a splendid carriage it was,—six white horses, pink satin cushions with gold tassels, to say nothing of the negro coachman with his hair powdered, and the three tall footmen behind! When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and porphyry, he came to meet us at the vestibule, and led us to the dining-room, where stood a table covered with things that I will not name to you, because you never even heard speak of them. There was, in the first place—"

The laughter, which had been suppressed with great difficulty ever since she commenced this fine story, became at that moment so boisterous that she stopped in amazement; and casting her eyes once more on the unlucky necklace, she shuddered anew. At each detail that she had invented, the necklace had become longer and longer, until it already dragged on the ground.

«You are stretching the truth,» cried the little girls.

«Well, I confess it: we went on foot, and only stayed five minutes.»

The necklace instantly shrunk to its proper size.

«And the necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?»

«He gave it to me without saying a word; probabl—»

She had not time to finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her terribly, and she gasped for want of breath.

«You are keeping back part of the truth,» cried her schoolfellows.

She hastened to alter the broken words while she could still speak.

«He said — that I was — one of the greatest — liars — in the world.»

Instantly freed from the pressure that was strangling her, she continued to cry with pain and mortification.

«That was why he gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of the truth, and I have been a great fool to be proud of it. Now I am in a fine position!»

Her little companions had compassion on her grief; for they were good girls, and they reflected how they should feel in her place. You can imagine, indeed, that it was somewhat embarrassing for a girl to know that she could never more pervert the truth.

«You are very good,» said one of them. «If I were in your place, I should soon send back the necklace: handsome as it is, it is a great deal too troublesome. What hinders you from taking it off?»

Poor Coralie was silent; but the stones began to dance up and down, and to make a terrible clatter.

«There is something that you have not told us,» said the little girls, their merriment restored by this extraordinary dance.

«I like to wear it.»

The diamonds and amethysts danced and clattered worse than ever.

«There is a reason which you are hiding from us.»

«Well, since I can conceal nothing from you, he forbade me to take it off, under penalty of some great calamity.»

You can imagine that with a companion of this kind, which turned dull whenever the wearer did not tell the truth, which grew longer whenever she added to it, which shrunk whenever she subtracted from it, and which danced and clattered whenever she was silent,— a companion, moreover, of which she could not rid herself,— it was impossible even for the most hardened liar not to keep closely to the truth. When Coralie once was fully convinced that falsehood was useless, and that it would be instantly discovered, it was not difficult for her to abandon it. The consequence was, that when she became accustomed always to tell the truth, she found herself so happy in it — she felt her conscience so light and her mind so calm — that she began to abhor falsehood for its own sake, and the necklace had nothing more to do. Long before the year had passed, therefore, Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child that was addicted to lying, and which, thanks to his art, he knew was of no more use to Coralie.

No one can tell me what has become of this wonderful Necklace of Truth; but it is thought that Merlin's heirs hid it after his death, for fear of the ravages that it might cause on earth. You can imagine what a calamity it would be to many people — I do not speak only of children — if they were forced to wear it. Some travelers who have returned from Central Africa declare that they have seen it on the neck of a negro king, who knew not how to lie; but they have never been able to prove their words. Search is still being made for it, however; and if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should not feel quite sure that it might not some day be found again.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

(1469–1527)

BY CHARLES P. NEILL

Niccolo Machiavelli, perhaps the greatest prose writer of the Italian Renaissance, was born in Florence May 3d, 1469, and died there June 22d, 1527. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage on both his father's and his mother's side, and many of his more immediate ancestors had been honored by republican Florence with high offices of State. His father Bernardo was a respectable jurist, who to a moderate income from his profession added a small revenue from some landed possessions. His mother was a woman of culture, and a poet of some ability.

Of Niccolo's early life and education we know nothing. No trace of him remains previous to his twenty-sixth year. But of his times and the scenes amid which he grew up, we know much. It was the calm but demoralizing era of Lorenzo the Magnificent, when the sturdy Florentine burghers rested satisfied with magnificence in lieu of freedom, and, intoxicated with the spirit of a pagan renaissance, abandoned themselves to the refinements of pleasure and luxury;—when their streets had ceased for a while to re-echo with the clash of steel and the fierce shouts of contending factions, and resounded with the productions of Lorenzo's melodious but indecent Muse. Machiavelli was a true child of his time. He too was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance; and looked back, fascinated, on the ideals of that ancient world that was being revivified for the men of his day. But philosophy, letters, and art were not the only heritage that the bygone age had handed down; politics—the building of States and of empire—this also had engaged the minds of the men of that age, and it was this aspect of their activity that fired the imagination of the young Florentine. From his writings we know he was widely read in the Latin and Italian classics. But Virgil and Horace appealed to him less than Livy, and Dante the poet was less to him than Dante the politician: for he read his classics, not as others, to drink in their music or be led captive by their beauty, but to derive lessons in statecraft, and penetrate into the secrets of the successful empire-builders of the past. It is equally certain, from a study of his works, that he had not mastered Greek. Like Ariosto, Machiavelli was indebted for his superb literary technique solely to the study of the literature of his own nation.

With the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, Machiavelli, at the age of thirty, emerged from obscurity to play a most important rôle in the Florentine politics of the succeeding decade and a half. In 1498 he was elected secretary to the Ten of War and Peace,—a commission performing the functions of a ministry of war and of home affairs, and having in addition control of the Florentine diplomatic service. From 1498 to 1512 Machiavelli was a zealous, patriotic, and indefatigable servant of the republic. His energy was untiring, his activity ceaseless and many-sided. He conducted the voluminous diplomatic correspondence devolving upon his bureau, drew up memorials and plans in affairs of State for the use and guidance of the Ten, undertook the reorganization of the Florentine troops, and went himself on a constant succession of embassies, ranging in importance from those to petty Italian States up to those to the court of France and of the Emperor. He was by nature well adapted to the peculiar needs of the diplomacy of that day; and the training he received in that school must in turn have reacted on him to confirm his native bent, and accentuate it until it became the distinguishing characteristic of the man. His first lessons in politics and statecraft were derived from Livy's history of the not over-scrupulous Romans; and when he comes to take his lessons at first hand, it is in the midst of the intrigues of republican Florence, or at the court of a Caterina Sforza, or in the camp of a Cesare Borgia. Small wonder that his conception of politics should have omitted to take account of honesty and the moral law; and that he conceived «the idea of giving to politics an assured and scientific basis, treating them as having a proper and distinct value of their own, entirely apart from their moral value.»

During this period of his political activity, we have a large number of State papers and private letters from his pen; and two works of literary cast have also come down to us. These are his ‹Decennale›: historic narratives, cast into poetic form, of Italian events. The first treats of the decade beginning 1494; and the second, an unfinished fragment, of the decade beginning 1504. They are written in easy *terzine;* and unfeigned sorrow for the miseries of Italy, torn by internal discord, alternates with cynical mockery and stinging wit. They are noteworthy as expressing the sentiment for a united Italy. A third literary work of this period has been lost: ‹Le Maschere,› a satire modeled upon the comedies of Aristophanes.

When in 1512, after their long exile, the Medici returned to Florence in the train of her invader, Machiavelli, though not unwilling to serve the restored rulers, was dismissed from his office and banished for a year from the confines of the city. Later, on suspicion of being concerned in a plot against the Medici, he was thrown into prison and tortured. He was soon afterward included in a general pardon granted by the Cardinal de' Medici, then become Leo X. But notwithstanding Machiavelli's earnest and persistent efforts to win the good graces of the ruling family, he did not return to public life until 1525; and this interval of enforced leisure from affairs of State was the period of his literary activity. A number of comedies, minor poems, and short prose compositions did not rise above mediocrity. They were for the most part translations from the classics, or imitations; and the names are hardly worth recounting. But in one dramatic effort he rose to the stature of genius. His ‹Mandragola› achieved a flattering success both at Rome and in Florence. It has been pronounced the finest comedy of the Italian stage, and Macaulay rated it as inferior only to the greatest of Molière's. In its form, its spontaneity, vivacity, and wit, it is not surpassed by Shakespeare; but it is a biting satire on religion and morality, with not even a hint of a moral to redeem it. Vice is made humorous, and virtue silly; its satire is «deep and murderous»; and its plot too obscene to be narrated. In it Machiavelli has harnessed Pegasus to a garbage cart.

His lesser prose works are — the ‹Life of Castruccio Castracani,› a «politico-military romance» made up partly from incidents in the life of that hero, and partly from incidents taken from Diodorus Siculus's life of Agathocles, and concluding with a series of memorable sayings attributed to Castruccio, but taken from the apophthegms of Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius; and the ‹Art of War,› a treatise anticipating much of our modern tactics, and inveighing against the mediæval system of mercenary troops of mail-clad men and horses. A more ambitious undertaking, and in fact his largest work, is the ‹History of Florence.› At the suggestion of the Cardinal de' Medici, the directors of the studio of Florence commissioned Machiavelli to employ himself in writing a history of Florence, «from whatever period he might think fit to select, and either in the Latin or the Tuscan tongue, according to his taste.» He was to receive one hundred florins a year for two years to enable him to pursue the work. He chose his native tongue; and revised and polished his work until it became a model of style, and in its best passages justifies his claim to the title of the best and most finished of Italian prose writers. He thus describes the luring of Giuliano de' Medici to his place of assassination: —

«This arrangement having been determined upon, they went into the church, where the Cardinal had already arrived with Lorenzo de' Medici. The church was crowded with people, and divine service had already commenced; but Giuliano had not yet come. Francesco dei Pazzi, therefore, together with Bernardo, who had been designated to kill Giuliano, went to his house, and by artful persuasion induced him to go to the church. It is really a noteworthy fact that so much hatred and the thoughts of so great an outrage could be concealed under so much resoluteness of heart, as was the case with Francesco and Bernardo; for on the way to church, and even after having entered it, they entertained him with merry jests and youthful chatter. And Francesco, even, under pretense of caressing him, felt him with his hands and pressed him in his arms, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he wore a cuirass or any other means of protection under his garments.»

But though Machiavelli had the historical style, he lacked historical perspective; he arranged his matter not according to objective value, but placed in the boldest relief those events that best lent support to his own theories of politics and statecraft. He makes his facts to be as he wishes them, rather than as he knows them to be. He wishes to throw contempt on mercenary troops, and though he knows an engagement to have been bloody, prefers for his description such a conclusion as this:—«In the tremendous defeat that was noised throughout Italy, no one perished excepting Ludovico degli Obizzi and two of his men, who being thrown from their horses were smothered in the mud.» To Machiavelli history was largely to be written as a *tendenz roman*,—manufactured to point a preconceived moral.

Though Machiavelli wrote history, poetry, and comedy, it is not by these he is remembered. The works that have made his name a synonym, and given it a place in every tongue, are the two works written almost in the first year of his retirement from political life. These are ‹The Prince› and the ‹Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius.› Each is a treatise on statecraft; together they form a complete and unified treatise, and represent an attempt to formulate inductively a science of politics. The ‹Discourses› study republican institutions, ‹The Prince› monarchical ones. The first is the more elementary, and would come first in logical arrangement. But in the writing of them Machiavelli had in view more than the foundation of a science of politics. He was anxious to win the favor of the Medici; and as these were not so much interested in how republics are best built up, he completed ‹The Prince› first, and sent it forth dedicated «to the magnificent Lorenzo, son of Piero de' Medici.»

In the ‹Discourses,› the author essays «a new science of statesmanship, based on the experience of human events and history.» In that day of worship of the ancient world, Machiavelli endeavors to draw men to a study of its politics as well as its art. In Livy he finds the field for this study.

«When we consider the general respect for antiquity, and how often—to say nothing of other examples—a great price is paid for some fragments of an antique statue which we are anxious to possess to ornament our houses with, or to give to artists who strive to imitate them in their own works; and when we see, on the other hand, the wonderful examples which the history of ancient kingdoms and republics presents to us, the prodigies of virtue and of wisdom displayed by the kings, captains, citizens, and legislators who have sacrificed themselves for their country: when we see these, I say, more admired than imitated, or so much neglected that not the least trace of this ancient virtue remains,—we cannot but be at the same time as much surprised as afflicted; the more so as in the differences which arise between citizens, or in the maladies to which they are subjected, we see these same people have recourse to the judgments and the remedies prescribed by the ancients. The civil laws are in fact nothing but the decisions given by their jurisconsults, and which, reduced to a system, direct our modern jurists in their decisions. And what is the science of medicine but the experience of ancient physicians, which their successors have taken for a guide? And yet to found a republic, maintain States, to govern a kingdom, organize an army, conduct a war, dispense justice, and extend empires, you will find neither prince nor republic, nor captain, nor citizen, who has recourse to the examples of antiquity!»

In his commentary on the course of Romulus in the founding of Rome, we find the keynote of Machiavelli's system of political science. His one aim is the building of a State; his one thought, how best to accomplish his aim. Means are therefore to be selected, and to be judged, solely as regards their effectiveness to the business in hand. Ordinary means are of course to be preferred; but extraordinary must be used when needed.

«Many will perhaps consider it an evil example that the founder of a civil society, as Romulus was, should first have killed his brother, and then have consented to the death of Titus Tatius, who had been elected to share the royal authority with him; from which it might be concluded that the citizens, according to the example of their prince, might, from ambition and the desire to rule, destroy those who attempt to oppose their authority. This opinion would be correct, if we do not take into consideration the object which Romulus had in view in committing that homicide. But we must assume, as a general rule, that it never or rarely happens that a republic or monarchy is well constituted, or its old institutions entirely reformed, unless it is done by only one individual; it is even necessary that he whose mind has conceived such a constitution should be alone in carrying it into effect. A sagacious legislator of a republic, therefore, whose object is to promote the public good and not his private interests, and who prefers his country to his own successors, should concentrate all authority in himself; and a wise mind will never censure any one for having employed any extraordinary means for the purpose of establishing a kingdom or constituting a republic. It is well that when the act accuses him, the result should excuse; and when the result is good, as in the case of Romulus, it will always absolve him from blame.»

In an equally scientific and concise manner he analyzes the methods of preventing factions in a republic.

> «We observe, from the example of the Roman consuls in restoring harmony between the patricians and plebeians of Ardea, the means for obtaining that object, which is none other than to kill the chiefs of the opposing factions. In fact, there are only three ways of accomplishing it: the one is to put the leaders to death, as the Romans did; or to banish them from the city; or to reconcile them to each other under a pledge not to offend again. Of these three ways, the last is the worst, being the least certain and effective.»

In ‹The Prince,› a short treatise of twenty-six chapters, and making little more than a hundred octavo pages, Machiavelli gives more succinct and emphatic expression to the principles of his new political science. ‹The Prince› is the best known of all his works. It is the one always connected with his name, and which has made his name famous. It was said of the poet Gray that no other man had walked down the aisle of fame with so small a book under his arm. It might be repeated as truly of Machiavelli. Men, he has said, «preferred infamy to oblivion, for at least infamy served to transmit their names to posterity.» Had he written ‹The Prince› to escape oblivion, the fullest measure of his desire would have been attained. For the model of his prince, Machiavelli took Cesare Borgia, and cites him as an example worthy of imitation; and he has shared in the execration that posterity has heaped upon Borgia.

The fifteenth and eighteenth chapters of ‹The Prince› contain a formulation of the principles that have brought down condemnation on their author.

> «The manner in which men live is so different from the way in which they ought to live, that he who leaves the common course for that which he ought to follow will find that it leads him to ruin rather than to safety. For a man who in all respects will carry out only his professions of good, will be apt to be ruined amongst so many who are evil. A prince therefore who desires to maintain himself, must learn to be not always good, but to be so or not as necessity may require. . . . For, all things considered, it will be found that some things that seem like virtue will lead you to ruin if you follow them; whilst others that apparently are vices will, if followed, result in your safety and well-being.»

And again:—

> «It must be evident to every one that it is more praiseworthy for a prince always to maintain good faith, and practice integrity rather than craft and deceit. And yet the experience of our own times has shown that those princes have achieved great things who made small account of good faith, and who understood by cunning to circumvent the intelligence of others; and that in

the end they got the better of those whose actions were dictated by loyalty and good faith. You must know, therefore, that there are two ways of carrying on a contest: the one by law, and the other by force. The first is practiced by men, and the other by animals; and as the first is often insufficient, it becomes necessary to resort to the second.

«A prince then should know how to employ the nature of man, and that of the beast as well. . . . A prince should be a fox, to know the traps and snares; and a lion, to be able to frighten the wolves: for those who simply hold to the nature of the lion do not understand their business.

«A sagacious prince, then, cannot and should not fulfill his pledges when their observance is contrary to his interest, and when the causes that induced him to pledge his faith no longer exist. If men were all good, then indeed this precept would be bad; but as men are naturally bad, and will not observe their faith towards you, you must in the same way not observe yours towards them: and no prince ever yet lacked legitimate reasons with which to color his want of good faith. . . .

«It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the above-mentioned qualities; but it is essential that he should at least seem to have them. I will even venture to say, that to have and to practice them constantly is pernicious, but to seem to have them is useful. For instance, a prince should seem to be merciful, faithful, humane, religious, and upright, and should even be so in reality; but he should have his mind so trained that, when occasion requires it, he may know how to change to the opposite. And it must be understood that a prince, and especially one who has but recently acquired his state, cannot perform all those things which cause men to be esteemed as good; he being often obliged, for the sake of maintaining his state, to act contrary to humanity, charity, and religion. And therefore it is necessary that he should have a versatile mind, capable of changing readily, according as the winds and changes bid him; and as has been said above, not to swerve from the good if possible, but to know how to resort to evil if necessity demands it.»

And yet in these same books we find expressions worthy of a moralist.

«All enterprises to be undertaken should be for the honor of God and the general good of the country.»

«In well-constituted governments, the citizens fear more to break their oaths than the laws; because they esteem the power of God more than that of men.»

«Even in war, but little glory is derived from any fraud that involves the breaking of a given pledge and of agreements made.»

«It is impossible to believe that either valor or anything praiseworthy can result from a dishonest education, or an impure and immodest mind.»

The strangest moral contradictions abound throughout 'The Prince,' as they do in all Machiavelli's writings. He is saint or devil according as you select your extracts from his writings. Macaulay has given us a perfect characterization of the man and his works.

«In all the writings which he gave to the public, and in all those which the research of editors has in the course of three centuries discovered: in his comedies, designed for the entertainment of the multitude; in his comments on Livy, intended for the perusal of the most enthusiastic patriots of Florence; in his ‹History,› inscribed to one of the most amiable and estimable of the popes; in his public dispatches; in his private memoranda,—the same obliquity of moral principle for which ‹The Prince› is so severely censured, is more or less discernible. We doubt whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable.

«After this, it may seem ridiculous to say that we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli. Yet so it is. And even from ‹The Prince› itself, we could select many passages in support of this remark. To a reader of our age and country, this inconsistency is at first perfectly bewildering. The whole man seems to be an enigma; a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities; selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villainy and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarcely write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent schoolboy on the death of Leonidas. An act of dexterous perfidy, and an act of patriotic self-devotion, call forth the same kind and the same degree of respectful admiration. The moral sensibility of the writer seems at once to be morbidly obtuse and morbidly acute. Two characters altogether dissimilar are united in him. They are not merely joined, but interwoven. They are the warp and the woof of his mind.»

In consequence of this, no writer has been more condemned or more praised than Machiavelli. Shakespeare, reflecting English thought, uses his name as the superlative for craft and murderous treachery. But later years have raised up defenders for him, and his rehabilitation is still going on. He has been lauded as «the noblest and purest of patriots»; and more ardent admirers could «even praise his generosity, nobility, and exquisite delicacy of mind, and go so far as to declare him an incomparable model of public and private virtue.» In 1787, after his dust had lain for nearly three centuries in an obscure tomb beside that of Michelangelo, a monument was erected above him, with the inscription given below.

TANTO NOMINI NULLUM PAR EULOGIUM

NICOLANO MACHIAVELLUS

[No eulogy could add aught to so great a name as that of Niccolo Machiavelli.]

In 1859 the government of his native Tuscany itself gave his works to the public in a complete edition. And in 1869 the Italian government enrolled him in its calendar of great ones; and placed above the door of the house in Florence in which he lived and died, a marble tablet, inscribed —

A NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

Dell' Unità Nazionale Precursore audace e indovino
E d'Armi proprie e non aventizie primo Institutore e Maestro
L'Italia Una e Armata pose il 3 Maggio 1869
IL QUARTO DI LUI CENTENNARIO

[To Niccolo Machiavelli — the intrepid and prophetic Precursor of National Unity, and the first Institutor and Master of her own Armies in place of adventitious ones — United and Armed Italy places this on May 3d, 1869, his Fourth Centenary.]

His rehabilitation proceeds from two causes. Later research has shown that perhaps he only reflected his time; and his works breathe a passionate longing for that Italian unity which in our day has been realized. He may be worthy canonization as a national saint; but those who are more interested in the integrity of moral standards than in Italian unity will doubtless continue to refuse beatification to one who indeed knew the Roman *virtus*, but was insensible to the nature of virtue as understood by the followers of Christ. And no amount of research into the history of his age can make his principles less vicious in themselves. A better understanding of his day can only lessen the boldness of the relief in which he has heretofore stood out in history. He was probably no worse than many of his fellows. He only gave a scientific formulation to their practices. He dared openly to avow and justify the principles that their actions implied. They paid to virtue the court of hypocrisy, and like the Pharisee of the earlier time, preached righteousness and did evil; but Machiavelli was more daring, and when he served the devil, disdained to go about his business in the livery of heaven.

Charles P. Neill

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CARLO GALEAZZO, DUKE OF MILAN, 1476

From the ‹History of Florence›

WHILST the transactions between the King and the Pope were in progress, and those in Tuscany, in the manner we have related, an event of greater importance occurred in Lombardy. Cola Montana, a learned and ambitious man, taught the Latin language to the youth of the principal families in Milan. Either out of hatred to the character and manners of the duke, or from some other cause, he constantly deprecated the condition of those who live under a bad prince; calling those glorious and happy who had the good fortune to be born and live in a republic. He endeavored to show that the most celebrated men had been produced in republics, and not reared under princes; that the former cherish virtue, whilst the latter destroy it; the one deriving advantage from virtuous men, whilst the latter naturally fear them. The youths with whom he was most intimate were Giovanni Andrea Lampognano, Carlo Visconti, and Girolamo Olgiato. He frequently discussed with them the faults of their prince, and the wretched condition of those who were subject to him; and by constantly inculcating his principles, acquired such an ascendency over their minds as to induce them to bind themselves by oath to effect the duke's destruction, as soon as they became old enough to attempt it. Their minds being fully occupied with this design, which grew with their years, the duke's conduct and their own private injuries served to hasten its execution. Galeazzo was licentious and cruel; of both which vices he had given such repeated proofs that he became odious to all. . . . These private injuries increased the young men's desire for vengeance, and the deliverance of their country from so many evils; trusting that whenever they should succeed in destroying the duke, many of the nobility and all the people would rise in their defense. Being resolved upon their undertaking, they were often together; which, on account of their long intimacy, did not excite any suspicion. They frequently discussed the subject; and in order to familiarize their minds with the deed itself, they practiced striking each other in the breast and in the side with the sheathed daggers intended to be used for the purpose. On considering the most suitable time and place, the castle seemed insecure; during the chase, uncertain and dangerous; whilst going about the city for his own amusement, difficult if not impracticable; and at a banquet, of doubtful result. They therefore determined to kill him upon the occasion of some procession or public festivity, when there would be no doubt of his presence, and where they might under various pretexts assemble their friends. It was also resolved that if one of their number were prevented from attending, on any account whatever, the rest should put him to death in the midst of their armed enemies.

It was now the close of the year 1476,—near Christmas; and as it was customary for the duke to go upon St. Stephen's day, in great solemnity, to the church of that martyr, they considered this the most suitable opportunity for the execution of their design. Upon the morning of that day they ordered some of their most trusty friends and servants to arm, telling them they wished to go to the assistance of Giovanandrea, who, contrary to the wish of some of his neighbors, intended to turn a water-course into his estate; but that before they went they wished to take leave of the prince. They also assembled, under various pretenses, other friends and relatives; trusting that when the deed was accomplished, every one would join them in the completion of their enterprise. It was their intention, after the duke's death, to collect their followers together and proceed to those parts of the city where they imagined the plebeians would be most disposed to take arms against the duchess and the principal ministers of State: and they thought the people, on account of the famine which then prevailed, would easily be induced to follow them; for it was their design to give up the houses of Cecco Simonetta, Giovanni Botti, and Francesco Lucani,—all leading men in the government,—to be plundered, and by this means gain over the populace and restore liberty to the community. With these ideas, and with minds resolved upon their execution, Giovanandrea and the rest were early at the church, and heard mass together; after which Giovanandrea, turning to a statue of St. Ambrose, said, «O patron of our city! thou knowest our intention, and the end we would attain by so many dangers: favor our enterprise, and prove, by protecting the oppressed, that tyranny is offensive to thee.»

To the duke, on the other hand, when intending to go to the church, many omens occurred of his approaching death; for in the morning, having put on a cuirass, as was his frequent custom, he immediately took it off again, either because it inconvenienced him or that he did not like its appearance. He then wished to hear mass in the castle; but found that the priest who officiated in the chapel had gone to St. Stephen's, and taken with him the sacred utensils. On this he desired the service to be performed by the Bishop of Como, who acquainted him with preventing circumstances. Thus, almost compelled, he determined to go to the church; but before his departure he caused his sons, Giovan Galeazzo and Ermes, to be brought to him, and embraced and kissed them several times, seeming reluctant to part with them. He then left the castle, and with the ambassadors of Ferrara and Mantua on either hand, proceeded to St. Stephen's.

The conspirators, to avoid exciting suspicion, and to escape the cold, which was very severe, had withdrawn to an apartment of the arch-priest, who was a friend of theirs; but hearing the duke's approach, they came into the church, Giovanandrea and Girolamo placing themselves upon the right hand of the entrance and Carlo on the left. Those who led the procession had already entered, and were followed by the duke, surrounded by such a multitude as is usual on similar occasions. The first attack was made by Lampognano and Girolamo; who, pretending to clear the way for the prince, came close to him, and grasping their daggers, which being short and sharp were concealed in the sleeves of their vests, struck at him. Lampognano gave him two wounds, one in the belly, the other in the throat. Girolamo struck him in the throat and breast. Carlo Visconti, being nearer the door, and the duke having passed, could not wound him in front; but with two strokes transpierced his shoulder and spine. These six wounds were inflicted so instantaneously that the duke had fallen before any one was aware of what had happened; and he expired, having only once ejaculated the name of the Virgin, as if imploring her assistance.

A great tumult immediately ensued; several swords were drawn; and as often happens in sudden emergencies, some fled from the church and others ran towards the scene of tumult, both without any definite motive or knowledge of what had occurred. Those, however, who were nearest the duke and had seen him slain, recognizing the murderers, pursued them. Giovanandrea, endeavoring to make his way out of the church, had to pass among the women, who being numerous, and according to their custom seated upon the ground, impeded his progress by their apparel; and being overtaken, he was killed by a Moor, one of the duke's footmen. Carlo was slain by those who were immediately around him. Girolamo Olgiato passed through the crowd, and got out of the church; but seeing his companions dead, and not knowing where else to go, he went home, where his father and brothers refused to receive him; his mother only, having compassion on her son, recommended him to a priest, an old friend of the family, who, disguising him in his own apparel, led him to his house. Here he remained two days, not without hope that some disturbance might arise in Milan which would contribute to his safety. This not occurring, and apprehensive that his hiding-place would be discovered, he endeavored to escape in disguise; but being observed, he was given over to justice, and disclosed all the particulars of the conspiracy. Girolamo was twenty-three years of age, and exhibited no less composure at his death than resolution in his previous conduct; for being stripped of his garments, and in the hands of the executioner, who stood by with the sword unsheathed ready to deprive him of life, he repeated the following words in the Latin tongue, in which he was well versed: « Mors acerba, fama perpetua, stabit vetus memoria facti.»*

The enterprise of these unfortunate young men was conducted with secrecy and executed with resolution; and they failed for want of the support of those whom they expected to rise in their defense. Let princes therefore learn to live so as to render themselves beloved and respected by their subjects, that none may have hope of safety after having destroyed them; and let others see how vain is the expectation which induces them to trust so much to the multitude as to believe that even when discontented, they will either embrace their cause or ward off their dangers. This event spread consternation all over Italy; but those which shortly afterwards occurred in Florence caused much more alarm, and terminated a peace of twelve years' continuance. Having commenced with blood and horror, they will have a melancholy and tearful conclusion.

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*« Death is bitter, but fame is eternal, and the memory of this deed shall long endure.»

HOW A PRINCE OUGHT TO AVOID FLATTERERS

From ‹The Prince›

I MUST not forget to mention one evil against which princes should ever be upon their guard, and which they cannot avoid except by the greatest prudence; and this evil is the flattery which reigns in every court. Men have so much self-love, and so good an opinion of themselves, that it is very difficult to steer clear of such contagion; and besides, in endeavoring to avoid it, they run the risk of being despised.

For princes have no other way of expelling flatterers than by showing that the truth will not offend. Yet if every one had the privilege of uttering his sentiments with impunity, what would become of the respect due to the majesty of the sovereign? A prudent prince should take a middle course, and make choice of some discreet men in his State, to whom alone he may give the liberty of telling him the truth on such subjects as he shall request information upon from them. He ought undoubtedly to interrogate them and hear their opinions upon every subject of importance, and determine afterwards according to his own judgment; conducting himself at all times in such a manner as to convince every one that the more freely they speak the more acceptable they will be. After which he should listen to nobody else, but proceed firmly and steadily in the execution of what he has determined.

A prince who acts otherwise is either bewildered by the adulation of flatterers, or loses all respect and consideration by the uncertain and wavering conduct he is obliged to pursue. This doctrine can be supported by an instance from the history of our own times. Father Luke said of the Emperor Maximilian, his master, now on the throne, that «he never took counsel of any person, and notwithstanding he never acted from an opinion of his own»; and in this he adopted a method diametrically opposite to that which I have proposed. For as this prince never intrusted his designs to any of his ministers, their suggestions were not made till the very moment when they should be executed; so that, pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and overwhelmed with obstacles and unforeseen difficulties, he was obliged to yield to whatever opinions his ministers might offer. Hence it happens, that what he does one day he is obliged to cancel the next;

and thus nobody can depend on his decisions, for it is impossible to know what will be his ultimate determination.

A prince ought to take the opinions of others in everything, but only at such times as it pleases himself, and not whenever they are obtruded upon him; so that no one shall presume to give him advice when he does not request it. He ought to be inquisitive, and listen with attention; and when he sees any one hesitate to tell him the full truth, he ought to evince the utmost displeasure at such conduct.

Those are much mistaken who imagine that a prince who listens to the counsel of others will be but little esteemed, and thought incapable of acting on his own judgment. It is an infallible rule that a prince who does not possess an intelligent mind of his own can never be well advised, unless he is entirely governed by the advice of an able minister, on whom he may repose the whole cares of government; but in this case he runs a great risk of being stripped of his authority by the very person to whom he has so indiscreetly confided his power. And if instead of one counselor he has several, how can he, ignorant and uninformed as he is, conciliate the various and opposite opinions of those ministers,— who are probably more intent on their own interests than those of the State, and that without his suspecting it?

Besides, men who are naturally wicked incline to good only when they are compelled to it; whence we may conclude that good counsel, come from what quarter it may, is owing entirely to the wisdom of the prince, and the wisdom of the prince does not arise from the goodness of the counsel.

EXHORTATION TO LORENZO DE' MEDICI TO DELIVER ITALY FROM FOREIGN DOMINATION

From closing chapter of ‹The Prince›

If it was needful that Israel should be in bondage to Egypt, to display the quality of Moses; that the Persians should be overwhelmed by the Medes, to bring out the greatness and the valor of Cyrus; that the Athenians should be dispersed, to make plain the superiority of Theseus,— so at present, to illuminate the grandeur of one Italian spirit, it was doubtless needful that Italy should be sunk to her present state,— a worse slavery than that of the Jews, more thoroughly trampled down than the

Persians, more scattered than the Athenians; without a head, without public order, conquered and stripped, lacerated, overrun by her foes, subjected to every form of spoliation.

And though from time to time there has emanated from some one a ray of hope that he was the one ordained by God to redeem Italy, yet we have seen how he was so brought to a standstill at the very height of his success that poor Italy still remained lifeless, so to speak, and waiting to see who might be sent to bind up her wounds, to end her despoilment,—the devastation of Lombardy, the plunder and ruinous taxation of the kingdom of Naples and of Tuscany,—and to heal the sores that have festered so long. You see how she prays to God that he may send her a champion to defend her from this cruelty, barbarity, and insolence. You see her eager to follow any standard, if only there is some one to uprear it. But there is no one at this time to whom she could look more hopefully than to your illustrious house, O magnificent Lorenzo! which, with its excellence and prudence, favored by God and the Church,—of which it is now the head,—could effectively begin her deliverance. . . .

You must not allow this opportunity to pass. Let Italy, after waiting so long, see her deliverer appear at last. And I cannot put in words with what affection he would be received in all the States which have suffered so long from this inundation of foreign enemies! with what thirst for vengeance, with what unwavering loyalty, with what devotion, and with what tears! What door would be closed to him? Who would refuse to obey him? What envy would dare to contest his place? What Italian would refuse him homage? This supremacy of foreign barbarians is a stench in the nostrils of all!

NORMAN MACLEOD

(1812–1872)

In the present century the Scottish Church has given to the world two sons of pre-eminent importance and influence: Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Norman Macleod. The names of these two men, simple clergymen of the simple Scottish Church, are familiar not only in Scotland and among Scotsmen all the world over, but among thousands also of English and Americans. With one only we have to do here: the famous Scottish minister and Queen's Chaplain who became so universally known and beloved in Scotland that he was rarely if ever alluded to by his full name, but simply as «Dr. Norman»—and even, in many localities, merely as «Norman.» Norman Macleod was a notable man on account of his writings; a still more notable man on account of his preaching and influence; possibly more notable still as an ideal type of the Highlander from the Highland point of view; and above all, notable for his dominant and striking personality. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that no one has taken so strong a hold of the affections of his countrymen since Burns. Fine as are Dr. Macleod's writings,—notably 'The Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,' 'The Old Lieutenant,' 'The Starling,' and 'Wee Davie,'—we may look there in vain for adequate sources of this wide-spread and still sustained popularity. Fine as his literary gifts are, his supreme gift was that of an over-welling human sympathy, by which he made himself loved, from the poorest Highland crofters or the roughest Glasgow artisans to the Queen herself. This is fully brought out in the admirable Memoir written by his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod, the present editor of that well-known magazine, Good Words, which Dr. Norman began. The name of his childhood and his family, says Dr. Donald,—

«was to all Scotland his title, as distinct as a Duke's,—Norman Macleod; sometimes the 'Norman' alone was enough. He was a Scottish minister, nothing more; incapable of any elevation to rank, bound to mediocrity of means by the mere fact of his profession, never to be bishop of anywhere, dean of anywhere, lord of anything, so long as life held him, yet everybody's fellow wherever he went: dear brother of the Glasgow workingmen in their grimy fustians; of the Ayrshire weavers in their cottages; dear friend of the sovereign on the throne. He had great eloquence, great talent, and many of the characteristics of genius; but above all, he was the most brotherly of men. It is doubtful whether his works will live an independent life after him:

rather, perhaps, it may be found that their popularity depended upon him and not upon them; and his personal claims must fade, as those who knew him follow him into the Unknown.»

And indeed there could be no better summary of Norman Macleod than this at once pious and just estimate by his brother.

He came not only of one of the most famous Highland clans, but of a branch noted throughout the West of Scotland for the stalwart and ever militant sons of the church which it has contributed from generation to generation. It is to this perpetuity of vocation, as well as to the transmission of family names, that a good deal of natural confusion is due in the instance of writers bearing Highland names, and of the Macleods in particular. « They're a' thieves, fishermen, or ministers,» as is said in the West; and however much or little truth there may be in the first, there is a certain obvious truth in the second, and a still more obvious truth in the third. Again and again it is stated that Dr. Norman Macleod — meaning this Norman — is the author of what is now the most famous song among the Highlanders, the 'Farewell to Fiunary'; a song which has become a Highland national lament. But this song was really written by Dr. Norman Macleod the elder; that is, the father of the Dr. Norman Macleod of whom we are now writing.

Norman Macleod was born on June 3d, 1812, in Campbelltown of Argyll. After his education for the church at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, he traveled for some time in Germany as private tutor. Some years after his ordainment to an Ayrshire parish, he visited Canada on ecclesiastical business. It was not till 1851 that he was translated to the church with which his name is so closely associated; namely, the Barony Charge in Glasgow. Three years after this, in 1854, he became one of her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the Order of the Thistle. In 1860 he undertook the editorship of Good Words; and made this magazine, partly by his own writings and still more by his catholic and wise editorship, one of the greatest successes in periodical literature. Long before his death at the comparatively early age of sixty, he had become famous as the most eloquent and influential of the Scottish ministry; indeed, so great was his repute that hundreds of loyal Scots from America and Australia came yearly to Scotland, primarily with the desire to see and hear one whom many of them looked to as the most eminent Scot of his day. It was in his shrewdness of judgment, his swift and kindly tact, his endless fund of humor, and his sweet human sympathy, that the secret of his immense influence lay. But while it is by virtue of his personal qualities that even now he survives in the memory of his countrymen, there is in his writings much that is distinctive and beautiful. Probably 'The Reminiscences of a

Highland Parish› will long be read for their broad and fine sense of human life in all its ordinary aspects. This book, without any particular pretensions to style, is full of such kindly insight, such swift humor, and such broad sympathy, that it is unquestionably the most characteristic literary work of its author. Probably, among his few efforts in fiction, the story known as ‹The Old Lieutenant and his Son› (unless it be ‹The Starling›) still remains the most popular. Curiously enough, although his sermons stirred all Scotland, there are few of them which in perusal at this late date have any specially moving quality, apart from their earnestness and native spiritual beauty. There is however one which stands out above the others, and is to this day familiar to thousands: the splendid sermon on ‹War and Judgment,› which, at a crucial moment in the history of his country, Dr. Norman Macleod preached before the Queen at the little Highland church of Crathie.

The three extracts which follow adequately represent Dr. Macleod. The first exemplifies his narrative style. The second depicts those West Highlands which he loved so well and helped to make others love. The third is one of those little lyrics in lowland Scottish which live to this day in the memories of the people.

THE HOME-COMING

From ‹The Old Lieutenant and his Son›

There lived in the old burgh one of that class termed «fools» to whom I have already alluded, who was called «daft Jock.» Jock was lame, walked by the aid of a long staff, and generally had his head and shoulders covered up with an old coat. Babby had a peculiar aversion to Jock; why, it was difficult to discover, as her woman's heart was kindly disposed to all living things. Her regard was supposed to have been partially alienated from Jock from his always calling her «Wee Babbity,» accompanying the designation with a loud and joyous laugh. Now, I have never yet met a human being who was not weak on a point of personal peculiarity which did not flatter them. It has been said that a woman will bear any amount of abuse that does not involve a slight upon her appearance. Men are equally susceptible of similar pain. A very tall or very fat hero will be calm while his deeds are criticized or his fame disparaged, but will resent with bitterness any marked allusion to his great longitude or latitude. Babby never could refuse charity to the needy, and Jock was sure of receiving something from her as the result of his weekly calls; but he never consigned a scrap of meat to his wallet without a preliminary battle. On the evening of the commemoration of the «Melampus» engagement, Babby was sitting by the fire watching a fowl which twirled from the string roasting for supper, and which dropped its unctuous lard on a number of potatoes that lay basking in the tin receiver below. A loud rap was heard at the back door; and to the question, «Who's there?» the reply was heard of «Babbity, open! Open, wee Babbity! Hee, hee, hee!»

«Gae wa wi' ye, ye daft cratur,» said Babby. «What right hae ye to disturb folk at this time o' nicht? I'll let loose the dog on you.»

Babby knew that Skye shared her dislike to Jock; as was evident from his bark when he rose, and with curled tail began snuffing at the foot of the door. Another knock, louder than before, made Babby start.

«My word,» she exclaimed, «but ye hae learned impudence!» And afraid of disturbing «the company,» she opened as much of the door as enabled her to see and rebuke Jock. «Hoo daur ye, Jock, to rap sae loud as that?»

«Open, wee, wee, wee Babbity!» said Jock.

«Ye big, big, big blackguard, I'll dae naething o' the kind,» said Babby as she shut the door. But the stick of the fool was suddenly interposed. «That beats a'!» said Babby: «what the sorrow d'ye want, Jock, to daur to presume —»

But to Babby's horror the door was forced open in the middle of her threat, and the fool entered, exclaiming, «I want a kiss, my wee, wee, bonnie Babbity!»

«Preserve us a'!» exclaimed Babby, questioning whether she should scream or fly, while the fool, turning his back to the light, seized her by both her wrists, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

«Skye!» half screamed Babby; but Skye was springing up, as if anxious to kiss Jock. Babby fell back on a chair, and catching a glimpse of the fool's face, she exclaimed, «O my darling, my darling! O Neddy, Neddy, Neddy!» Flinging off her cap, as she always did on occasions of great perplexity, she seized him by the hands, and then sunk back, almost fainting, in the chair.

«Silence, dear Babby!» said Ned, speaking in a whisper; «for I want to astonish the old couple. How glad I am to see you!

and they are all well, I know; and Freeman here, too!" Then seizing the dog, he clasped him to his heart, while the brute struggled with many an eager cry to kiss his old master's face.

Ned's impulse from the first was to rush into the parlor; but he was restrained by that strange desire which all have experienced in the immediate anticipation of some great joy,—to hold it from us, as a parent does a child, before we seize it and clasp it to our breast.

The small party, consisting of the captain, his wife, and Freeman, were sitting round the parlor fire; Mrs. Fleming sewing, and the others keeping up rather a dull conversation, as those who felt, though they did not acknowledge, the presence of *something* at their hearts which hindered their usual freedom and genial hilarity.

"Supper should be ready by this time," suggested the captain, just as the scene between Ned and Babby was taking place in the kitchen. "Babby and Skye seem busy: I shall ring, may I not?"

"If you please," said Mrs. Fleming; "but depend upon it, Babby will cause no unnecessary delays."

Babby speedily responded to the captain's ring. On entering the room she burst into a fit of laughing. Mrs. Fleming put down her work and looked at her servant as if she was mad.

"What *do* you mean, woman?" asked the captain with knit brows: "I never saw you behave so before."

"Maybe no. Ha! ha! ha!" said Babby; "but there's a queer man wishing to speak wi' ye." At this moment a violent ring was heard from the door-bell.

"A queer man — wishing to speak with me — at this hour," muttered the captain, as if in utter perplexity.

Babby had retired to the lobby, and was ensconced, with her apron in her mouth, in a corner near the kitchen. "You had better open the door yersel'," cried Babby, smothering her laughter.

The captain, more puzzled than ever, went to the door, and opening it was saluted with a gruff voice, saying, "I'm a poor sailor, sir,— and knows you're an old salt,— and have come to see you, sir."

"See me, sir! What do you want?" replied the captain gruffly, as one whose kindness some impostor hoped to benefit by.

«Wants nothing, sir,» said the sailor, stepping near the captain.

A half-scream, half-laugh from Babby drew Mrs. Fleming and Freeman to the lobby.

«You want nothing? What brings you to disturb me at this hour of the night? Keep back, sir!»

«Well, sir, seeing as how I sailed with Old Cairney, I thought you would not refuse me a favor,» replied the sailor in a hoarse voice.

«Don't dare, sir,» said the captain, «to come into my house one step farther, till I know more about you.»

«Now, captain, don't be angry; you know as how that great man Nelson expected every man to do his duty: all I want is just to shake Mrs. Fleming by the hand, and then I go; that is, if after that you want me for to go.»

«Mrs. Fleming!» exclaimed the captain, with the indignation of a man who feels that the time has come for open war as against a house-breaker. «If you dare—»

But Mrs. Fleming, seeing the rising storm, passed her husband rapidly, and said to the supposed intruder, whom she assumed to be a tipsy sailor, «There is my hand, if that's all you want: go away now as you said, and don't breed any disturbance.»

But the sailor threw his arms around his mother, and Babby rushed forward with a light; and then followed muffled cries of «Mother!» «Father!» «Ned!» «My own boy!» «God be praised!» until the lobby was emptied, and the parlor once more alive with as joyous and thankful hearts as ever met in «hamlet or in baron's ha'!»

HIGHLAND SCENERY

Her great delight was in the scenery of that West Highland country. Italy has its gorgeous beauty, and is a magnificent volume of poetry history, and art, superb within and without, read by the light of golden sunsets. Switzerland is the most perfect combination of beauty and grandeur; from its uplands—with grass more green and closely shaven than an English park; umbrageous with orchards; musical with rivulets; tinkling with the bells of wandering cattle and flocks of goats; social with picturesque villages gathered round the chapel spires—up to the bare rocks and mighty cataracts of ice; until the eye rests on the

MONGOLIAN BUDDHISTIC WRITING.

Facsimile of part of fragment of a Mongolian manuscript of the XVIth century. It was discovered by the Russians in the ruins of the Buddhist monastery of Ablai-Kied, a desert spot near the source of the river Irtisch.

peaks of alabaster snow, clear and sharp in the intense blue of the cloudless sky, which crown the whole marvelous picture with awful grandeur! Norway too has its peculiar glory of fiords worming their way like black water-snakes among gigantic mountains, lofty precipices, or primeval forests. But the scenery of the Western Highlands has a distinctive character of its own. It is not beauty, in spite of its knolls of birch and oak copse that fringe the mountain lochs and the innumerable bights and bays of pearly sand. Nor is it grandeur—although there is a wonderful vastness in its far-stretching landscapes of ocean meeting the horizon, or of hills beyond hills, in endless ridges, mingling afar with the upper sky. But in the sombre coloring of its mountains; in the silence of its untrodden valleys; in the extent of its bleak and undulating moors; in the sweep of its rocky corries; in the shifting mists and clouds that hang over its dark precipices: in all this kind of scenery, along with the wild traditions which ghost-like float around its ancient keeps, and live in the tales of its inhabitants, there is a glory and a sadness, most affecting to the imagination, and suggestive of a period of romance and song, of clanships and of feudal attachments, which, banished from the rest of Europe, took refuge and lingered long in those rocky fastnesses, before they «passed away forever on their dun wings from Morven.»

MY LITTLE MAY

My little May was like a lintie
    Glintin' 'mang the flowers o' spring;
Like a lintie she was cantie,
    Like a lintie she could sing;—
Singing, milking in the gloamin',
  Singing, herding in the morn,
Singing 'mang the brackens roaming,
  Singing shearing yellow corn!
      Oh the bonnie dell and dingle,
        Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
      Oh the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
        Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Ilka body smiled that met her,
  Nane were glad that said fareweel;

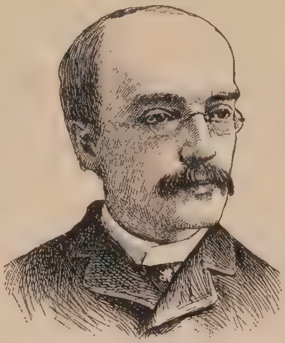
Never was a blyther, better,
Bonnier bairn, frae croon to heel!
Oh the bonnie dell and dingle,
Oh the bonnie flowering glen,
Oh the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
Oh the bonnie but and ben!

Blaw, wintry winds, blaw cauld and eerie,
Drive the sleet and drift the snaw;
May is sleeping, she was weary,
For her heart was broke in twa!
Oh wae the dell and dingle,
Oh wae the flowering glen;
Oh wae aboot the ingle,
Wae's me baith but and ben!

JOHN BACH McMASTER

(1852-)

The change in aim and method of the modern historian has kept pace with the development of the democratic idea. Where before, in the study and writing of history, the doings of rulers and courts and the working of governmental machinery have been the chief points of interest, to the exclusion of the every-day deeds and needs of the nation, the tendency to-day is to lay emphasis on the life of the people broadly viewed,—the development of the social organism in all its parts. The feeling behind this tendency is based on a conviction that the true vitality of a country depends upon the healthy growth and general welfare of the great mass of plain folk,—the working, struggling, wealth-producing people who make it up. The modern historian, in a word, makes man in the State, irrespective of class or position, his subject for sympathetic portrayal.



JOHN BACH McMASTER

This type of historian is represented by John Bach McMaster, whose 'History of the People of the United States' strives to give a picture of social rather than constitutional and political growth: those phases of American history have been treated ably by Adams, Schouler, and others. Professor McMaster, with admirable lucidity and simplicity of style, and always with an appeal to fact precluding the danger of the subjective writing of history to fit a theory, tells this vital story of the national evolution, and tells it as it has not been told before. The very title of his work defines its purpose. It is a history not of the United States, but of the people of the United States,—like Green's great 'History of the English People,' another work having the same ideal, the modern attitude. The period covered in Professor McMaster's plan is that reaching from the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 to the outbreak of the Civil War,—less than one hundred years, but a crucial time for the shaping of the country. The depiction of the formative time, the day of the pioneer and the settler,—of the crude beginnings of civilization,— engages his particular attention and receives his most careful treatment. An example is given in the selection chosen from his work, which gains warmth and picturesqueness in this way. The first volume of his work appeared in 1883; the fourth (bringing the account down to 1821) in 1895. Several volumes must be forthcoming to complete the study. Professor McMaster has allowed himself space and leisure in order to make an exhaustive survey of the field, and a synthetic presentation of the material. His history when finished will be of very great value. His preparation for it began in 1870, when he was a young student, and it will be his life work and monument.

John Bach McMaster was born in Brooklyn, June 29th, 1852; and received his education at the College of the City of New York, his graduation year being 1872. He taught a little, studied civil engineering, and in 1877 became instructor in that branch at Princeton. Thence he was called in 1883 to the University of Pennsylvania, to take the chair of American history, which he still holds. Professor McMaster is also an attractive essayist. His ‘Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters’ (1887) is an excellent piece of biography; and the volume of papers called ‘With the Fathers’ (1896) contains a series of historical portraits sound in scholarship and very readable in manner. In his insistence on the presenting of the unadorned truth, his dislike of pseudo-hero worship, Professor McMaster seems at times iconoclastic. But while he is not entirely free from prejudice, his intention is to give no false lights to the picture, and few historians have been broader minded and fairer.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE IN 1800

From ‘A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.’ D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Copyright 1885, by John Bach McMaster.

What was then known as the far West was Kentucky, Ohio, and central New York. Into it the emigrants came streaming along either of two routes. Men from New England took the most northern, and went out by Albany and Troy to the great wilderness which lay along the Mohawk and the lakes. They came by tens of thousands from farms and villages, and represented every trade, every occupation, every walk in life, save one: none were seafarers. No whaler left his vessel; no seaman deserted his mess; no fisherman of Marblehead or Gloucester exchanged the dangers of a life on the ocean for the privations of a life in the West. Their fathers and their uncles had been fishermen before them, and their sons were to follow in their steps. Long before a lad could nib a quill, or make a pot-hook, or read half the precepts his primer contained, he knew the name of every brace and stay, every sail and part of a Grand Banker and a Chebacco, all the nautical terms, what line and hook should be used for catching halibut and what for mackerel and cod. If he ever learned to write, he did so at «writing-school,» which, like singing-school, was held at night, and to which he came bringing his own dipped candle, his own paper, and his own pen. The candlestick was a scooped-out turnip, or a piece of board with a nail driven through it. His paper he ruled with a piece of lead, for the graphite lead-pencil was unknown. All he knew of theology, and much of his knowledge of reading and spelling, was gained with the help of the New England Primer. There is not, and there never was, a text-book so richly deserving a history as the Primer. The earliest mention of it in print now known is to be found in an almanac for the year 1691. The public are there informed that a second impression is «in press, and will suddenly be extant»; and will contain, among much else that is new, the verses John Rogers the Martyr made and left as a legacy to his children. When the second impression became extant, a rude cut of Rogers lashed to the stake, and while the flames burned fiercely, discoursing to his wife and nine small children, embellished the verses, as it has done in every one of the innumerable editions since struck off. The tone of the Primer is deeply religious. Two thirds of the four-and-twenty pictures placed before the couplets and triplets in rhyme, from

«In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all,»

to

«Zaccheus, he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see,»

represent Biblical incidents. Twelve «words of six syllables» are given in the spelling lesson. Five of them are — abomination, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification. More than half the book is made up of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, some of Watts's hymns, and the whole of that great Catechism which one hundred and twenty divines spent five years in preparing.

There too are Mr. Rogers's verses, and John Cotton's 'Spiritual Milk for American Babes'; exhortations not to cheat at play, not to lie, not to use ill words, not to call ill names, not to be a dunce, and to love school. The Primer ends with the famous dialogue between Christ, Youth, and the Devil.

Moved by pity and a wish to make smooth the rough path to learning, some kind soul prepared 'A Lottery-Book for Children.' The only difficulty in teaching children to read was, he thought, the difficulty of keeping their minds from roaming; and to « prevent this precipitancy » was the object of the 'Lottery-Book.' On one side of each leaf was a letter of the alphabet; on the other two pictures. As soon, he explained, as the child could speak, it should thrust a pin through the leaf from the side whereon the pictures were, at the letter on the other, and should continue to do this till at last the letter was pierced. Turning the leaf after each trial, the mind of the child would be fixed so often and so long on the letter that it would ever after be remembered.

The illustrations in the book are beneath those of a patent-medicine almanac, but are quite as good as any that can be found in children's books of that day. No child had then ever seen such specimens of the wood-engraver's and the printer's and the binder's arts as now, at the approach of every Christmas, issue from hundreds of presses. The covers of such chap-books were bits of wood, and the backs coarse leather. On the covers was sometimes a common blue paper, and sometimes a hideous wall-paper, adorned with horses and dogs, roosters and eagles, standing in marvelous attitudes on gilt or copper scrolls. The letterpress of none was specially illustrated, but the same cut was used again and again to express the most opposite ideas. A woman with a dog holding her train is now Vanity, and now Miss All-worthy going abroad to buy books for her brother and sister. A huge vessel with three masts is now a yacht, and now the ship in which Robinson Crusoe sailed from Hull. The virtuous woman that is a crown to her husband, and naughty Miss Kitty Bland, are one and the same. Master Friendly listening to the minister at church now heads a catechism, and now figures as Tommy Careless in the 'Adventures of a Week.' A man and woman feeding beggars become, in time, transformed into a servant introducing two misers to his mistress. But no creature played so many parts as a bird, which after being named an eagle, a cuckoo, and a kite, is called finally Noah's dove.

Mean and cheap as such chap-books were, the peddler who hawked them sold not one to the good wives of a fishing village. The women had not the money to buy with; the boys had not the disposition to read. Till he was nine, a lad did little more than watch the men pitch pennies in the road, listen to sea stories, and hurry, at the cry of «Rock him,» «Squail him,» to help his playmates pelt with stones some unoffending boy from a neighboring village. By the time he had seen his tenth birthday he was old enough not to be seasick, not to cry during a storm at sea, and to be of some use about a ship; and went on his first trip to the Banks. The skipper and the crew called him «cut-tail»; for he received no money save for the fish he caught, and each one he caught was marked by snipping a piece from the tail. After an apprenticeship of three or four years the «cut-tail» became a «header,» stood upon the same footing as the «sharesmen,» and learned all the duties which a «splitter» and a «salter» must perform. A crew numbered eight; four were «sharesmen» and four were apprentices; went twice a year to the Banks, and stayed each time from three to five months.

Men who had passed through such a training were under no temptation to travel westward. They took no interest, they bore no part in the great exodus. They still continued to make their trips and bring home their «fares»; while hosts of New-Englanders poured into New York, opening the valleys, founding cities, and turning struggling hamlets into villages of no mean kind. Catskill, in 1792, numbered ten dwellings and owned one vessel of sixty tons. In 1800 there were in the place one hundred and fifty-six houses, two ships, a schooner, and eight sloops of one hundred tons each, all owned there and employed in carrying produce to New York. Six hundred and twenty-four bushels of wheat were brought to the Catskill market in 1792. Forty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-four bushels came in 1800. On a single day in 1801 the merchants bought four thousand one hundred and eight bushels of wheat, and the same day eight hundred loaded sleighs came into the village by the western road. In 1790 a fringe of clearings ran along the western shore of Lake Champlain to the northern border, and pushed out through the broad valley between the Adirondacks and the Catskills to Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. In 1800 the Adirondack region was wholly surrounded. The emigrants had passed Oneida Lake, had passed Oswego, and skirting the shores of Ontario and the banks of the St. Lawrence, had joined with those on Lake Champlain. Some had gone down the valleys of the Delaware and Susquehanna to the southern border of the State. The front of emigration was far beyond Elmira and Bath. Just before it went the speculators, the land-jobbers, the men afflicted with what in derision was called «terraphobia.» They formed companies and bought millions of acres. They went singly and purchased whole townships as fast as the surveyors could locate; buying on trust and selling for wheat, for lumber, for whatever the land could yield or the settler give. Nor was the pioneer less infatuated. An irresistible longing drove him westward, and still westward, till some Indian scalped him, or till hunger, want, bad food, and exposure broke him down, and the dreaded Genesee fever swept him away. The moment such a man had built a log cabin, cleared an acre, girdled the trees, and sowed a handful of grain, he was impatient to be once more moving. He had no peace till his little farm was sold, and he had plunged into the forest to seek a new and temporary home. The purchaser in time would make a few improvements, clear a few more acres, plant a little more grain, and then in turn sell and hurry westward. After him came the founders of villages and towns, who, when the cabins about them numbered ten, felt crowded and likewise moved away. Travelers through the Genesee valley tell us they could find no man who had not in this way changed his abode at least six times. The hardships which these people endured is beyond description. Their poverty was extreme. Nothing was so scarce as food; many a wayfarer was turned from their doors with the solemn assurance that they had not enough for themselves. The only window in many a cabin was a hole in the roof for the smoke to pass through. In the winter the snow beat through the chinks and sifted under the door, till it was heaped up about the sleepers on the floor before the fire. . . .

Beyond the Blue Ridge everything was most primitive. Half the roads were «traces» and blazed. More than half the houses, even in the settlements, were log cabins. When a stranger came to such a place to stay, the men built him a cabin and made the building an occasion for sport. The trees felled, four cornermen were elected to notch the logs; and while they were busy the others ran races, wrestled, played leap-frog, kicked the hat, fought, gouged, gambled, drank, did everything then considered an amusement. After the notching was finished the raising took but a few hours. Many a time the cabin was built, roofed, the door and window cut out, and the owner moved in, before sundown. The chinks were stopped with chips and smeared with mud. The chimney was of logs, coated with mud six inches thick. The table and the benches, the bedstead and the door, were such as could be made with an axe, an auger, and a saw. A rest for the rifle and some pegs for clothes completed the fittings.

The clothing of a man was in summer a wool hat, a blue linsey hunting-shirt with a cape, a belt with a gayly colored fringe, deerskin or linsey pantaloons, and moccasins and shoe-packs of tanned leather. Fur hats were not common. A boot was rarely to be seen. In winter, a striped linsey vest and a white blanket coat were added. If the coat had buttons — and it seldom had — they were made by covering slices of a cork with bits of blanket. Food which he did not obtain by his rifle and his traps he purchased by barter. Corn was the staple; and no mills being near, it was pounded between two stones or rubbed on a grater. Pork cost him twelve cents a pound, and salt four. Dry fish was a luxury, and brought twenty cents a pound. Sugar was often as high as forty. When he went to a settlement he spent his time at the billiard-table, or in the «keg grocery» playing Loo or «Finger in Danger,» to determine who should pay for the whisky consumed. Pious men were terrified at the drunkenness, the vice, the gambling, the brutal fights, the gouging, the needless duels they beheld on every hand. Already the Kentucky boatmen had become more dreaded than the Indians. «A Kentuc» in 1800 had much the same meaning that «a cowboy» has now. He was the most reckless, fearless, law-despising of men. A common description of him was half horse, half alligator, tipped with snapping-turtle.

On a sudden this community, which the preachers had often called Satan's stronghold, underwent a moral awakening such as this world had never beheld.

Two young men began the great work in the summer of 1799. They were brothers, preachers, and on their way across the pine barrens to Ohio, but turned aside to be present at a sacramental solemnity on Red River. The people were accustomed to gather at such times on a Friday, and by praying, singing, and hearing sermons, prepare themselves for the reception of the sacrament on Sunday. At the Red River meeting the brothers were asked to preach, and one did so with astonishing fervor. As he spoke, the people were deeply moved; tears ran streaming down their faces, and one, a woman far in the rear of the house, broke through order and began to shout. For two hours after the regular preachers had gone, the crowd lingered and were loath to depart. While they tarried, one of the brothers was irresistibly impelled to speak. He rose and told them that he felt called to preach, that he could not be silent. The words which then fell from his lips roused the people before him "to a pungent sense of sin." Again and again the woman shouted, and would not be silent. He started to go to her. The crowd begged him to turn back. Something within him urged him on, and he went through the house shouting and exhorting and praising God. In a moment the floor, to use his own words, "was covered with the slain." Their cries for mercy were terrible to hear. Some found forgiveness, but many went away "spiritually wounded" and suffering unutterable agony of soul. Nothing could allay the excitement. Every settlement along the Green River and the Cumberland was full of religious fervor. Men fitted their wagons with beds and provisions, and traveled fifty miles to camp upon the ground and hear him preach. The idea was new; hundreds adopted it, and camp-meetings began. There was now no longer any excuse to stay away from preaching. Neither distance, nor lack of houses, nor scarcity of food, nor daily occupations prevailed. Led by curiosity, by excitement, by religious zeal, families of every Protestant denomination — Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians — hurried to the camp-ground. Crops were left half gathered; every kind of work was left undone; cabins were deserted; in large settlements there did not remain one soul. The first regular general camp-meeting was held at the Gasper River Church, in July, 1800; but the rage spread, and a dozen encampments followed in quick succession. Camp-meeting was always in the forest near some little church, which served as the preachers' lodge. At one end of a clearing was a rude stage, and before it the stumps and trunks of hewn trees, on which the listeners sat. About the clearing were the tents and wagons ranged in rows like streets. The praying, the preaching, the exhorting would sometimes last for seven days, and be prolonged every day until darkness had begun to give way to light. Nor were the ministers the only exhorters. Men and women, nay, even children took part. At Cane Ridge a little girl of seven sat upon the shoulder of a man and preached to the multitude till she sank exhausted on her bearer's head. At Indian Creek a lad of twelve mounted a stump and exhorted till he grew weak, whereupon two men upheld him, and he continued till speech was impossible. A score of sinners fell prostrate before him.

At no time was the «falling exercise» so prevalent as at night. Nothing was then wanting that could strike terror into minds weak, timid, and harassed. The red glare of the camp-fires reflected from hundreds of tents and wagons; the dense blackness of the flickering shadows, the darkness of the surrounding forest, made still more terrible by the groans and screams of the «spiritually wounded,» who had fled to it for comfort; the entreaty of the preachers; the sobs and shrieks of the downcast still walking through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death; the shouts and songs of praise from the happy ones who had crossed the Delectable Mountains, had gone on through the fogs of the Enchanted Ground, and entered the land of Beulah, were too much for those over whose minds and bodies lively imaginations held full sway. The heart swelled, the nerves gave way, the hands and feet grew cold, and motionless and speechless they fell headlong to the ground. In a moment crowds gathered about them to pray and shout. Some lay still as death. Some passed through frightful twitchings of face and limb. At Cabin Creek so many fell, that lest the multitude should tread on them, they were carried to the meeting-house and laid in rows on the floor. At Cane Ridge the number was three thousand.

The recollection of that famous meeting is still preserved in Kentucky, where, not many years since, old men could be found whose mothers had carried them to the camp-ground as infants, and had left them at the roots of trees and behind logs while the preaching and exhorting continued. Cane Ridge meeting-house stood on a well-shaded, well-watered spot, seven miles from the town of Paris. There a great space had been cleared, a preacher's stand put up, and a huge tent stretched to shelter the crowd from the sun and rain. But it did not cover the twentieth part of the people who came. Every road that led to the ground is described to have presented for several days an almost unbroken line of wagons, horses, and men. One who saw the meeting when it had just begun wrote home to Philadelphia that wagons covered an area as large as that between Market Street and Chestnut, Second and Third. Another, who counted them, declared they numbered eleven hundred and forty-five. Seven hundred and fifty lead tokens, stamped with the letters A or B, were given by the Baptists to communicants; and there were still upward of four hundred who received none. Old soldiers who were present, and claimed to know something of the art of estimating the numbers of masses of men, put down those encamped at the Cane Ridge meeting as twenty thousand souls. The excitement surpassed anything that had been known. Men who came to scoff remained to preach. All day and all night the crowd swarmed to and fro from preacher to preacher, singing, shouting, laughing, now rushing off to listen to some new exhorter who had climbed upon a stump, now gathering around some unfortunate, who in their peculiar language was «spiritually slain.» Soon men and women fell in such numbers that it became impossible for the multitude to move about without trampling them, and they were hurried to the meeting-house. At no time was the floor less than half covered. Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak. Some talked but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about, it is said, like a live fish out of water. Many lay down and rolled over and over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly over the stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting «Lost! Lost!» into the forest.

As the meetings grew more and more frequent, this nervous excitement assumed new and more terrible forms. One was known as jerking; another, as the barking exercise; a third, as the Holy Laugh. «The jerks» began in the head and spread rapidly to the feet. The head would be thrown from side to side so swiftly that the features would be blotted out and the hair made to snap. When the body was affected, the sufferer was hurled over hindrances that came in his way, and finally dashed on the ground to bounce about like a ball. At camp-meetings in the far South, saplings were cut off breast-high and left «for the people to jerk by.» One who visited such a camp-ground declares that about the roots of from fifty to one hundred saplings the earth was kicked up «as by a horse stamping flies.» There only the lukewarm, the lazy, the half-hearted, the indolent professor was afflicted. Pious men, and scoffing physicians who sought to get the jerks that they might speculate upon them, were not touched. But the scoffer did not always escape. Not a professor of religion within the region of the great revival but had heard or could tell of some great conversion by special act of God. One disbeliever, it was reported, while cursing and swearing, had been crushed by a tree falling on him at the Cane Ridge meeting. Another was said to have mounted his horse to ride away, when the jerks seized him, pulled his feet from the stirrups, and flung him on the ground, whence he rose a Christian man. A lad who feigned sickness, kept from church, and lay abed, was dragged out and dashed against the wall till he betook himself to prayer. When peace was restored to him, he passed out into his father's tan-yard to unhair a hide. Instantly the knife left his hand, and he was drawn over logs and hurled against trees and fences till he began to pray in serious earnest. A foolish woman who went to see the jerks was herself soon rolling in the mud. Scores of such stories passed from mouth to mouth, and may now be read in the lives and narratives of the preachers. The community seemed demented. From the nerves and muscles the disorder passed to the mind. Men dreamed dreams and saw visions, nay, fancied themselves dogs, went down on all fours, and barked till they grew hoarse. It was no uncommon sight to behold numbers of them gathered about a tree, barking, yelping, «treeing the Devil.» Two years later, when much of the excitement of the great revival had gone down, falling and jerking gave way to hysterics. During the most earnest preaching and exhorting, even sincere professors of religion would on a sudden burst into loud laughter; others, unable to resist, would follow, and soon the assembled multitude would join in. This was the «Holy Laugh,» and became, after 1803, a recognized part of worship.

EFFECTS OF THE EMBARGO OF 1807

From a ‹History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.› D. Appleton & Co., 1885. Copyright 1885, by John Bach McMaster.

Paralysis seized on the business of the coast towns and began to spread inward. Ships were dismantled and left half loaded at the wharves. Crews were discharged. The sound of the caulking-hammer was no longer heard in the ship-yards. The sail-lofts were deserted, the rope-walks were closed; the cartmen had nothing to do. In a twinkling the price of every domestic commodity went down, and the price of every foreign commodity went up. But no wages were earned, no business was done, and money almost ceased to circulate. . . .

The federal revenues fell from sixteen millions to a few thousands. . . . The value of the shipping embargoed has been estimated at fifty millions; and as the net earnings were twenty-five per cent., twelve and a half millions more were lost to the country through the enforced idleness of the vessels. From an estimate made at the time, it appears that one hundred thousand men were believed to have been out of work for one year. They earned from forty cents to one dollar and thirty-three cents per day. Assuming a dollar as the average rate of daily wages, the loss to the laboring class was in round numbers thirty-six millions of dollars. On an average, thirty millions had been invested annually in the purchase of foreign and domestic produce. As this great sum was now seeking investment which could not be found, its owners were deprived not only of their profits, but of two millions of interest besides. . . .

Unable to bear the strain, thousands on thousands went to the wall. The newspapers were full of insolvent-debtor notices. All over the country the court-house doors, the tavern doors, the post-offices, the cross-road posts, were covered with advertisements of sheriffs' sales. In the cities the jails were not large enough to hold the debtors. At New York during 1809 thirteen hundred men were imprisoned for no other crime than being ruined by the embargo. A traveler who saw the city in this day of distress assures us that it looked like a town ravaged by pestilence. The counting-houses were shut or advertised to let. The coffee-houses were almost empty. The streets along the water-side were almost deserted. The ships were dismantled; their decks were cleared, their hatches were battened down. Not a box, not a cask, not a barrel, not a bale was to be seen on the wharves, where the grass had begun to grow luxuriantly. A year later, in this same city, eleven hundred and fifty men were confined for debts under twenty-five dollars, and were clothed by the Humane Society.

EMERICH MADÁCH

(1823–1864)

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT

Hungary is a favorite land of the Muses. Romance, ardent sentiment, and a certain mystic fervor give to her poetry an exquisite charm. A thrill of fire and passion vibrates in her songs and melodies. Her folk-lore and ancient traditions teem with rich Oriental imagery and beautiful conceptions. These ancient gems have in the present century received a fresh setting at the hands of the literary artists, who have borne witness to the unabated vigor of this people «barbarously grand.» Of the modern school, Petöfi the lyric poet and Madách the dramatic are the most popular poets of Hungary.

Emerich Madách

Madách Imre (for the family name comes first in Hungarian) was born in Alsó Sztregova, Hungary, January 21st, 1823; and died in his native town October 5th, 1864. Of his life little need be told. He was notary, orator, and journalist; at an early age he wrote a number of essays on natural science, archæology, and æsthetics. He wrote lyric as well as dramatic poetry; but it is chiefly through his two dramatic poems, 'Moses' and 'The Tragedy of Man,' written almost simultaneously in 1860, that he is best known. An edition of his collected writings, in three volumes, was issued by Paul Gyulai in Budapest, 1880. His masterpiece, 'The Tragedy of Man,' has been rendered into German no less than five times; the latest version, by Julius Lechner von der Lech (Leipzig, 1888, with a preface by Maurice Jókai), being the most felicitous. Alexander Fischer gave a splendid *résumé* of this powerful drama in Sacher-Masoch's periodical, Auf der Höhe (Vol. xvi., 1885), —the only analysis of it in any language except Hungarian. Though it is too philosophical and contemplative in character, and not intended for the stage, its first production, which took place in September 1883, created an immense sensation both in Austria and Hungary.

To English readers, Madách is a total stranger. His name is scarcely ever found in any encyclopædia or biographical dictionary;

and strangely enough, no attempt has been thus far made to give even a selection from this latter-day Milton of Hungary.

It is not here intended to explain the origin and inner development of this fascinating drama, nor to draw elaborate parallels between its author and his predecessors in other lands. Such a comparative critical study would be interesting as showing the spiritual kinship between master minds, centuries distant from one another, whose sympathies are in direct touch with our own ideals and life problems.

Madách will plead his own cause effectively enough. To him, however, who in reading the ‹Tragedy of Man› involuntarily makes such comparisons, and might be led unjustly to question the author's originality, the graceful adage *Grosse Geister treffen sich* (Great minds meet) will serve as an answer. He should rather say, with true artistic estimate, that the shading in the one landscape of a higher life helps to set off the vivid and brilliant coloring in the other; so that the whole, viewed side by side, presents a series of wondrous harmonies. Madách imbibed, no doubt, from foreign sources. He was familiar with ‹Paradise Lost,› and with the now obsolete but once much-lauded epic, ‹La Semaine› (The Week), of Milton's French predecessor Du Bartas; Alfieri's tramelogedia, ‹Abele,› and Gesner's ‹Death of Abel,› as well as Byron's ‹Mystery of Cain,› may also have come to his notice; Goethe's ‹Faust› appears more than once, and may be recognized in any incognito. Yet we cannot say with certainty that any one of these masterpieces influenced his own work, any more than Milton inspired the great German bard. We might as justly tax him with drawing upon Hebrew tradition for the entire plot of his drama, beginning with the fourth scene; for strangely enough, Adam's experiences with his mentor and Nemesis, Lucifer, are foreshadowed in the very same manner in a quaint legend of the Jewish Rabbis, told nearly twenty centuries ago. The comparative study of literature will reveal other facts equally amazing. It is of course self-evident that the morbid pessimism which rings its vague alarms throughout the book is that of Ecclesiastes, whose *vanitas vanitatum* is the key to his doleful plaint.

> «I applied my heart to seek and to search out by wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven: it is a sore travail that God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind. . . . And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also was a striving after wind. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.» (Eccl. i. 12–18.)

This is the leading theme, and Lessing's soulful simile of the ideal, the grand *morale:*—«If God held truth in his right hand,» says he, «and in his left the mere striving after truth, bidding me choose between the two, I would reverently bow to his left and say, 'Give but the impulse; truth is for thee alone!'»

Thus, after traversing many lands the world over; after plunging into every pleasure and being steeped in every vice; after passions human and divine have had their sway over his spirit,—Adam concedes to Lucifer that the world of ideals is illusory, existing only in fancy, thriving but in our own souls, nourished by sentiment, and supersensitive to the touch of grosser things. And yet the echo which answers his sad pleadings, as he cries out disheartened—

«O sacred poetry, hast thou then
Quite forsaken this prosy world of ours?»

is a wholly unexpected one in the grand *finale*. It teaches the doctrine of eternal hope, as the great Hebrew pessimist Koheleth summed it up, when only the Hellenic intellect reigned supreme and the Hellenic heart was cold:—

«I have decreed, O man—strive ye and trust!»

The ideal conquers in the end, should life and love not fail. Poetry and sentiment transform even this valley of the shadow of death into a Paradise regained. It is a song of the ideals in which salvation lies; and the words of the Lord with which the poem closes are, «Struggle and trust.»

George Alexander Kohut

FROM THE 'TRAGEDY OF MAN'

SEVENTH SCENE

Scene: An open square in Constantinople. A few citizens lounging about. In the centre the palace of the Patriarch; to the right a cloister; to the left a grove. Adam *as Tancred, in the prime of life, is seen advancing at the head of returning Crusaders, accompanied by other knights, with colors flying and drums beating;* Lucifer *as his armor-bearer. Evening, then night.*

FIRST CITIZEN — Behold, there comes another horde of heathen;
Oh, flee and double-bar the doors, lest they
Again the whim to plunder feel!
Second Citizen—Hide ye the women: but too well
Knows this rebel the joys of the seraglio.

First Citizen — And our wives the rights of the conqueror.
Adam — Hold! hold! why scatter in such haste?
Do ye not see the holy sign aloft
That makes us brothers in humanity
And companions to one goal?—
We bore the light of our faith, the law
Of love, into Asia's wilds,
That the savage millions there
Where our Savior's cradle stood
Might share sweet salvation's boon.
Know ye not this brotherly love?
First Citizen — Full many a time through honeyed words
Swift harm befell our homes.

[*They disperse.*]

Adam [*to the knights*] —
Behold, this is the accursed result
When scheming vagabonds
The sacred symbol flaunt,
And flattering the passions of the mob,
Presume unasked to lead.—
Fellow knights! Until our swords
To honor fair, to praise of God,
To women's guard, to bravery,
Be sanctified,—are we in duty bound
This demon foul in constant check to hold,
That in spite of godless inclination,
He great and noble deeds may do.
Lucifer — That sounds well. But, Tancred, what if the people
Do but spurn thy leadership?
Adam — Where spirit is, is also victory.
I'll crush them to the earth!
Lucifer — And should spirit with them alike abide,
Wilt thou descend to them?
Adam — Why descend?
Is it not nobler to lift them up to me?
To yield for lack of fighters
The foremost place in battle, were
As unworthy as to reject a comrade
In envy of his share of victory.
Lucifer — Alack! how the grand idea has come to naught
For which the martyrs of the circus fought!
Is this the freedom of equality?
A wondrous brotherhood were that!

Adam — Oh, cease thy scorn! Think not that I misprize
Christianity's exalted precepts.
My being yearns for them alone!
Whoever hath the spark divine may strive;
And him who upward toils to us
With joy we surely will receive.
A sword-cut lifts him to our ranks.
But guard we must our ranks with jealous eye
Against the still fermenting chaos here.
Would that our time were already near!
For only then can we be quite redeemed
When every barrier falls — when all is pure.
And were he who set this universe in motion
Not himself the great and mighty God,
I must needs doubt the dawn of such a day.
Ye have seen, O friends, how we have been received:
Orphaned amidst the tumult of the town,
Naught now remains save in yonder grove
A tent to pitch, as we were wont among the infidels,
Till better times shall come. Go; I follow soon.
Every knight stands sponsor for his men.

[*The Crusaders pitch their tent.*]

Lucifer — What a pity that thy spirit's lofty flight
Even now begets such sorry fruit;
Red without, within already rotten!

Adam — Stop!
Hast thou no longer faith in lofty thought?

Lucifer — What boots it thee if I believe,
When thine own race doth doubt?
This knighthood which thou hast placed
As lighthouse amid ocean's waves,
Will yet die out, or half collapse,
And make the sailor's course even more fearful
Than before, when no light shone before his way.
What lives to-day and blessing works,
Dies with time; the spirit takes wing
And the carcass but remains, to breathe
Murderous miasmas into the fresher life
Which round him buds. Behold, thus
Survive from bygone times our old ideals.

Adam — Until our ranks dissolve, its sacred teachings
Will have had effect upon the public mind.
I fear no danger then.

Lucifer — The holy teachings! They are your curse indeed,
When ye approach them unawares,
For ye turn, sharpen, split, and smooth
Them o'er so long, till they your phantoms
Or your chains become.
And though reason cannot grasp exact ideas,
Yet ye presumptuous men do always seek
To forge them — to your harm.
Look thou upon this sword! It may by a hair's-breadth
Longer be or shorter, and yet remains the same
In substance. The door is opened thus to endless speculation;
For where is there limit pre-imposed?
'Tis true your feelings soon perceive the right
When change in greater things sets in.—
But why speak and myself exert? Speech
Is wearisome. Turn thou, survey the field thyself.

Adam — Friends, my troops are tired and shelter crave.
In the Capital of Christendom they will
Perchance not crave in vain.

Third Citizen —
The question is, whether as heretics
Ye're not worse than infidels! . . .

Adam — I stand aghast! But see — what prince
Approaches from afar, so haughtily defiant?

Lucifer — The Patriarch — successor to the Apostles.

Adam — And this barefoot, dirty mob
Which follows with malicious joy
In the captive's wake,
Feigning humility?

Lucifer — They are monks, Christian cynics.

Adam — I saw not such among my native hills.

Lucifer — You'll see them yet. Slowly, slowly
Spreads the curse of leprosy;
But beware how you dare insult
This people, so absolute in virtue and
Hence so hard to reconcile.

Adam — What virtue could adorn such folk as this?

Lucifer — Their worth is abnegation, poverty,
As practiced first by the Master on the Cross.

Adam — He saved a world by such humility;
While these cowards, like rebels,
Do but blaspheme the name of God,
In that they despise his gift.

Who 'gainst gnats the weapons same would draw
That in the bear hunt he is wont to use
Is a fool.

Lucifer — But if they in pious zeal, perchance,
Mistake the gnats for monstrous bears,
Have they then not the right to drive
To the very gates of hell
Those who life enjoy? . . .

Adam [*facing the Patriarch*] —
Father, we're battling for the Holy Grave,
And wearied from the way which we have come,
To rest within these walls we are denied.
Thou hast power here: help thou our cause.

Patriarch —
My son, I have just now no time for petty things.
God's glory and my people's weal
Call higher aims now forth. I must away
To judge the heretics; who, like poisonous weeds,
Do grow and multiply, and whom hell
With force renewed upon us throws,
Even though we constant try with fire and sword
To root them out.
But if indeed ye be true Christian knights,
Why seek the Moor so far remote?
Here lurks a yet more dangerous foe.
Scale ye their walls, level them to the ground,
And spare ye neither woman, child, nor hoary head.

Adam — The innocent! O father, this cannot be thy wish!

Patriarch —
Innocent is the serpent, too, while yet of tender growth
Or after its fangs are shed.
Yet sparest thou the snake?

Adam — It must, in faith, have been a grievous sin
Which could such wrath from Christian love evoke.

Patriarch —
O my son! not he shows love who feeds the flesh,
But he who leadeth back the erring soul,
At point of sword,—or e'en through leaping flames
If needs must be,—to Him who said:
Not peace but war do I proclaim!
That wicked sect interprets false
The mystic Trinity. . . .

Monks — Death upon them all!
There burns the funeral pile.

Adam — My friend, give up the iota, pray:
Your inspired valor in fighting
For the Savior's grave will be
More fitting sacrifice than this.

An Old Heretic —
Satan, tempt us not! We'll bleed
For our true faith where God ordains.

One of the Monks —
Ha, renegade! thou boastest of true faith? . . .

Patriarch —
Too long have we tarried here: away with them
To the funeral pyre, in honor of God!

The Old Heretic —
In honor of God? Thou spakest well, O knave!
In honor of God are we indeed your prey.
Ye are strong, and can enforce your will
As ye may please. But whether ye have acted rightly
Heaven alone will judge. Even now is weighed,
At every hour, your vile career of crime.
New champions shall from our blood arise;
The idea lives triumphant on; and coming centuries
Shall the light reflect of flames that blaze to-day.
Friends, go we to our glorious martyrdom!

The Heretics [*chanting in chorus*] —
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me
And from the words of my roaring?
O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou
Hearest not; and in the night season,
And am not silent. But thou art holy!
(Psalm xxii.)

Monks [*breaking in*] —
Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me;
Fight against them that fight against me;
Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for mine help;
Draw out also the spear, and stop the way
Against them that persecute me.
(Psalm xxxv.)

[*In the interim the Patriarch and the procession go by. The monks with tracts mingle among the Crusaders.*]

Lucifer — Why silent thus and horrified?
Dost hold this to be a tragedy?
Consider it a comedy, and 'twill make thee laugh.

Adam— Nay, spare thy banter now! Can one
For a mere iota go firmly thus to death?
What then is the lofty and sublime?
Lucifer— That which to others may seem droll.
Only a hair divides these two ideas;
A voice in the heart alone may judge betwixt them,
And the mysterious judge is sympathy,
Which, blindly, at one time deifies,
Then with brutal scorn condemns to death.
Adam— Why must my eyes be witness of these varied sins?
The subtleties of proud science, and of sophistry!
That deadly poison wondrously so sipped
From the sweetest, gayest, freshest flowers?
I knew this flower once in the budding time
Of our oppressed faith. Where is the wanton hand
That ruthlessly destroyed it?
Lucifer— The wanton hand is victory,
Which wide-spread once, a thousand wishes wakes,
Danger allies, and martyrs makes,
And strength endues;
'Tis there among the heretics.
Adam— Verily, I'd cast away my sword and turn me
To my northern home, where, in the glades
Of the shadowy woods primeval,
Stern manliness, true artlessness yet dwell,
And the rancor of this smooth-tongued age defy.
I would return but for a voice that lisps
The constant message in my ears,
That I alone am called to re-create this world.
Lucifer— Love's labor lost; for unaided thou canst
Ne'er prevail against the ruling spirit of the age.
The course of time is a mighty stream,—
It buries thee or bears thee;
Nor canst thou hope to guide it,
But only swim adrift the tide.
Who in history immortal shine,
And wield uncommon power,
Knew well the time in which they lived,
Yet did not themselves the thought create.
Not because the cock crows does day dawn,
But the cock crows with the dawn of day;
Yonder those who, fettered, fly to face
The terrors of a death of martyrdom,
See scarce a step ahead.

The thought but just conceived dawns in their midst
In the throes of death they hail so joyfully,—
The thought which by a care-free posterity
Will be inhaled with the air they breathe.
But leave thou this theme! Glance toward thy tent:
What unclean monks stroll about there?
What trade they drive, what speeches make
And gestures wild, insane?
Let's nearer draw, and hearken!

A Monk in the centre of a crowd of Crusaders—
Buy ye, brave warriors; neglect ye not
This manual of penance:
'Twill clear all doubt of conscience;
You'll learn therein much weighty mystery:
How many years in hell will burn
Each murderer, thief, and ravisher,
And he who doth our doctrines spurn;
It tells ye what the rich may buy
For a score or more of *solidi;*
And the poor for three alone
May swift obtain salvation's boon;
Whilst even he, to be quite fair,
Who such a sum cannot well spare,
May for a thousand lashes, mind,
Salvation bring upon his kind.
Buy ye, buy ye, this precious book!

The Crusaders—
Here, father, here, give us a copy too!

Adam— Infamous trader, and still more wicked patrons,
Draw ye the sword and end this foul traffic!

Lucifer [*confused*]—
I beg your pardon. This monk has long my partner been.
Not so deeply do I this world despise;
When praise of God soared high,
My homage also rose aloft,
Whilst thine remained becalmed. . . .

Adam— Help me, O Lucifer! Away, away from here!
Lead back my future into past,
That I my fate no longer see,
Nor view a fruitless strife. Pray let me think
If wisdom is to thwart my destiny!

Lucifer— Awake then, Adam,—thy dream is o'er.

FIFTEENTH SCENE

Scene: A garden of palms. Adam, *young again, enters from his bower; still half asleep, he looks about in astonishment.* Lucifer *stands in the middle of the scene. It is a radiant day.*

ADAM — Ye weird scenes and haggard forms,
How have ye left me lone!
Joys and smiles greet now my path,
As once of yore before my heart was broken.
Lucifer — O boastful man, is it thy wish, perchance,
That Nature for thy sake her law should change,—
A star appoint to mark thy loss,
Or shake the earth because a worm has died?
Adam — Have I dreamed, or am I dreaming still?
And is our life aught but a dream at last
Which makes an inanimate mass to live
But for a moment, then lets it fade forever?
Oh why, why this brief glimpse of consciousness,
Only to view the terrors of annihilation?
Lucifer — Thou mournest? Only cowards bend
Their necks to yoke, and unresisting stand
When yet the blow may be averted.
But unmurmuring doth the strong man
Decipher the mystic runes eternal
Of his destiny, caring but to know
If he himself can thrive beneath their doom.
The might of Fate controls the world's great course;
Thou art but a tool and blindly onward driven.
Adam — Nay, nay, thou liest! for the will of man is free;
That at least I've well deserved,
And for it have resigned my Paradise!
My phantom dreams have taught me much;
Full many a madness have I left behind,
And now 'tis mine to choose another path.
Lucifer — Ay, if forgetting and eternal hope
Were not to destiny so closely wed.
The one doth heal thy bleeding wounds,
The other closely screens abysmal depths,
And gives new courage, saying,—
Rash hundreds found a grave therein,
Thou shalt be the first safely to leap it o'er.
Hast thou not, scholar, full oft beheld
The many freaks and whims among

The parasites that brood and breed
In cats and owls only,
But must pass in mice their earliest stage
Of slow development?
Not just the one or other mouse
Predestined is the claw to feel
Of cat or owl; who cautious is
May even both avoid, and keep
In ripe old age his nest and house.
A relentless hand doth yet provide
Just such a number for his foes
As its presence here on earth
Ages hence insures.
Nor is the human being bound,
And yet the race wears chains.
Zeal carries thee like a flood along:
To-day for this, for that to-morrow,
The funeral pyres will their victims claim,
And of scoffers there will be no lack;
While he who registers the count
Will be in wonder lost, that wanton fate
Should have maintained such rare consistency
In making, matching, marring,
In virtue, faith, and sin and death,
In suicide and lunacy.

Adam— Hold! An inspiration fires my brain;
I may then thee, Almighty God, defy.
Should fate but cry to life a thousand halts,
I'd laugh serene and die, should I so please.
Am I not lone and single in this world?
Before me frowns that cliff, beneath whose base
Yawns the dark abysmal gulf.
One leap, the final scene, and I shall cry—
Farewell, the farce at last is ended!

[*Adam approaches the cliff, as Eve appears.*]

Lucifer— Ended! What simple-minded phrases!
Is not each moment end and
Beginning too? Alas! and but for this
Hast thou surveyed millennial years to come?

Eve— I pray thee, Adam, why didst steal off from me?
Thy last cold kiss still chills my heart;
And even now, sorrow or anger sits
Upon thy brow; I shrink from thee!

Adam [*going on*] —
Why follow me? Why dog my footsteps?
The ruler of creation, man,
Has weightier things to do
Than waste in sportive love his days.
Woman understands not; is a burden only.
[*Softening*] —
Oh, why didst thou not longer slumber?
Far harder now the sacrifice will be
That I for future ages offer must.
Eve — Shouldst hear me, lord, 'twill easier be:
What doubtful was, is now assured,—
The future.
Adam — How now?
Eve — The hope my lips thus fain would lisp
Will lift the cloud and clear thy brow.
Come then a little nearer, pray!
O Adam, hear: I am a mother.
Adam [*sinking upon his knee*] —
Thou hast conquered me, O Lord!
Behold, in the dust I lie.
Without thee as against thee I strive in vain;
Thou mayest raise me up or strike me down,—
I bare my heart and soul before thee.
God [*appearing, surrounded by angels*] —
Adam, rise, and be thou not cast down.
Behold, I take thee back to me,
Reconciled by my saving grace.
Lucifer [*aside*] —
Family scenes are not my specialty.
They may affect the heart,
But the mind shrinks from such monotony;
Methinks I'll slink away. [*About to go.*
God — Lucifer! I'll have a word with thee,—remain!
And thou, my son, confess what troubles thee.
Adam — Fearful images haunted me, O Lord,
And what was true therein I cannot tell;
Intrust to me, I beg, I supplicate,
The mystery of all my future state.
Is there naught else besides this narrow life
Which, becoming clarified like wine,
Thou mayest spill with every whim of thine,
And dust may drink it?
Or didst thou mean the soul for higher things?

Will further toil and forward stride my kind,
Still growing nobler, till we perfection find
Near thine almighty Throne?
Or drudge to death like some blind treadmill-horse
Without the hope of ever changing course?
Doth noble striving meet with just reward,
When he who for ideals gives his blood
  Is mocked at by a soulless throng?
Enlighten me; grateful will I bear my lot:
  I can but win by such exchange,
  For this suspense is hell.

God— Seek not to solve the mystery
  Which Godly grace and sense benign
  Hath screened from human sight.
  If thou couldst see that transient is
  The soul's sojourn upon this world,
  And that it upward soars
  To life unending, in the great beyond,—
  Sorrow would no virtue be.
  If dust absorbed thy soul alike,
  What would spur thee on to thought?
  Who would prompt thee to resign
  Thy grosser joys for virtue fine?
  Whilst now, though burdened with life,
  Thy future beckons from afar,
  Shimmering through the clouds
  And lifting thee to higher spheres.
And should, at times, this pride thy heart inflame,
Thy span of life will soon control thy pace,
And nobleness and virtue reign supreme.

Lucifer [*laughing derisively*]—
Verily, glory floods the paths you tread,
Since greatness, virtue, are to lead thee on.
Two words which only pass in blessed deed
When superstition, ignorance, and prejudice
  Keep constant guard and company.—
Why did I ever seek to work out great ideas
Through man, of dust and sunbeams formed,
So dwarfed in knowledge, in blind error so gigantic?

Adam— Cease thy scorn, O Lucifer! cease thy scorn!
I saw full well thy wisdom's edifice,
  Wherein my heart felt only chilled;
But, gracious God, who shall sustain me now
And lead me onward in the paths of right,

Since thou didst withdraw the hand that guided me,
Before I tasted fruit of idle knowledge?

God— Strong is thine arm, full thy heart of lofty thoughts;
The field is boundless where thou seed shouldst sow.
Give thou but heed! A voice shall ceaseless call thee back,
Or constant speed thee on:
Follow its lead. And if at times
This heavenly sound be hushed in midst the whirl
Of thine eventful years, the purer soul
Of woman, unselfish, pure, and gentle,
Will surely hear it, and thrilled by woman's love,
Thy soul shall soar in Poetry and Song!
And by thy side she loyally will watch,
Mounted on these cherubim,
In sorrow pale or rosy joy,
A cheering, soothing genius.
Thou too, O Lucifer, a link but art
In my wide universe; so labor on!
Thy frosty knowledge and thy mad denial
Will cause, like yeast, the mind to effervesce.
E'en though it turns him from the beaten track,
It matters not. He'll soon return;
But endless shall thy penance be,
Since thou art ever doomed to see
How beauty buds and virtue sprouts
From the seed thou wouldst have spoiled.

Chorus of Angels

Choice between the good and evil,
Wondrous thought, sublime decision!
Still to know that thou art shielded
By a gracious God's provision.

For the right, then, be thou steadfast,
Though thou labor without meed;
Thy reward shall be the knowledge
Thou hast done a noble deed.

Greatness grows in goodness only;
Shame will keep the good man just,
And the fear of shame uplifts him,
While the mean man crawls in dust.

But when treading paths exalted,
This blind error cherish not,—

That the glory thou achievest
  Adds to God's a single jot:

For he needs not thy assistance
  To accomplish his designs;
Be thou thankful if he calls thee
  And a task to thee assigns.

Eve— Praise be to God, I understand this song.
Adam—I divine the message and submit to its decree.
Ah, could I only the distant end foresee!
God— I have ordained, O man,—
Struggle thou and trust!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by G. A. Kohut.

JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MADISON

(1751-1836)

The writings of James Madison were designed to serve the ends of practical politics. Yet, despite the absence of a literary motive, they possess qualities which entitle them to a permanent place in American literature. Madison's papers in the Federalist, for example, are models of political essay-writing.

James Madison was the son of a wealthy planter of Orange County, Virginia, and was born at Port Conway, March 16th, 1751. He was graduated at Princeton in 1772. Two years later, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety for Orange County; and thenceforward, with a few unimportant interruptions, took an active part in politics until 1817, when, at the close of his second term as President of the United States, he retired permanently from public life.

His first notable publication was a paper entitled 'A Memorial and Remonstrance,' addressed to the General Assembly of Virginia. It appeared in 1785, and was directed against a bill providing for a tax «for the support of teachers of the Christian religion,» the vote on which in the Legislature he had with difficulty been able to postpone. Copies of the paper were distributed throughout the State, with the result that in the next election religious freedom was made a test question. In the session of the Legislature which followed the election the obnoxious bill was defeated, and in place thereof was enacted the bill establishing religious freedom offered by Jefferson seven years before. The Religious Freedom Act disestablished the Episcopal Church in Virginia, and abolished religious tests for public office.

Madison's chief work both as a constructive statesman and as a publicist was done in connection with the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The epithet «Father of the Constitution,» sometimes applied to him, is not undeserved, inasmuch as he was the author of the leading features of that instrument. In common with others, he had for some time seen the impossibility of maintaining an effective government under the Articles of Confederation. With the thoroughness characteristic of his nature, he had made a study of ancient and modern confederacies,—including, as his notes show, the Lycian, the Amphictyonic, the Achæan, the Helvetic, the Belgic, and the German,—with a view to discovering the proper remedy for the defects in the Articles of Confederation. Before the convention met, he laid before his colleagues of the Virginia delegation the outlines of the scheme of government that was presented to the convention as the «Virginia plan.» This plan was introduced at the beginning of the convention by Edmund Randolph, who, by virtue of his office as governor of Virginia, was regarded as the member most fit to speak for the delegation; but its chief supporter in the debate which followed was Madison. The fundamental defect of the government created by the Articles of Confederation was that it operated on States only, not upon individuals. The delegates to the Continental Congress were envoys from sovereign States rather than members of a legislative body. They might deliberate and advise, but had no means of enforcing their decisions. Thus they were empowered to determine the share of the expenses of the general government which each State should pay, but were unable to coerce a delinquent State. The Virginia plan contemplated a government essentially the same as that created by the Constitution; with this difference, that it provided for representation according to population, both in the upper and in the lower house of the legislature. The hand of Madison is also seen in some of the provisions of the Constitution which were not contained in the Virginia plan. Thus, for instance, he was the author of the famous compromise in accordance with which, for purposes of direct taxation and of representation, five slaves were counted as three persons.

During the convention Madison kept a journal of its debates, which forms the chief authority for the deliberations of that historic body. This journal, together with his notes on the proceedings of the Continental Congress from November 1782 to February 1783, was purchased by the government after his death; both have been published by order of Congress under the title of ‹The Madison Papers.› It may here be noted also that the remainder of his writings, including his correspondence, speeches, etc., from 1769 to 1836, have been published by the government in a separate work, entitled ‹Writings of James Madison.›

After the adjournment of the convention Madison devoted his energies toward securing the ratification of the Constitution. He not only successfully opposed the eloquence and prestige of Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee in the Virginia ratifying convention, but also wrote with Hamilton and Jay that series of essays, appearing originally in certain New York newspapers, which has been preserved in book form under the title of ‹The Federalist›; and which, though intended primarily to influence the action of the extremely doubtful State of New York, served to reinforce the arguments of the advocates of ratification in other States also.

‘The Federalist’ is composed of eighty-five essays; of which, according to the memorandum made by Madison, he wrote twenty-nine, Hamilton fifty-one, and Jay five,—one or two being written jointly. It discussed the utility of the proposed union, the inefficiency of the existing Confederation, the necessity of a government at least equally energetic with the one proposed, the conformity of the Constitution to the true principles of republican government, its analogy to the State constitutions, and the additional security which its adoption would give to liberty and property. Madison's papers defined republican government, and surveyed the powers vested in the Union, the relations between the Federal and State governments, the distribution of power among the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government, and the structure of the legislative department; taking up in conjunction with the last-mentioned subject most of the vital questions, both theoretical and practical, connected with representative institutions.

Madison wrote in the style that prevailed at the close of the eighteenth century. His language, while occasionally involved and heavy with orotund Latin derivatives, is rhythmical, dignified, and impressive. His writings have no imagination, wit, or humor; but the absence of these qualities is atoned for by clearness, sincerity, and aptness of illustration. Possessed of depth and genuineness of feeling coupled with an extraordinary power of logical exposition, he was considered by Jefferson, some years after the adoption of the Constitution, to be the only writer in the Republican party capable of opposing Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist «colossus of debate.»

At the opening of the First Congress, Madison took his seat in the House of Representatives,—the influence of Henry and the Anti-Federalists in the Virginia State Legislature having prevented his election to the Senate. In the differentiation of parties occasioned by Hamilton's nationalizing financial policy, Madison allied himself with the Republicans and became the leader of the opposition in the House. His change of attitude from that of an extreme nationalist to that of an extreme States-rights man was no doubt due in large part to the influence of his friend and intimate Thomas Jefferson. No two documents can be more dissimilar than the Virginia plan, which would have invested Congress with a veto on State legislation, and the famous Virginia Resolutions of 1789 and 1799, of which Madison was the author. However, his inconsistency was perhaps more apparent than real; for having once given in his adhesion to the Constitution, it was perfectly logical to desire a strict construction of that instrument to preserve the balance struck in it between the State and Federal governments.

On the inauguration of Jefferson as President in 1801, Madison accepted the Secretaryship of State. It was while holding this office that he wrote the pamphlet ‹An Examination of the British Doctrine which Subjects to Capture a Neutral Trade not Open in Time of Peace.› At the close of Jefferson's second term, March 4th, 1809, Madison became President. He had been to his predecessor an able and efficient lieutenant. He was, however, a scholar rather than a man of action; and it was his misfortune that his administration fell in a period which required more than ordinary talents of leadership, and those of a different stamp from his own. His conduct of the War of 1812 was weak and hesitating, and added nothing to the glory of his previous career. He retired at the expiration of his second term in 1817 to Montpelier, his country seat in Virginia, where he died June 28th, 1836.

FROM ‹THE FEDERALIST›

An Objection Drawn from the Extent of Country Answered

We have seen the necessity of the Union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the Union embraces. A few observations on this subject will be the more proper, as it is perceived that the adversaries of the new Constitution are availing themselves of a prevailing prejudice with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections which they endeavor in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy, and applying to the former, reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is, that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects either of an absolute or limited monarchy, they have endeavored to heighten the advantages or palliate the evils of those forms, by placing in comparison with them the vices and defects of the republican; and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic, observations applicable to a democracy only; and among others, the observation that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular and founded at the same time wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which the will of the largest political body may be concentred, and its force directed to any object which the public good requires, America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions, so the natural limit of a republic is that distance from the centre which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the Union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the States have been almost continually assembled; and that the members from the most distant States are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance than those from the States in the neighborhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the Union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are — on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred and sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred and sixty-eight miles and three fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet representing the whole empire is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the Union.

Favorable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws: its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other States as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighborhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory which lie on our northwestern frontier must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the Union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will everywhere be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travelers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy by those numerous canals with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth and still more important consideration is, that as almost every State will on one side or other be a frontier, and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of general protection, so the States which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the States forming our western or northeastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions which may be dictated by the neighborhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union, in some respects, than the less distant States, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects; and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen: shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered,—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America,—happily, we trust, for the whole human race,—they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

INTERFERENCE TO QUELL DOMESTIC INSURRECTION

From ‹The Federalist›

At first view, it might seem not to square with the republican theory to suppose either that a majority have not the right, or that a minority will have the force, to subvert a government; and consequently, that the federal interposition can never be required but when it would be improper. But theoretic reasoning, in this as in most other cases, must be qualified by the lessons of practice. Why may not illicit combinations, for purposes of violence, be formed as well by a majority of a State, especially a small State, as by a majority of a county or a district of the same State; and if the authority of the State ought in the latter case to protect the local magistracy, ought not the Federal authority, in the former, to support the State authority? Besides, there are certain parts of the State constitutions which are so interwoven with the federal Constitution, that a violent blow cannot be given to the one without communicating the wound to the other. Insurrections in a State will rarely induce a federal interposition, unless the number concerned in them bear some proportion to the friends of government. It will be much better that the violence in such cases should be repressed by the superintending power, than that the majority should be left to maintain their cause by a bloody and obstinate contest. The existence of a right to interpose will generally prevent the necessity of exerting it.

Is it true that force and right are necessarily on the same side in republican governments? May not the minor party possess such a superiority of pecuniary resources, of military talents and experience, or of secret succors from foreign powers, as will render it superior also in an appeal to the sword? May not a more compact and advantageous position turn the scale on the same side, against a superior number so situated as to be less capable of a prompt and collected exertion of its strength? Nothing can be more chimerical than to imagine that in a trial of actual force, victory may be calculated by the rules which prevail in a census of the inhabitants, or which determine the event of an election! May it not happen, in fine, that the minority of *citizens* may become a majority of *persons*, by the accession of alien residents, of a casual concourse of adventurers, or of those whom the constitution of the State has not admitted to the rights of suffrage? I take no notice of an unhappy species of population abounding in some of the States, who, during the calm of regular government, are sunk below the level of men; but who, in the tempestuous scenes of civil violence, may emerge into the human character, and give a superiority of strength to any party with which they may associate themselves.

In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies, what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions, flying to arms and tearing a State to pieces, than the representatives of confederate States not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges they would unite the affection of friends. Happy would it be if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed by all free governments; if a project equally effectual could be established for the universal peace of mankind!

Should it be asked, what is to be the redress for an insurrection pervading all the States, and comprising a superiority of the entire force, though not a constitutional right,— the answer must be that such a case, as it would be without the compass of human remedies, so it is fortunately not within the compass of human probability; and that it is a sufficient recommendation of the federal Constitution, that it diminishes the risk of a calamity for which no possible constitution can provide a cure.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

(1864–)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

One of the most remarkable, one of the most widely known of the younger writers of the day, Maurice Maeterlinck, is still little more than a name to the majority of people, even among those who nominally follow closely every new expression of the contemporary spirit. Some, following the example of his ultra-enthusiastic French pioneer, M. Octave Mirbeau, have made for him the high claim of genius; others have gone to the opposite extreme, and denied his possession of any qualities save a morbid fantasy in drama, or of a mystical intensity in spiritual philosophy.

Maurice Maeterlinck

That Maurice Maeterlinck is in every sense of the word a most notable personality in contemporary literature is not to be denied; whether we like or dislike his peculiar methods in the dramatic presentation of his vision of life, or understand or sympathize with his uncompromising position as a mystic of the kindred of Swedenborg, Jakob Boehme, or that Ruysbroeck of whom he has been the modern interpreter. It is undeniable, now, that the great vogue prophesied for the Maeterlinckian drama has not been fulfilled. Possibly the day may come when the Drame Intime may have a public following to justify the hopes of those who believe in it; but that time has not come yet. Meanwhile, we have to be content with dramas of the mind enacted against mental tapestries, so to say, or with shifting backgrounds among the dream vistas and perspectives of the mind. For although several of M. Maeterlinck's poetic plays have been set upon the stage,—rather as puppet plays than in the sense commonly meant,—their success has been one of curiosity rather than of conviction. Even the most impressive has seemed much less so when subjected to the conditions of stage representation; and it is almost impossible to understand how certain of them could avoid exciting that sense of incongruity which is fatal to a keen impression of verisimilitude. Even compositions so decorative as ‘The Seven Princesses,’ or that strange drama ‘The Blind,’ are infinitely more impressive when read than when seen; and this because they are, like all else of Maeterlinck's, merely the embodiment in words, and in a pseudo-dramatic formula, of spiritual allegories or dreams. There were many who thought that his short drama ‘The Intruder’ more than stood the test of stage representation. I have seen ‘L'Intruse’ twice, and given with all the skill and interpretative sympathy possible, both in Paris and London; and yet I have not for a moment found in its stage representation anything to approach the convincing and intimate appeal, so simple and yet so subtle and weird, afforded in the perusal of the original.

We have, however, no longer to consider Maurice Maeterlinck merely as a dramatist, or perhaps I should say as a writer in dramatic form. He began as a poet, and as a writer of a very strange piece of fiction; and now, and for some time past, his work has been that of a spiritual interpreter, of an essayist, and of a mystic.

Mooris Mäterlinck — for it was not till he was of age that he adopted the Gallicized « Maurice Maeterlinck » — was born in Flanders, and is himself racially as well as mentally and spiritually a Fleming of the Flemings. He has all the physical endurance, the rough bodily type, of his countrymen; but he has also their quiet intensity of feeling, their sense of dream and mystery. His earliest influences in literature were French and English: the French of writers such as Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, the English of writers such as Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists. When, as little more than a youth, he went to Paris, it was mainly in the hope of discipleship to the great Villiers. It was while in Paris that he wrote one of his earliest and to this day one of his most remarkable productions, the short story entitled ‘The Massacre of the Innocents,’ — a study so remarkable that it at once attracted the attention of the few who closely follow every new manifestation of literary talent. In this strange tale, Maeterlinck has attempted to depict the Biblical story after the manner of those Dutch and Flemish painters who represented with unflinching contemporary realism all their scenes based upon Scriptural episodes — that is to say, who represented every scene, however Oriental or remote, in accordance with Dutch or Flemish customs, habits, dress, etc. This short story, however, appeared in an obscure and long since defunct French periodical; and little notice was taken of it till some years later, when the present writer drew attention to it as the first production of its by that time distinguished author. Since then it has been admirably translated, and has appeared in an American edition.

But the first actual book which Maurice Maeterlinck published was a volume of poems entitled ‹Serres Chaudes,›—a title which we might idiomatically render as ‹Hot-house Blooms.› These poems are interesting, and we can clearly discern in them the same mental outlook and habit of mind the author exhibits in his maturer prose writings; but they have not in any marked degree the lyric quality, as a poet's work must have; and for all that there are poetical and imaginative lines and verses, they suggest rather the work of a rare and imaginative mind controlling itself to expression in this manner, than of one who yields to it out of imperious and impulsive need. In some respects we find a curious return to this first book in Maurice Maeterlinck's latest;—for although ‹Le Trésor des Humbles› is a volume of mystical essays, and deals with other themes than those chiefly broached in ‹Serres Chaudes,› there is a remarkable spiritual affinity between them. It is impossible to understand this strange and powerful writer if one does not approach him on his mystical side. It is not necessary for the reader to follow him in his brooding hours with Ruysbroeck, or even to listen to what he has to say on the subject of Novalis and other German mystics; but his subtle analytical study of Emerson, and above all, those spiritual essays of his (entitled in English ‹The Treasure of the Humble›), should be carefully studied. This last-named book has shared the fate of all works of the kind; that is to say, it has been ignored by the great majority of the reading public, it has been sneered at by an ever fretful and supercilious band of critics, and has been received with deep gladness and gratitude by the few who welcome with joy any true glad tidings of the spiritual life. Among these essays, two should in particular be read: those entitled ‹The Deeper Life› and ‹The Inner Beauty.› The last-named, indeed, is really a quintessential essay. Just as a certain monotony of detail characterizes Maeterlinck's dramas, so a repetitive diffuseness mars these prose essays of his. Beautiful thoughts and phrases are to be found throughout the whole of ‹The Treasure of the Humble›; but after all, the essay entitled ‹The Inner Beauty› comprises his whole spiritual philosophy. When we turn to Maurice Maeterlinck the dramatist, we find him the supreme voice in modern Belgian literature. As a poet he is far surpassed by Émile Verhaeren—who is indeed one of the finest poets now living in any country; and as a writer of prose he has many rivals, and some who have a distinction, grace, and power altogether beyond what he has himself displayed. But as a dramatist—that is, an imaginative artist working in dramatic form—he holds a unique and altogether remarkable place.

In one of his early poems he exclaims: «Mon âme!—Oh, mon âme vraiment trop à l'abri!»—(My soul!—Oh, truly my soul dwells too much in the shadow!) And it is this dwelling in the shadow which is the dominant characteristic of Maurice Maeterlinck. In ‹The Princess Maleine,› in ‹The Seven Princesses,› in ‹Pélléas and Mélisande,› in ‹The Intruder,› and ‹The Blind,›—in one and all of these, to his latest production, he hardly ever moves out of the shadow of a strange and affecting imaginative gloom. He too might with the Spanish writer, Emilia Pardo Bazán, exclaim: «Enter with me into the dark zone of the human soul!» It is rather, with him, the twilight zone. He loves to haunt the shadowy ways where night and day concur,—those shadowy ways wherein human actions and thoughts are still real, but are invested with a light or a shadow either strange or fantastic. His method is a simple one; but it is that kind of simplicity which involves a subtle and artistic mind. Often he relies upon words as abstractions, in order to convey the impression that is in his own mind; and this accounts for the bewilderment which some of his characteristic mannerisms cause to many readers. Where they see simple repetition, a vain and perhaps childish monotony, Maeterlinck is really endeavoring to emphasize the impression he seeks to convey, by dwelling upon certain images, accentuating certain words, evoking certain mental melodies or rhythms full of a certain subtle suggestion of their own.

Much has been said and written about this new form in contemporary dramatic literature. It is a form strangely seductive, if obviously perilous. It has possibly a remarkable future—coming, as it has done, at a time when our most eager spirits are solicitous of a wider scope in expression, for a further opening-up of alluring vistas through the ever blossoming wilderness of art. It may well be that Maeterlinck's chief service here will prove rather to be that of a pioneer—of a pioneer who has directed into new channels the stream which threatened to stagnate in the shallows of insincere convention.

Maeterlinck was guided to the formula with which his name has become so identified, primarily through the influence of his friend Charles van Lerberghe, the author of ‹Les Flaireurs.› The short dramatic episode entitled ‹Les Flaireurs› occupies itself with a single incident: the death of an old peasant woman, by night, in a lonely cottage in a remote district, with no companion save her girlish grandchild. Almost from the outset the reader guesses what the nocturnal voices indicate. The ruse of the dramatist is almost childishly simple, if its process of development be regarded in detail. The impressiveness lies greatly in the cumulative effect. A night of storm, the rain lashing at the windows, the appalling darkness without, the wan candle-glow within, a terrified and bewildered child, a dying and delirious old woman, an ominous oft-repeated knocking at the door, a hoarse voice without, changeful but always menacing, mocking or muttering an obscure and horrible message: this interwrought, again and again represented, austerely tragic by-play — from one point of view, merely the material for tragedy — is a profoundly impressive work of art. It is perhaps all the more so from the fact that it relies to some extent upon certain venerable and even outworn conventionalities. The midnight hour, storm, mysterious sounds, the howl of a dog — we are familiar with all these «properties.» They do not now move us. Sheridan Le Fanu, or Fitzjames O'Brien, or R. L. Stevenson, can create for us an inward terror far beyond the half-simulated creep with which we read the conventional bogy-story. That Charles van Lerberghe should so impress us by the simplest and most familiar stage tricks points to his genuine artistry, to his essential masterhood. The literary conjurer would fain deceive us by sleight of hand; the literary artist persuades us by sleight of mind.

Van Lerberghe is neither romanticist nor realist, as these vague and often identical terms are understood abroad. He works realistically in the sphere of the imaginary. If it were not that his aim, as that of Maeterlinck, is to bring into literature a new form of the *drame intime*, with meanwhile the adventitious aid of nominal stage accessories, one might almost think that 'Les Flaireurs' was meant for stage representation. It would be impossible, however, thus. Imagine the incongruity of the opening of this drama with its subject:—

> «*Orchestral music. Funeral march. Roll of muffled drums. A blast of a horn in the distance. Roll of drums. A short psalmodic motive for the organ.* REPEATED KNOCKS, HEAVY AND DULL. *Curtain.*»

What have orchestral music and rolling of drums, and a psalmodic motive for the organ, to do with an old peasant woman dying in a cottage? For that stage of the imagination from which many of us derive a keener pleasure than from that of any theatre, there is perhaps nothing incongruous here. The effect sought to be produced is a psychic one; and if produced, the end is gained, and the means of no moment. It is only from this standpoint that we can view aright the work of Van Lerberghe, Maeterlinck, and Auguste Jenart. 'Les Flaireurs' is wholly unsuitable for the actual stage,— as unsuitable as 'L'Intruse,' or 'Les Aveugles,' or 'Les Sept Princesses,' or 'Le Barbare.' Each needs to be enacted in the shadow-haunted glade of the imagination, in order to be understood aright. Under the lime-light their terror becomes folly, their poetry rhetoric, their tragic significance impotent commonplace; their atmosphere of mystery, the common air of the squalidly apparent; their impressiveness a cause of mocking.

While in Maurice Maeterlinck we certainly encounter one of the most interesting figures in contemporary letters, it is not so easy to arrive at a definite opinion as to whether he is really a dominant force.

There are many who believe that the author of ‘La Princesse Maleine’—and of many striking productions which have succeeded it—will attain to that high mastery which makes a writer a voice for all men, and not merely an arresting echo for his own hour, his own time, among his own people. Certainly his début was significant, remarkable. Yet in France, where his reputation was made, he is already looked upon as a waning force. Any new work by him is regarded with interest, with appreciation and sympathy perhaps, but not with that excited anticipation with which formerly it was greeted. For ourselves, we cannot estimate him otherwise than by his actual achievement. Has the author of ‘La Princesse Maleine,’ ‘L'Intruse,’ and ‘Les Aveugles’—his earliest and most discussed works—fulfilled himself in ‘Pélléas et Mélisande’ and the successors of that moving drama? His admirers declared that in this last-named play we should find him at his best and most mature. But ‘Pélléas and Mélisande’ has not stood the test.

Yet I do not think ‘Pélléas et Mélisande’ is—what so many claim for it—Maeterlinck's Sedan. All the same it is, at best, «a faithful failure.» I believe he will give us still better work; work as distinctive as his two masterpieces, ‘L'Intruse’ and ‘Les Aveugles,’ but with a wider range of sympathy, more genial an insight, an apprehension and technical achievement more masterly still. Indeed, in ‘Tintagiles’ and his latest productions, he has to a large extent fulfilled the wonderful imaginative beauty with which he charmed us in ‘Les Sept Princesses.’ Still, even here it is rather the dream-record of a dreamer than the actual outlook on life of a creative mind.

Finally, what we have to bear in mind meanwhile is that Maurice Maeterlinck is possibly the pioneer of a new method coming into literature. We must not look too closely, whether in praise or blame, to those treasured formulas of his, of which so much has been said. What is inessential in these he will doubtless unlearn; what is essential he will probably develop. For it is not in the accidents of his dramatic expression that so fine an artist as Maeterlinck is an original writer, but in that quality of insight which is his own, that phrasing, that atmosphere.

William Sharp

FROM ‹THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES›

The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, Second Series. Translated by Richard Hovey. Copyright 1896, by Stone & Kimball.

Scene: At the top of a hill overlooking the castle. Enter Ygraine, *holding* Tintagiles *by the hand.*

YGRAINE — Thy first night will be troubled, Tintagiles. Already the sea howls about us; and the trees are moaning. It is late. The moon is just setting behind the poplars that stifle the palace. We are alone, perhaps, for all that here we have to live on guard. There seems to be a watch set for the approach of the slightest happiness. I said to myself one day, in the very depths of my soul,—and God himself could hardly hear it,—I said to myself one day I should be happy. There needed nothing further: in a little while our old father died, and both our brothers vanished without a single human being able since to tell us where they are. Now I am all alone, with my poor sister and thee, my little Tintagiles; and I have no faith in the future. Come here; sit on my knee. Kiss me first: and put thy little arms there, all the way around my neck; perhaps they will not be able to undo them. Rememberest thou the time when it was I that carried thee at night when bedtime came; and when thou fearedst the shadows of my lamp in the long windowless corridors?—I felt my soul tremble upon my lips when I saw thee, suddenly, this morning. I thought thee so far away, and so secure. Who was it made thee come here?

Tintagiles — I do not know, little sister.

Ygraine — Thou dost not know any longer what was said?

Tintagiles — They said I had to leave.

Ygraine — But why hadst thou to leave?

Tintagiles — Because it was the Queen's will.

Ygraine — They did not say why it was her will?—I am sure they said many things.

Tintagiles — I heard nothing, little sister.

Ygraine — When they spoke among themselves, what did they say?

Tintagiles — They spoke in a low voice, little sister.

Ygraine — All the time?

Tintagiles — All the time, sister Ygraine; except when they looked at me.

Ygraine — They did not speak of the Queen?

Tintagiles—They said she was never seen, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine—And those who were with thee, on the bridge of the ship, said nothing?

Tintagiles—They minded nothing but the wind and the sails, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine—Ah! that does not astonish me, my child.

Tintagiles—They left me all alone, little sister.

Ygraine—Listen, Tintagiles, I will tell thee what I know.

Tintagiles—What dost thou know, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—Not much, my child. My sister and I have crept along here, since our birth, without daring to understand a whit of all that happens. For a long while, indeed, I lived like a blind woman on this island; and it all seemed natural to me. I saw no other events than the flying of a bird, the trembling of a leaf, the opening of a rose. There reigned such a silence that the falling of a ripe fruit in the park called faces to the windows. And no one seemed to have the least suspicion; but one night I learned there must be something else. I would have fled, and could not. Hast thou understood what I have said?

Tintagiles—Yes, yes, little sister: I understand whatever you will.

Ygraine—Well, then, let us speak no more of things that are not known. Thou seest yonder, behind the dead trees that poison the horizon—thou seest the castle yonder, in the depth of the valley?

Tintagiles—That which is so black, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine—It is black indeed. It is at the very depth of an amphitheatre of shadows. We have to live there. It might have been built on the summit of the great mountains that surround it. The mountains are blue all day. We should have breathed. We should have seen the sea and the meadows on the other side of the rocks. But they preferred to put it in the depth of the valley; and the very air does not go down so low. It is falling in ruins, and nobody bewares. The walls are cracking; you would say it was dissolving in the shadows. There is only one tower unassailed by the weather. It is enormous; and the house never comes out of its shadow.

Tintagiles—There is something shining, sister Ygraine. See, see, the great red windows!

Ygraine—They are those of the tower, Tintagiles: they are the only ones where you will see light; it is there the throne of the Queen is set.

Tintagiles — I shall not see the Queen?

Ygraine — No one can see her.

Tintagiles — Why can't one see her?

Ygraine — Come nearer, Tintagiles. Not a bird nor a blade of grass must hear us.

Tintagiles — There is no grass, little sister. [*A silence.*] — What does the Queen do?

Ygraine — No one knows, my child. She does not show herself. She lives there, all alone in her tower; and they that serve her do not go out by day. She is very old; she is the mother of our mother; and she would reign alone. She is jealous and suspicious, and they say that she is mad. She fears lest some one rise into her place, and it was doubtless because of that fear that she had thee brought hither. Her orders are carried out no one knows how. She never comes down; and all the doors of the tower are closed night and day. I never caught a glimpse of her; but others have seen her, it seems, in the past, when she was young.

Tintagiles — Is she very ugly, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine — They say she is not beautiful, and that she is growing huge. But they that have seen her dare never speak of it. Who knows, indeed, if they have seen her? She has a power not to be understood; and we live here with a great unpitying weight upon our souls. Thou must not be frightened beyond measure, nor have bad dreams; we shall watch over thee, my little Tintagiles, and no evil will be able to reach thee: but do not go far from me, your sister Bellangère, nor our old master Aglovale.

Tintagiles — Not from Aglovale either, sister Ygraine?

Ygraine — Not from Aglovale either. He loves us.

Tintagiles — He is so old, little sister!

Ygraine — He is old, but very wise. He is the only friend we have left; and he knows many things. It is strange; she has made thee come hither without letting any one know. I do not know what there is in my heart. I was sorry and glad to know thou wert so far away, beyond the sea. And now — I was astonished. I went out this morning to see if the sun was rising over the mountains; and it is thou I see upon the threshold. I knew thee at once.

Tintagiles — No, no, little sister: it was I that laughed first.

Ygraine — I could not laugh at once. Thou wilt understand. It is time, Tintagiles, and the wind is growing black upon the sea. Kiss me harder, again, again, before thou standest upright. Thou knowest not how we love. Give me thy little hand. I shall guard it well; and we will go back into the sickening castle. [*Exeunt.*

Scene: An apartment in the castle. Aglovale *and* Ygraine *discovered.* *Enter* Bellangère.

Bellangère—Where is Tintagiles?

Ygraine—Here; do not speak too loud. He sleeps in the other room. He seems a little pale, a little ailing too. He was tired by the journey and the long sea-voyage. Or else the atmosphere of the castle has startled his little soul. He cried for no cause. I rocked him to sleep on my knees; come, see. He sleeps in our bed. He sleeps very gravely, with one hand on his forehead, like a little sad king.

Bellangère [*bursting suddenly into tears*]—My sister! my sister! my poor sister!

Ygraine—What is the matter?

Bellangère—I dare not say what I know, and I am not sure that I know anything, and yet I heard that which one could not hear—

Ygraine—What didst thou hear?

Bellangère—I was passing near the corridors of the tower—

Ygraine—Ah!

Bellangère—A door there was ajar. I pushed it very softly. I went in.

Ygraine—In where?

Bellangère—I had never seen the place. There were other corridors lighted with lamps; then low galleries that had no outlet. I knew it was forbidden to go on. I was afraid, and I was going to return upon my steps, when I heard a sound of voices one could hardly hear.

Ygraine—It must have been the handmaids of the Queen: they dwell at the foot of the tower.

Bellangère—I do not know just what it was. There must have been more than one door between us; and the voices came to me like the voice of some one who was being smothered. I drew as near as I could. I am not sure of anything, but I think they spoke of a child that came to-day and of a crown of gold. They seemed to be laughing.

Ygraine—They laughed?

Bellangère—Yes, I think they laughed, unless they were weeping, or unless it was something I did not understand; for it was hard to hear, and their voices were sweet. They seemed to echo in a crowd under the arches. They spoke of the child the Queen would see. They will probably come up this evening.

Ygraine—What? this evening?

Bellangère—Yes, yes, I think so.

Ygraine—They spoke no one's name?

Bellangère—They spoke of a child, of a very little child.

Ygraine—There is no other child.

Bellangère—They raised their voices a little at that moment, because one of them had said the day seemed not yet come.

Ygraine—I know what that means; it is not the first time they have issued from the tower. I knew well why she made him come; but I could not believe she would hasten so! We shall see; we are three, and we have time.

Bellangère—What wilt thou do?

Ygraine—I do not know yet what I shall do, but I will astonish her. Do you know how you tremble? I will tell you—

Bellangère—What?

Ygraine—She shall not take him without trouble.

Bellangère—We are alone, sister Ygraine.

Ygraine—Ah! it is true, we are alone! There is but one remedy, the one with which we have always succeeded! Let us wait upon our knees as the other times. Perhaps she will have pity! She allows herself to be disarmed by tears. We must grant her all she asks us; haply she will smile; and she is wont to spare all those who kneel. She has been there for years in her huge tower, devouring our beloved, and none, not one, has dared to strike her in the face. She is there, upon our souls, like the stone of a tomb, and no one dare put forth his arm. In the time when there were men here, they feared too, and fell upon their faces. To-day it is the woman's turn: we shall see. It is time to rise at last. We know not upon what her power rests, and I will live no longer in the shadow of her tower. Go—go, both of you, and leave me more alone still, if you tremble too. I shall await her.

Bellangère—Sister, I do not know what must be done; but I stay with thee.

Aglovale — I too stay, my daughter. For a long time my soul has been restless. You are going to try. We have tried more than once.

Ygraine — You have tried — you too?

Aglovale — They have all tried. But at the last moment they have lost their strength. You will see, you too. Should she order me to come up to her this very night, I should clasp both my hands without a word; and my tired feet would climb the stair, without delay and without haste, well as I know no one comes down again with open eyes. I have no more courage against her. Our hands are of no use and reach no one. They are not the hands we need, and all is useless. But I would help you, because you hope. Shut the doors, my child. Wake Tintagiles; encircle him with your little naked arms and take him on your knees. We have no other defense.

THE INNER BEAUTY

From 'The Treasure of the Humble'

There is nothing in the whole world that can vie with the soul in its eagerness for beauty, or in the ready power wherewith it adopts beauty unto itself. There is nothing in the world capable of such spontaneous uplifting, of such speedy ennoblement; nothing that offers more scrupulous obedience to the pure and noble commands it receives. There is nothing in the world that yields deeper submission to the empire of a thought that is loftier than other thoughts. And on this earth of ours there are but few souls that can withstand the dominion of the soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful.

In all truth might it be said that beauty is the unique aliment of our soul; for in all places does it search for beauty, and it perishes not of hunger even in the most degraded of lives. For indeed nothing of beauty can pass by and be altogether unperceived. Perhaps does it never pass by save only in our unconsciousness: but its action is no less puissant in gloom of night than by light of day; the joy it procures may be less tangible, but other difference there is none. Look at the most ordinary of men, at a time when a little beauty has contrived to steal into their darkness. They have come together, it matters not where, and for no special reason; but no sooner are they assembled than their very first thought would seem to be to close the great doors of life. Yet has each one of them, when alone, more than once lived in accord with his soul. He has loved perhaps, of a surety he has suffered. Inevitably must he too have heard the «sounds that come from the distant country of Splendor and Terror»; and many an evening has he bowed down in silence before laws that are deeper than the sea. And yet when these men are assembled, it is with the basest of things that they love to debauch themselves. They have a strange indescribable fear of beauty; and as their number increases, so does this fear become greater, resembling indeed their dread of silence or of a verity that is too pure. And so true is this, that were one of them to have done something heroic in the course of the day, he would ascribe wretched motives to his conduct, thereby endeavoring to find excuses for it, and these motives would lie readily to his hand in that lower region where he and his fellows were assembled. And yet listen: a proud and lofty word has been spoken, a word that has in a measure undammed the springs of life. For one instant has a soul dared to reveal itself, even such as it is in love and sorrow, such as it is in face of death and in the solitude that dwells around the stars of night. Disquiet prevails; on some faces there is astonishment, others smile. But have you never felt at moments such as those how unanimous is the fervor wherewith every soul admires, and how unspeakably even the very feeblest, from the remotest depths of its dungeon, approves the word it has recognized as akin to itself? For they have all suddenly sprung to life again in the primitive and normal atmosphere that is their own; and could you but hearken with angels' ears, I doubt not but you would hear mightiest applause in that kingdom of amazing radiance wherein the souls do dwell. Do you not think that even the most timid of them would take courage unto themselves were but similar words to be spoken every evening? Do you not think that men would live purer lives? And yet though the word come not again, still will something momentous have happened, that must leave still more momentous trace behind. Every evening will its sisters recognize the soul that pronounced the word; and henceforth, be the conversation never so trivial, its mere presence will, I know not how, add thereto something of majesty. Whatever else betide, there has been a change that we cannot determine. No longer will such absolute power be vested in the baser side of things, and henceforth even the most terror-stricken of souls will know that there is somewhere a place of refuge.

Certain it is that the natural and primitive relationship of soul to soul is a relationship of beauty. For beauty is the only language of our soul; none other is known to it. It has no other life, it can produce nothing else, in nothing else can it take interest. And therefore it is that the most oppressed, nay, the most degraded of souls,—if it may truly be said that a soul can be degraded,—immediately hail with acclamation every thought, every word or deed, that is great and beautiful. Beauty is the only element wherewith the soul is organically connected, and it has no other standard or judgment. This is brought home to us at every moment of our life, and is no less evident to the man by whom beauty may more than once have been denied, than to him who is ever seeking it in his heart. Should a day come when you stand in profoundest need of another's sympathy, would you go to him who was wont to greet the passage of beauty with a sneering smile? Would you go to him whose shake of the head had sullied a generous action or a mere impulse that was pure? Even though perhaps you had been of those who commended him, you would none the less, when it was truth that knocked at your door, turn to the man who had known how to prostrate himself and love. In its very depths had your soul passed its judgment; and it is this silent and unerring judgment that will rise to the surface, after thirty years perhaps, and send you towards a sister who shall be more truly you than you are yourself, for that she has been nearer to beauty.

There needs but so little to encourage beauty in our soul; so little to awaken the slumbering angels; or perhaps is there no need of awakening,—it is enough that we lull them not to sleep. It requires more effort to fall, perhaps, than to rise. Can we, without putting constraint upon ourselves, confine our thoughts to every-day things at times when the sea stretches before us and we are face to face with the night? And what soul is there but knows that it is ever confronting the sea, ever in presence of an eternal night? Did we but dread beauty less, it would come about that naught else in life would be visible; for in reality it is beauty that underlies everything, it is beauty alone that exists. There is no soul but is conscious of this; none that is not in readiness; but where are those that hide not their beauty? And yet must one of them «begin.» Why not dare to be the one to «begin»? The others are all watching eagerly around us like little children in front of a marvelous palace. They press upon the threshold, whispering to each other and peering through every crevice; but there is not one who dares put his shoulder to the door. They are all waiting for some grown-up person to come and fling it open. But hardly ever does such a one pass by.

And yet what is needed to become the grown-up person for whom they lie in wait? So little! The soul is not exacting. A thought that is almost beautiful—a thought that you speak not, but that you cherish within you at this moment—will irradiate you as though you were a transparent vase. They will see it, and their greeting to you will be very different than had you been meditating how best to deceive your brother. We are surprised when certain men tell us that they have never come across real ugliness, that they cannot conceive that a soul can be base. Yet need there be no cause for surprise. These men had «begun.» They themselves had been the first to be beautiful, and had therefore attracted all the beauty that passed by, as a light-house attracts the vessels from the four corners of the horizon. Some there are who complain of women, for instance; never dreaming that the first time a man meets a woman, a single word or thought that denies the beautiful or profound will be enough to poison forever *his existence* in her soul. «For my part,» said a sage to me one day, «I have never come across a single woman who did not bring to me something that was great.» He was great himself first of all; therein lay his secret. There is one thing only that the soul can never forgive: it is to have been compelled to behold, or share, or pass close to an ugly action, word, or thought. It cannot forgive, for forgiveness here were but the denial of itself. And yet with the generality of men, ingenuity, strength, and skill do but imply that the soul must first of all be banished from their life, and that every impulse that lies too deep must be carefully brushed aside. Even in love do they act thus; and therefore it is that the woman, who is so much nearer the truth, can scarcely ever live a moment of the true life with them. It is as though men dreaded the contact of their soul, and were anxious to keep its beauty at immeasurable distance. Whereas, on the contrary, we should endeavor to move in advance of ourselves. If at this moment you think or say something that is too beautiful to be true in you—if you have but endeavored to think or say it to-day, on the morrow it will be true. We must try to be more beautiful than ourselves; we shall never distance our soul. We can never err when it is question of silent or hidden beauty. Besides, so long as the spring within us be limpid, it matters but little whether error there be or not. But do any of us ever dream of making the slightest unseen effort? And yet in the domain where we are, everything is effective; for that, everything is waiting. All the doors are unlocked; we have but to push them open, and the palace is full of manacled queens. A single word will very often suffice to clear the mountain of refuse. Why not have the courage to meet a base question with a noble answer? Do you imagine it would pass quite unnoticed, or merely arouse surprise? Do you not think it would be more akin to the discourse that would naturally be held between two souls? We know not where it may give encouragement, where freedom. Even he who rejects your words will in spite of himself have taken a step towards the beauty that is within him. Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years: but like the diamond, it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go his way rejoicing. Then why keep back a lofty, beautiful word, for that you doubt whether others will understand? An instant of higher goodness was impending over you: why hinder its coming, even though you believe not that those about you will profit thereby? What if you are among men of the valley: is that sufficient reason for checking the instinctive movement of your soul towards the mountain peaks? Does darkness rob deep feeling of its power? Have the blind naught but their eyes wherewith to distinguish those who love them from those who love them not? Can the beauty not exist that is not understood? and is there not in every man something that does understand, in regions far beyond what he seems to understand,—far beyond, too, what he believes he understands? « Even to the very wretchedest of all,» said to me one day the loftiest-minded creature it has ever been my happiness to know,—« even to the very wretchedest of all, I never have the courage to say anything in reply that is ugly or mediocre.» I have for a long time followed that man's life, and have seen the inexplicable power he exercised over the most obscure, the most unapproachable, the blindest, even the most rebellious of souls. For no tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actively beautiful in itself. And indeed, is it not the quality of this activity that renders a life either miserable or divine?

If we could but probe to the root of things, it might well be discovered that it is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. Is it not the idea we each form of certain chosen ones that constitutes the only living, effective morality? But in this idea how much is there of the soul that is chosen, how much of him who chooses? Do not these things blend very mysteriously, and does not this ideal morality lie infinitely deeper than the morality of the most beautiful books? A far-reaching influence exists therein whose limits it is indeed difficult to define, and a fountain of strength whereat we all of us drink many times a day. Would not any weakness in one of those creatures whom you thought perfect, and loved in the region of beauty, at once lessen your confidence in the universal greatness of things, and would your admiration for them not suffer?

And again, I doubt whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing that one exhibits to the stranger; for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore you will do well to think it over; for none are alone, and those who are good must watch.

Plotinus, in the eighth book of the fifth 'Ennead,' after speaking of the beauty that is «intelligible,»—*i. e.*, Divine,—concludes thus: «As regards ourselves, we are beautiful when we belong to ourselves, and ugly when we lower ourselves to our inferior nature. Also are we beautiful when we know ourselves, and ugly when we have no such knowledge.» Bear it in mind, however, that here we are on the mountains, where not to know oneself means far more than mere ignorance of what takes place within us at moments of jealousy or love, fear or envy, happiness or unhappiness. Here not to know oneself means to be unconscious of all the divine that throbs in man. As we wander from the gods within us, so does ugliness enwrap us; as we discover them, so do we become more beautiful. But it is only by revealing the divine that is in us that we may discover the divine in others. Needs must one god beckon to another; and no signal is so imperceptible but they will every one of them respond. It cannot be said too often, that be the crevice never so small, it will yet suffice for all the waters of heaven to pour into our soul. Every cup is stretched out to the unknown spring, and we are in a region where none think of aught but beauty. If we could ask of an angel what it is that our souls do in the shadow, I believe the angel would answer, after having looked for many years perhaps, and seen far more than the things the soul seems to do in the eyes of men, "They transform into beauty all the little things that are given to them." Ah! we must admit that the human soul is possessed of singular courage! Resignedly does it labor, its whole life long, in the darkness whither most of us relegate it, where it is spoken to by none. There, never complaining, does it do all that in its power lies, striving to tear from out the pebbles we fling to it the nucleus of eternal light that peradventure they contain. And in the midst of its work it is ever lying in wait for the moment when it may show to a sister who is more tenderly cared for, or who chances to be nearer, the treasures it has so toilfully amassed. But thousands of existences there are that no sister visits; thousands of existences wherein life has infused such timidity into the soul that it departs without saying a word, without even once having been able to deck itself with the humblest jewels of its humble crown.

And yet, in spite of all, does it watch over everything from out its invisible heaven. It warns and loves, it admires, attracts, repels. At every fresh event does it rise to the surface, where it lingers till it be thrust down again, being looked upon as wearisome and insane. It wanders to and fro, like Cassandra at the gates of the Atrides. It is ever giving utterance to words of shadowy truth, but there are none to listen. When we raise our eyes, it yearns for a ray of sun or star that it may weave into a thought, or haply an impulse, which shall be unconscious and very pure. And if our eyes bring it nothing, still will it know how to turn its pitiful disillusion into something ineffable, that it will conceal even till its death. When we love, how eagerly does it drink in the light from behind the closed door! — keen with expectation, it yet wastes not a minute, and the light that steals through the apertures becomes beauty and truth to the soul. But if the door open not, (and how many lives are there wherein it does open?) it will go back into its prison, and its regret will perhaps be a loftier verity that shall never be seen; — for we are now in the region of transformations whereof none may speak; and though nothing born this side of the door can be lost, yet does it never mingle with our life.

I said just now that the soul changed into beauty the little things we gave to it. It would even seem, the more we think of it, that the soul has no other reason for existence, and that all its activity is consumed in amassing, at the depths of us, a treasure of indescribable beauty. Might not everything naturally turn into beauty were we not unceasingly interrupting the arduous labors of our soul? Does not evil itself become precious so soon as it has gathered therefrom the deep-lying diamond of repentance? The acts of injustice whereof you have been guilty, the tears you have caused to flow, will not these end too by becoming so much radiance and love in your soul? Have you ever cast your eyes into this kingdom of purifying flame that is within you? Perhaps a great wrong may have been done you to-day, the act itself being mean and disheartening, the mode of action of the basest, and ugliness wrapped you round as your tears fell. But let some years elapse,— then give one look into your soul, and tell me whether, beneath the recollection of that act, you see not something that is already purer than thought: an indescribable, unnamable force that has naught in common with the forces of this world; a mysterious inexhaustible spring of the other life, whereat you may drink for the rest of your days. And yet will you have rendered no assistance to the untiring queen; other thoughts will have filled your mind, and it will be without your knowledge that the act will have been purified in the silence of your being, and will have flown into the precious waters that lie in the great reservoir of truth and beauty, which, unlike the shallower reservoir of true or beautiful thoughts, has an ever ruffled surface, and remains for all time out of reach of the breath of life. Emerson tells us that there is not an act or event in our life but sooner or later casts off its outer shell, and bewilders us by its sudden flight, from the very depths of us, on high into the empyrean. And this is true to a far greater extent than Emerson had foreseen; for the further we advance in these regions, the diviner are the spheres we discover.

We can form no adequate conception of what this silent activity of the souls that surround us may really mean. Perhaps you have spoken a pure word to one of your fellows, by whom it has not been understood. You look upon it as lost, and dismiss it from your mind. But one day, peradventure, the word comes up again extraordinarily transformed, and revealing the unexpected fruit it has borne in the darkness; then silence once more falls over all. But it matters not; we have learned that nothing can be lost in the soul, and that even to the very pettiest there come moments of splendor. It is unmistakably borne home to us that even the unhappiest and the most destitute of men have at the depths of their being, and in spite of themselves, a treasure of beauty that they cannot despoil. They have but to acquire the habit of dipping into this treasure. It suffices not that beauty should keep solitary festival in life; it has to become a festival of every day. There needs no great effort to be admitted into the ranks of those "whose eyes no longer behold earth in flower, and sky in glory, in infinitesimal fragments, but indeed in sublime masses";—and I speak here of flowers and sky that are purer and more lasting than those that we behold. Thousands of channels there are through which the beauty of our soul may sail even unto our thoughts. Above all is there the wonderful central channel of love.

Is it not in love that are found the purest elements of beauty that we can offer to the soul? Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other. And to love thus means that, little by little, the sense of ugliness is lost; that one's eyes are closed to all the littlenesses of life, to all but the freshness and virginity of the very humblest of souls. Loving thus, we have no longer even the need to forgive. Loving thus, we can no longer have anything to conceal, for that the ever present soul transforms all things into beauty. It is to behold evil in so far only as it purifies indulgence, and teaches us no longer to confound the sinner with his sin. Loving thus, do we raise on high within ourselves all those about us who have attained an eminence where failure has become impossible; heights whence a paltry action has so far to fall, that touching earth it is compelled to yield up its diamond soul. It is to transform, though all unconsciously, the feeblest intention that hovers about us into illimitable movement.

It is to summon all that is beautiful in earth, heaven, or soul, to the banquet of love. Loving thus, we do indeed exist before our fellows as we exist before God. It means that the least gesture will call forth the presence of the soul with all its treasure. No longer is there need of death, disaster, or tears, for that the soul shall appear: a smile suffices. Loving thus, we perceive truth in happiness as profoundly as some of the heroes perceived it in the radiance of greatest sorrow. It means that the beauty that turns into love is undistinguishable from the love that turns into beauty. It means to be able no longer to tell where the ray of a star leaves off and the kiss of an ordinary thought begins. It means to have come so near to God that the angels possess us. Loving thus, the same soul will have been so beautified by us all that it will become little by little the «unique angel» mentioned by Swedenborg. It means that each day will reveal to us a new beauty in that mysterious angel, and that we shall walk together in a goodness that shall ever become more and more living, loftier and loftier. For there exists also a lifeless beauty made up of the past alone; but the veritable love renders the past useless, and its approach creates a boundless future of goodness, without disaster and without tears. To love thus is but to free one's soul, and to become as beautiful as the soul thus freed. «If, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee,» says the great Plotinus, when dealing with kindred matters,— and of all the intellects known to me, that of Plotinus draws the nearest to the divine,— «if, in the emotion that this spectacle cannot fail to awaken in thee, thou proclaimest not that it is beautiful; and if, plunging thine eyes into thyself, thou dost not then feel the charm of beauty,— it is in vain that, thy disposition being such, thou shouldst seek the intelligible beauty; for thou wouldst seek it only with that which is ugly and impure. Therefore it is that the discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men. But if thou hast recognized beauty within thyself, see that thou rise to the recollection of the intelligible beauty.»

FROM ‹THE TRAGICAL IN DAILY LIFE›

In ‹The Treasure of the Humble›

There is a tragic element in the life of every day that is far more real, far more penetrating, far more akin to the true self that is in us than the tragedy that lies in great adventure. . . .

Is it beyond the mark to say that the true tragic element, normal, deep-rooted, and universal,—that the true tragic element of life only begins at the moment when so-called adventures, sorrows, and dangers have disappeared? Is the arm of happiness not longer than that of sorrow, and do not certain of its attributes draw nearer to the soul? Must we indeed roar like the Atridæ, before the Eternal God will reveal himself in our life? and is he never by our side at times when the air is calm, and the lamp burns on unflickering? . . . Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability in happiness, in a single moment of repose, than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we at last behold the march of time—ay, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still—is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger-stroke of conventional drama? Is it not at the very moment when a man believes himself secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage? Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point? Is life always at its sublimest in a kiss? Are there not other moments, when one hears purer voices that do not fade away so soon? Does the soul only flower on nights of storm? Hitherto, doubtless, this belief has prevailed. It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days, that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers; and truly may one say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. . . .

To the tragic author, as to the mediocre painter who still lingers over historical pictures, it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals; and in his representation thereof does the entire interest of his work consist. And he imagines, forsooth, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that brought joy to the hearts of the barbarians, with whom murder, outrage, and treachery were matters of daily occurrence. Whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battle-cry, and sword-thrust that the lives of most of us flow on; and men's tears are silent to-day, and invisible, and almost spiritual.

Indeed, when I go to a theatre, I feel as though I were spending a few hours with my ancestors, who conceived life as something that was primitive, arid, and brutal; but this conception of theirs scarcely even lingers in my memory, and surely it is not one that I can share. I am shown a deceived husband killing his wife, a woman poisoning her lover, a son avenging his father, a father slaughtering his children, children putting their father to death, murdered kings, ravished virgins, imprisoned citizens — in a word, all the sublimity of tradition, but alas, how superficial and material! Blood, surface-tears, and death! What can I learn from creatures who have but one fixed idea, and who have no time to live, for that there is a rival, or a mistress, whom it behoves them to put to death? . . .

I admire Othello, but he does not appear to me to live the august daily life of a Hamlet, who has the time to live, inasmuch as he does not act. Othello is admirably jealous. But is it not perhaps an ancient error to imagine that it is at the moments when this passion, or others of equal violence, possesses us, that we live our truest lives? I have grown to believe that an old man, seated in his arm-chair, waiting patiently, with his lamp beside him; giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house; interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of the light; submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny,— an old man, who conceives not that all the powers of this world, like so many heedful servants, are mingling and keeping vigil in his room, who suspects not that the very sun itself is supporting in space the little table against which he leans, or that every star in heaven and every fibre of the soul are directly concerned in the movement of an eyelid that closes, or a thought that springs to birth,— I have grown to believe that he, motionless as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or «the husband who avenges his honor.»

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN

(1793-1842)

Blackwood was astonished one day by the intrusion of a wild Irishman from Cork into the publishing house of the staid Scotch magazine. With much warmth and an exaggerated brogue the stranger demanded to know the identity of one Ralph Tuckett Scott, who had been printing things in the periodical. Of course he was not told, and was very coldly treated; but Mr. Blackwood was much delighted at last to find in the person of his guest the original of his valued and popular Irish contributor, who taking this odd method disclosed the personality and name of William Maginn, a young schoolmaster who had begun to write over the name of Crossman, and afterwards assumed several other pseudonyms before he settled upon the famous «Sir Morgan O'Doherty.»

Dr. William Maginn

Born in the city of Cork, November 11th, 1793, William Maginn may be said to have taken learning with his mother's milk. His father conducted an academy for boys in the Irish Athens, as Cork was then called; and the future editor of Fraser's Magazine was prepared for and entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of ten. He was graduated at fourteen; and so extraordinary was his mind that he was master not only of the classics but of most of the languages of modern Europe, including of course his own ancestral Gaelic. When his father died, William, then twenty years of age, took charge of the academy in Marlborough Street, and in 1817 took his degree of LL. D. at Trinity College. In the following year he made his way into the field of letters. When he went to London in 1824, his reputation as a brilliant writer was well established and enduring. He had married in 1817 the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bullen, rector of Kanturk.

Immediately upon his removal to London, he was engaged by Theodore Hook as editor of John Bull. In 1827 he boldly published a broad and witty satire on Scott's historical novels. He was assistant editor of the Evening Standard upon its institution, a position which he held for years at a salary of £400. These years he said afterwards were the happiest of his life. He was a sturdy Irishman, and proud of his country; and he had what is often an Irishman's strongest weakness,—he was a spendthrift. His appreciation of his relations toward creditors was embodied in the phrase "They put something in a book." Little wonder then that his last years were wretched and bailiff-haunted. The sketch of Captain Brandon in the debtors' prison, in 'Pendennis,' is said to have been taken from this period of Maginn's life.

Before this sad time, though, came a long era of prosperity, and the days of the uncrowned sovereignty of letters as editor of Fraser's Magazine. This periodical was started as a rival to Blackwood's because Maginn had fallen out with the publishers of that magazine. The first number appeared February 1st, 1830; and before the year was out it was not only a great financial success, but had upon its staff the best of all the English writers. The attachment between Dr. Maginn and Letitia E. Landon began in this time; and was, though innocent enough, a sad experience for them both,—torturing Maginn through the jealousy of his wife, and sending "L. E. L." to an uncongenial marriage, and death by prussic acid in the exile of the West Coast of Africa. Released from the Fleet by the Insolvency Act in 1842, broken in health and spirit, Maginn went to the village of Walton-on-Thames, where he died from consumption, penniless and almost starving, on the 20th of August of that year. Sir Robert Peel had procured for him from the Crown a gift of £100; but he died without knowledge of the scanty gratuity.

SAINT PATRICK

A FIG for St. Denis of France,
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
Compared with the patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted:

Says he, «The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
So bring me a flagon of drink,
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,—
Of drink that is fit for a saint.»

He preached then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
«For,» says he, «I detest your dry preaching.»
The people, with wonderment struck
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed, «We're for you, my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the Devil,
Who dwells in hot water below.»

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black-jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party:
Says the saint, «This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,
So give me a pull at the pot.»

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me, I tell you no fable);
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
«A miracle!» every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo:
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!
The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day quoth his host, «'Tis a fast,
But I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?»
Says Pat, «Cease your nonsense, I beg;
What you tell me is nothing but gammon:
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!»
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He marched to the County Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick had filled it with vermin,
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh, he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper;
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But as he is not, why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish—
Because all the liquor is out!

SONG OF THE SEA

«Woe to us when we lose the watery wall!»—TIMOTHY TICKLER.

If e'er that dreadful hour should come—but God avert the day!—
When England's glorious flag must bend, and yield old Ocean's sway;
When foreign ships shall o'er that deep, where she is empress, lord;
When the cross of red from boltsprit-head is hewn by foreign sword;
When foreign foot her quarter-deck with proud stride treads along;
When her peaceful ships meet haughty check from hail of foreign tongue:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other prince than ours wield sceptre o'er that main,
Where Howard, Blake, and Frobisher the Armada smote of Spain;
Where Blake, in Cromwell's iron sway, swept tempest-like the seas,
From North to South, from East to West, resistless as the breeze;
Where Russell bent great Louis's power, which bent before to none,
And crushed his arm of naval strength, and dimmed his Rising Sun:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

If ever other keel than ours triumphant plow that brine,
Where Rodney met the Count de Grasse, and broke the Frenchman's line;
Where Howe upon the first of June met the Jacobins in fight,
And with old England's loud huzzas broke down their godless might;
Where Jervis at St. Vincent's felled the Spaniards' lofty tiers,
Where Duncan won at Camperdown, and Exmouth at Algiers:
One prayer, one only prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

But oh! what agony it were, when we should think on thee,
The flower of all the Admirals that ever trod the sea!
I shall not name thy honored name; but if the white-cliffed Isle
Which reared the Lion of the deep, the Hero of the Nile,—
Him who 'neath Copenhagen's self o'erthrew the faithless Dane,
Who died at glorious Trafalgar, o'ervanquished France and Spain,—
Should yield her power, one prayer is mine,—that ere is seen that sight,
Ere there be warning of that woe, I may be whelmed in night!

JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY

(1839–)

John Pentland Mahaffy is conspicuous among contemporary Greek scholars and historians for devoting himself less to the study of the golden age of the Greek intellect than to the post-Alexandrian period, when the union of Greece with the Orient produced the Hellenistic world. It is in this highly colored, essentially modern world of decadent Greek energy that Professor Mahaffy is most at home, and in which he finds the greatest number of parallels to the civilization of his own day. He is disposed indeed to link England and Ireland, through their political life, to the Athens and Sparta of the third century before Christ, and to find precedents in the Grecian republics for democratic conditions in the United States. In the opening chapter of his ‹Greek Life and Thought,› after dwelling upon the hostile attitude of Sparta and Athens towards the Macedonian government, he adds, «But we are quite accustomed in our own day to this Home-Rule and Separatist spirit.»

J. P. Mahaffy

It is this intimate manner of approaching a far-off theme that gives to Professor Mahaffy's work much of its interest. He is continually translating ancient history into the terms of modern life. «Let us save ancient history,» he writes, «from its dreary fate in the hands of the dry antiquarian, the narrow scholar; and while we utilize all his research and all his learning, let us make the acts and lives of older men speak across the chasm of centuries and claim kindred with the men and motives of to-day. For this and this only is to write history in the full and real sense.»

Whatever the merits of his scholarship, Professor Mahaffy has adhered closely to his ideal of a historian. He has a thorough grasp upon the spirit of that period for which he has the keenest appreciation, and which he is able to present to his readers with the greatest clearness and vividness of color and outline. It is true, doubtless, as he says, that the exclusive attention paid by modern scholars to the age of spotless Atticism has overshadowed that Oriental-Hellenistic world which rose after Alexander sank. The majority of persons know little of that rich life of decaying arts and flourishing philosophies, and strangely modern political and social conditions, which had its centres in Alexandria and Antioch. It is of this that Professor Mahaffy writes familiarly in his ‘Greek Life and Thought,’ and in his ‘Greek World under Roman Sway.’ He succeeds in throwing a great deal of light upon this period of history; less perhaps through sheer force of scholarship than through his happy faculty of finding a family relationship in the poets, philosophers, statesmen, and kings of a long-dead world. What he may lose as a «pure scholar» he thus gains as a historian.

In his classical researches, he has profited greatly by his acquaintance with German investigations in this field. Although of Irish parentage, he was born in Switzerland in 1839, and the roots of his education were fixed in the soil of German scholarship. His subsequent residence at Trinity College, Dublin, as professor of ancient history, has by no means weaned him from his earlier educational influences. He attaches the utmost importance to the thorough-going spirit of the German Grecians. He makes constant use of their discoveries. Nevertheless Professor Mahaffy is more of a sympathetic Irish historian or historical essayist than a strict Greek scholar after the German pattern. He is at his best when he is writing of the social side of Hellenistic life. His ‘Greek Life and Thought,’ his ‘Greek World under Roman Sway,’ his ‘Survey of Greek Civilization,’ his ‘Social Life in Greece,’ show keen insight into the conditions which governed the surface appearances of a world whose colors have not yet faded. This world of Oriental sensuousness wedded to Greek intelligence, this world which began with Demosthenes and Alexander and ended with Nero and St. John, seems to Professor Mahaffy a more perfect prototype of the modern world than the purer Attic civilization which preceded it, or the civilization of Imperial Rome which followed it.

Like the majority of modern Greek scholars, Professor Mahaffy has engaged in antiquarian research upon the soil of Greece itself. His ‘Rambles and Studies in Greece,’ a work of conversational charm, shows not a little poetical feeling for the memories that haunt the living sepulchre of a great dead race.

Other works of Professor Mahaffy include ‘Problems in Greek History,’ ‘Prolegomena to Ancient History,’ ‘Lectures on Primitive Civilization,’ ‘The Story of Alexander's Empire,’ ‘Old Greek Life,’ and the ‘History of Classical Greek Literature.’ His value as a historian and student of Greek life lies mainly in his power of suggestion, and in his original and fearless treatment of subjects usually

CHILDHOOD IN ANCIENT LIFE.

Photogravure from a painting by J. Coomans.

approached with the dreary deference of self-conscious scholarship. His revelation of the same human nature linking the world of two thousand years ago to the world of the present day, has earned for his Greek studies deserved popularity.

CHILDHOOD IN ANCIENT LIFE

From ‹Old Greek Education›

WE FIND in Homer, especially in the Iliad, indications of the plainest kind that Greek babies were like the babies of modern Europe: equally troublesome, equally delightful to their parents, equally uninteresting to the rest of society. The famous scene in the sixth book of the Iliad, when Hector's infant, Astyanax, screams at the sight of his father's waving crest, and the hero lays his helmet on the ground that he may laugh and weep over the child; the love and tenderness of Andromache, and her pathetic laments in the twenty-second book,—are familiar to all. She foresees the hardships and unkindnesses to her orphan boy, «who was wont upon his father's knees to eat the purest marrow and the rich fat of sheep, and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased his childish play, he would lie in the arms of his nurse, on a soft cushion, satisfied with every comfort.» So again, a protecting goddess is compared to a mother keeping the flies from her sleeping infant; and a pertinacious friend, to a little girl who, running beside her mother, begs to be taken up, holding her mother's dress and delaying her, and with tearful eyes keeps looking up till the mother denies her no longer. These are only stray references, and yet they speak no less clearly than if we had asked for an express answer to a direct inquiry. So we have the hesitation of the murderers sent to make away with the infant Cypselus, who had been foretold to portend danger to the Corinthian Herods of that day. The smile of the baby unmans — or should we rather say unbrutes? — the first ruffian, and so the task is passed on from man to man. This story in Herodotus is a sort of natural Greek parallel to the great Shakespearean scene, where another child sways his intended torturer with an eloquence more conscious and explicit, but not perhaps more powerful, than the radiant smile of the Greek baby. Thus Euripides, the great master of pathos, represents Iphigenia bringing her infant brother Orestes to plead for her, with that unconsciousness of sorrow which pierces us to the heart more than the most affecting rhetoric. In modern art a little child playing about its dead mother, and waiting with contentment for her awaking, is perhaps the most powerful appeal to human compassion which we are able to conceive.

On the other hand, the troubles of infancy were then as now very great. We do not indeed hear of croup, or teething, or measles, or whooping-cough. But these are occasional matters, and count as nothing beside the inexorable tyranny of a sleepless baby. For then as now, mothers and nurses had a strong prejudice in favor of carrying about restless children, and so soothing them to sleep. The unpractical Plato requires that in his fabulous Republic two or three stout nurses shall be in readiness to carry about each child; because children, like gamecocks, gain spirit and endurance by this treatment! What they really gain is a gigantic power of torturing their mothers. Most children can readily be taught to sleep in a bed, or even in an arm-chair, but an infant once accustomed to being carried about will insist upon it; and so it came that Greek husbands were obliged to relegate their wives to another sleeping-room, where the nightly squalling of the furious infant might not disturb the master as well as the mistress of the house. But the Greek gentleman was able to make good his damaged rest by a midday siesta, and so required but little sleep at night. The modern father in northern Europe, with his whole day's work and waking, is therefore in a more disadvantageous position.

Of course very fashionable people kept nurses; and it was the highest tone at Athens to have a Spartan nurse for the infant, just as an English nurse is sought out among foreign noblesse. We are told that these women made the child hardier, that they used less swathing and bandaging, and allowed free play for the limbs; and this, like all the Spartan physical training, was approved of and admired by the rest of the Greek public, though its imitation was never suggested save in the unpractical speculations of Plato.

Whether they also approved of a diet of marrow and mutton suet, which Homer, in the passage just cited, considers the luxury of princes, does not appear. As Homer was the Greek Bible,—an inspired book containing perfect wisdom on all things, human and divine,—there must have been many orthodox parents who followed his prescription. But we hear no approval or censure of such diet. Possibly marrow may have represented our cod-liver oil in strengthening delicate infants. But as the Homeric men fed far more exclusively on meat than their historical successors, some vegetable substitute, such as olive oil, must have been in use later on. Even within our memory, mutton suet boiled in milk was commonly recommended by physicians for the delicacy now treated by cod-liver oil. The supposed strengthening of children by air and exposure, or by early neglect of their comforts, was as fashionable at Sparta as it is with many modern theorists; and it probably led in both cases to the same result,—the extinction of the weak and delicate. These theorists parade the cases of survival of stout children—that is, their exceptional soundness—as the effect of this harsh treatment, and so satisfy themselves that experience confirms their views. Now with the Spartans this was logical enough; for as they professed and desired nothing but physical results, as they despised intellectual qualities and esteemed obedience to be the highest of moral ones, they were perhaps justified in their proceeding. So thoroughly did they advocate the production of healthy citizens for military purposes, that they were quite content that the sickly should die. In fact, in the case of obviously weak and deformed infants, they did not hesitate to expose them in the most brutal sense,—not to cold and draughts, but to the wild beasts in the mountains.

This brings us to the first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours. We cannot really doubt, from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedies, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy, that the exposing of new-born children was not only sanctioned by public feeling, but actually practiced throughout Greece. Various motives combined to justify or to extenuate this practice. In the first place, the infant was regarded as the property of its parents, indeed of its father, to an extent inconceivable to most modern Europeans. The State only, whose claim overrode all other considerations, had a right for public reasons to interfere with the dispositions of a father. Individual human life had not attained what may be called the exaggerated value derived from sundry superstitions, which remains even after those superstitions have decayed. And moreover, in many Greek States, the contempt for commercial pursuits, and the want of outlet for practical energy, made the supporting of large families cumbersome, or the subdivision of patrimonies excessive. Hence the prudence or the selfishness of parents did not hesitate to use an escape which modern civilization condemns as not only criminal but as horribly cruel. How little even the noblest Greek theorists felt this objection appears from the fact that Plato, the Attic Moses, sanctions infanticide under certain circumstances or in another form, in his ideal State. In the genteel comedy it is often mentioned as a somewhat painful necessity, but enjoined by prudence. Nowhere does the agony of the mother's heart reach us through their literature, save in one illustration used by the Platonic Socrates, where he compares the anger of his pupils, when first confuted out of their prejudices, to the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant. There is something horrible in the very allusion, as if in after life Attic mothers became hardened to this treatment. We must suppose the exposing of female infants to have been not uncommon, until the just retribution of barrenness fell upon the nation, and the population dwindled away by a strange atrophy.

In the many family suits argued by the Attic orators, we do not (I believe) find a case in which a large family of children is concerned. Four appears a larger number than the average. Marriages between relations as close as uncle and niece, and even half-brothers and sisters, were not uncommon; but the researches of modern science have removed the grounds for believing that this practice would tend to diminish the race. It would certainly increase any pre-existing tendency to hereditary disease; yet we do not hear of infantile diseases any more than we hear of delicate infants. Plagues and epidemics were common enough; but as already observed, we do not hear of measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlatina, or any of the other constant persecutors of our nurseries.

As the learning of foreign languages was quite beneath the notions of the Greek gentleman, who rather expected all barbarians to learn *his* language, the habit of employing foreign nurses, so useful and even necessary to good modern education, was well-nigh unknown. It would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up speaking Thracian or Egyptian. Accordingly foreign slave attendants, with their strange accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children till they were able to go to school and had learned their mother tongue perfectly.

But the women's apartments, in which children were kept for the first few years, are closed so completely to us that we can but conjecture a few things about the life and care of Greek babies. A few late epigrams tell the grief of parents bereaved of their infants. Beyond this, classical literature affords us no light. The backwardness in culture of Greek women leads us to suspect that then, as now, Greek babies were more often spoilt than is the case among the serious northern nations. The term "Spartan mother" is, however, still proverbial; and no doubt in that exceptional State, discipline was so universal and so highly esteemed that it penetrated even to the nursery. But in the rest of Greece, we may conceive the young child arriving at his schoolboy age more willful and headstrong than most of our more watched and worried infants. Archytas the philosopher earned special credit for inventing the rattle, and saving much damage to household furniture by occupying children with this toy.

The external circumstances determining a Greek boy's education were somewhat different from ours. We must remember that all old Greek life — except in rare cases, such as that of Elis, of which we know nothing — was distinctly *town life;* and so, naturally, Greek schooling was day-schooling, from which the children returned to the care of their parents. To hand over boys, far less girls, to the charge of a boarding-school, was perfectly unknown, and would no doubt have been gravely censured. Orphans were placed under the care of their nearest male relative, even when their education was provided (as it was in some cases) by the State. Again, as regards the age of going to school, it would naturally be early, seeing that the day-schools may well include infants of tender age, and that in Greek households neither father nor mother was often able or disposed to undertake the education of the children. Indeed, we find it universal that even the knowledge of the letters and reading were obtained from a schoolmaster. All these circumstances would point to an early beginning of Greek school life; whereas, on the other hand, the small number of subjects required in those days, the absence from the programme of various languages, of most exact sciences, and of general history and geography, made it unnecessary to begin so early, or work so hard, as our unfortunate children have to do. Above all, there were no competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. The Greeks never thought of promoting a man for «dead knowledge,» but for his living grasp of science or of life.

Owing to these causes, we find the theorists discussing, as they now do, the expediency of waiting till the age of seven before beginning serious education: some advising it, others recommending easy and half-playing lessons from an earlier period. And then, as now, we find the same curious silence on the really important fact that the exact number of years a child has lived is nothing to the point in question; and that while one child may be too young at seven to commence work, many more may be distinctively too old.

At all events, we may assume in parents the same varieties of over-anxiety, of over-indulgence, of nervousness, and of carelessness, about their children; and so it doubtless came to pass that there was in many cases a gap between infancy and school life which was spent in playing and doing mischief. This may be fairly inferred, not only from such anecdotes as that of Alcibiades playing with his fellows in the street, evidently without the protection of any pedagogue, but also from the large nomenclature of boys' games preserved to us in the glossaries of later grammarians.

These games are quite distinct from the regular exercises in the palæstra. We have only general descriptions of them, and these either by Greek scholiasts or by modern philologists. But in spite of the sad want of practical knowledge of games shown by both, the instincts of boyhood are so uniform that we can often frame a very distinct idea of the sort of amusement popular among Greek children. For young boys, games can hardly consist of anything else than either the practicing of some bodily dexterity, such as hopping on one foot higher or longer than is easy, or throwing further with a stone; or else some imitation of war, such as snowballing, or pulling a rope across a line, or pursuing under fixed conditions; or lastly, the practice of some mechanical ingenuity, such as whipping a top or shooting with marbles. So far as climate or mechanical inventions have not altered our little boys' games, we find all these principles represented in Greek games. There was the hobby or cock horse (*kálamon*, *parabênai*); standing or hopping on one leg (*askōliázein*), which, as the word *askos* implies, was attempted on a skin bottle filled with liquid and greased; blindman's buff (*chalkê muîa*, literally «brazen fly»), in which the boy cried, «I am hunting a brazen fly," and the rest answered, "You will not catch it;" games of hide-and-seek, of taking and releasing prisoners, of fool in the middle, of playing at king: in fact, there is probably no simple child's game now known which was not then in use.

A few more details may, however, be interesting. There was a game called *kyndalismós* [Drive the peg], in which the *kyndalon* was a peg of wood with a heavy end sharpened, which boys sought to strike into a softened place in the earth so that it stood upright and knocked out the peg of a rival. This reminds us of the peg-top splitting which still goes on in our streets. Another, called *ostrakínda*, consisted of tossing an oyster shell in the air, of which one side was blackened or moistened and called night, the other, day,— or sun and rain. The boys were divided into two sides with these names; and according as their side of the shell turned up, they pursued and took prisoners their adversaries. On the other hand, *epostrakismós* was making a shell skip along the surface of water by a horizontal throw, and winning by the greatest number of skips. *Eis ōmillan* [At strife], though a general expression for any contest, was specially applied to tossing a knuckle-bone or smooth stone so as to lie in the centre of a fixed circle, and to disturb those which were already in good positions. This was also done into a small hole (*trópa*). They seem to have shot dried beans from their fingers as we do marbles. They spun coins on their edge (*chalkismós*) [game of coppers].

Here are two games not perhaps so universal nowadays: *pentalithízein* [Fives, Jackstones] was a technical word for tossing up five pebbles or astragali, and receiving them so as to make them lie on the back of the hand. *Mēlolónthē*, or the beetle game, consists in flying a beetle by a long thread, and guiding him like a kite; but by way of improvement they attached a waxed splinter, lighted, to his tail,— and this cruelty is now practiced, according to a good authority (Papasliotis), in Greece, and has even been known to cause serious fires. Tops were known under various names (*bembix*, *strómbos*, *stróbilos*), one of them certainly a humming-top. So were hoops (*trochoí*).

Ball-playing was ancient and diffused, even among the Homeric heroes. But as it was found very fashionable and carefully practiced by both Mexicans and Peruvians at the time of the conquest, it is probably common to all civilized races. We have no details left us of complicated games with balls; and the mere throwing them up and catching them one from the other, with some rhythmic motion, is hardly worth all the poetic fervor shown about this game by the Greeks. But possibly the musical and dancing accompaniments were very important, in the case of grown people and in historical times. Pollux, however,—our main authority for most of these games,—in one place distinctly describes both football and hand-ball. "The names," he says, "of games with balls are—*epískyros*, *phainínda*, *apórraxis*, *ouranía*. The first is played by two even sides, who draw a line in the centre which they call *skyros*, on which they place the ball. They draw two other lines behind each side; and those who first reach the ball throw it (*rhíptousin*) over the opponents, whose duty it is to catch it and return it, until one side drives the other back over their goal line." Though Pollux makes no mention of kicking, this game is evidently our football in substance. He proceeds: "*Phainínda* was called either from Phainindes, the first discoverer, or from *phenakízein* [to play tricks]," etc.,—we need not follow his etymologies; "and *apórraxis* consists of making a ball bound off the ground, and sending it against a wall, counting the number of hops according as it was returned." And as if to make the anticipations of our games more curiously complete, there is cited from the history of Manuel, by the Byzantine Cinnamus (A. D. 1200), a clear description of the Canadian lacrosse, a sort of hockey played with racquets:—

> "Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point [a goal]. Each of them has in his right hand a racquet (*rhábdon*) [wand, staff] of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the racquets (*rhábdoi*) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Two games which were not confined to children—and which are not widely diffused, though they exist among us—are the use of astragali, or knuckle-bones of animals, cut so nearly square as to serve for dice; and with these children threw for luck, the highest throw (sixes) being accounted the best. In later Greek art, representations of Eros and other youthful figures engaged with astragali are frequent. It is to be feared that this game was an introduction to dice-playing, which was so common, and so often abused that among the few specimens of ancient dice remaining, there are some false and some which were evidently loaded. The other game to which I allude is the Italian *morra*, the guessing instantaneously how many fingers are thrown up by the player and his adversary. It is surprising how fond southern men and boys still are of this simple game, chiefly however for gambling purposes.

There was tossing in a blanket, walking on stilts, swinging, leap-frog, and many other similar plays, which are ill understood and worse explained by the learned, and of no importance to us, save as proving the general similarity of the life of little boys then and now.

We know nothing about the condition of little girls of the same age, except that they specially indulged in ball-playing. Like our own children, the girls probably joined to a lesser degree in the boys' games, and only so far as they could be carried on within doors, in the court of the house. There are graceful representations of their swinging and practicing our see-saw. Dolls they had in plenty, and doll-making (of clay) was quite a special trade at Athens. In more than one instance we have found in children's graves their favorite dolls, which sorrowing parents laid with them as a sort of keepsake in the tomb.

Most unfortunately there is hardly a word left of the nursery rhymes, and of the folk-lore, which are very much more interesting than the physical amusements of children. Yet we know that such popular songs existed in plenty; we know too, from the early fame of Æsop's fables, from the myths so readily invented and exquisitely told by Plato, that here we have lost a real fund of beautiful and stimulating children's stories. And of course, here too the general character of such stories throughout the human race was preserved.

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN

(1840–)

The power of genius to discover new relations between familiar facts is strikingly exemplified in Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan's studies of the influence of sea power upon history. The data cited in his works are common literary property; but the conclusions drawn from them are a distinct contribution to historical science. Captain Mahan is the first writer to demonstrate the determining force which maritime strength has exercised upon the fortunes of individual nations, and consequently upon the course of general history; and in that field of work he is yet alone.

Alfred T. Mahan

Technically, one of his representative works, the 'Influence of Sea Power upon History,' is but a naval history of Europe from the restoration of the Stuarts to the end of the American Revolution. But the freedom with which it digresses on general questions of naval policy and strategy, the attention which it pays to the relation of cause and effect between maritime events and international politics, and the author's literary method of treatment, place this work outside the class of strictly professional writings, and entitle it already to be regarded as an American classic.

The contents of Captain Mahan's great studies of naval history were originally given forth in a course of lectures delivered before the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island; and Captain Mahan's prime object, in establishing the thesis that maritime strength is a determining factor in the prosperity of nations, was to reinforce his argument that the future interests of the United States require a departure from the traditional American policy of neglect of naval-military affairs. Captain Mahan has maintained that, as openings to immigration and enterprise in North America and Australia diminish, a demand will arise for a more settled government in the disordered semi-barbarous States of Central and South America. He lays down the proposition that stability of institutions is necessary to commercial intercourse; and that a demand for such stability can hardly be met without the intervention of interested civilized nations. Thus international complications may be fairly anticipated; and the date of their advent will be precipitated by the completion of a canal through the Central-American isthmus. The strategic conditions of the Mediterranean will be reproduced in the Caribbean Sea, and in the international struggle for the control of the new highway of commerce the United States will have the advantage of geographical position. He points out that the carrying trade of the United States is at present insignificant, only because the opening of the West since the Civil War has made maritime undertakings less profitable than the development of the internal resources of the country. It is thus shown to be merely a question of time when American capital will again seek the ocean; and Captain Mahan urges that the United States should seek to guard the interests of the future by building up a strong military navy, and fortifying harbors commanding the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

Captain Mahan's biography is simple and professional. He was born September 27th, 1840. A graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, he served in the Union navy as a lieutenant throughout the Civil War, and was president of the Naval War College from 1886 to 1889 and from 1890 to 1893. He has been a voluminous writer on his peculiar subject or its closely kindred topics. Besides the work already mentioned, his writings include ‹The Gulf and Inland Waters› (1883); ‹Life of Admiral Farragut› (1892); and ‹Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire› (1892), a continuation of the ‹Influence of Sea Power upon History.› He is not a brilliant stylist, but possesses a clear and solid literary technique; and even in dealing with naval science as well as naval episodes, he holds the attention with the serious merits of a descriptive historian.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CRUISERS AND OF STRONG FLEETS IN WAR

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THE English, notwithstanding their heavy loss in the Four Days' Battle, were at sea again within two months, much to the surprise of the Dutch; and on the 4th of August another severe fight was fought off the North Foreland, ending in the complete defeat of the latter, who retired to their own coasts. The English followed, and effected an entrance into one of the Dutch harbors, where they destroyed a large fleet of merchantmen as well as a town of some importance. Toward the end of 1666 both sides [England and Holland] were tired of the war, which was doing great harm to trade, and weakening both navies to the advantage of the growing sea power of France. Negotiations looking toward peace were opened; but Charles II., ill disposed to the United Provinces, confident that the growing pretensions of Louis XIV. to the Spanish Netherlands would break up the existing alliance between Holland and France, and relying also upon the severe reverses suffered at sea by the Dutch, was exacting and haughty in his demands. To justify and maintain this line of conduct he should have kept up his fleet, the prestige of which had been so advanced by its victories. Instead of that, poverty, the result of extravagance and of his home policy, led him to permit it to decline; ships in large numbers were laid up; and he readily adopted an opinion which chimed in with his penury, and which, as it has had advocates at all periods of sea history, should be noted and condemned here. This opinion, warmly opposed by Monk, was:—

> "That as the Dutch were chiefly supported by trade, as the supply of their navy depended upon trade, and as experience showed, nothing provoked the people so much as injuring their trade, his Majesty should therefore apply himself to this, which would effectually humble them, at the same time that it would less exhaust the English than fitting out such mighty fleets as had hitherto kept the sea every summer. . . . Upon these motives the King took a fatal resolution of laying up his great ships, and keeping only a few frigates on the cruise."

In consequence of this economical theory of carrying on a war, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, De Witt, who had the year before caused soundings of the Thames to be made, sent into the river, under De Ruyter, a force of sixty or seventy ships of the line, which on the 14th of June, 1667, went up as high as Gravesend, destroying ships at Chatham and in the Medway, and taking possession of Sheerness. The light of the fires could be seen from London; and the Dutch fleet remained in possession of the mouth of the river until the end of the month. Under this blow, following as it did upon the great plague and the great fire of London, Charles consented to peace, which was signed July 31st, 1667, and is known as the Peace of Breda. The most lasting result of the war was the transfer of New York and

New Jersey to England, thus joining her northern and southern colonies in North America.

Before going on again with the general course of the history of the times, it will be well to consider for a moment the theory which worked so disastrously for England in 1667; that, namely, of maintaining a sea war mainly by preying upon the enemy's commerce. This plan, which involves only the maintenance of a few swift cruisers and can be backed by the spirit of greed in a nation, fitting out privateers without direct expense to the State, possesses the specious attractions which economy always presents. The great injury done to the wealth and prosperity of the enemy is also undeniable; and although to some extent his merchant ships can shelter themselves ignobly under a foreign flag while the war lasts, this *guerre de course*, as the French call it,—this commerce-destroying, to use our own phrase,—must, if in itself successful, greatly embarrass the foreign government and distress its people. Such a war, however, cannot stand alone: it must be *supported*, to use the military phrase; unsubstantial and evanescent in itself, it cannot reach far from its base. That base must be either home ports or else some solid outpost of the national power on the shore or the sea; a distant dependency or a powerful fleet. Failing such support, the cruiser can only dash out hurriedly a short distance from home; and its blows, though painful, cannot be fatal. It was not the policy of 1667, but Cromwell's powerful fleets of ships of the line in 1652, that shut the Dutch merchantmen in their ports and caused the grass to grow in the streets of Amsterdam. When, instructed by the suffering of that time, the Dutch kept large fleets afloat through two exhausting wars, though their commerce suffered greatly, they bore up the burden of the strife against England and France united. Forty years later, Louis XIV. was driven by exhaustion to the policy adopted by Charles II. through parsimony. Then were the days of the great French privateers,—Jean Bart, Forbin, Duguay-Trouin, Du Casse, and others. The regular fleets of the French navy were practically withdrawn from the ocean during the great War of the Spanish Succession (1702–1712). The French naval historian says:—

> "Unable to renew the naval armaments, Louis XIV. increased the number of cruisers upon the more frequented seas, especially the Channel and the German Ocean [not far from home, it will be noticed].

In these different spots the cruisers were always in a position to intercept or hinder the movements of transports laden with troops, and of the numerous convoys carrying supplies of all kinds. In these seas, in the centre of the commercial and political world, there is always work for cruisers. Notwithstanding the difficulties they met, owing to the absence of large friendly fleets, they served advantageously the cause of the two peoples [French and Spanish]. These cruisers, in the face of the Anglo-Dutch power, needed good luck, boldness, and skill. These three conditions were not lacking to our seamen; but then, what chiefs and what captains they had!"

The English historian, on the other hand, while admitting how severely the people and commerce of England suffered from the cruisers, bitterly reflecting at times upon the administration, yet refers over and over again to the increasing prosperity of the whole country, and especially of its commercial part. In the preceding war, on the contrary, from 1689 to 1697, when France sent great fleets to sea and disputed the supremacy of the ocean, how different the result! The same English writer says of that time:—

"With respect to our trade, it is certain that we suffered infinitely more, not merely than the French, for that was to be expected from the greater number of our merchant ships, but than we ever did in any former war. . . . This proceeded in great measure from the vigilance of the French, who carried on the war in a piratical way. It is out of all doubt that, taking all together, our traffic suffered excessively; our merchants were many of them ruined."

Macaulay says of this period: "During many months of 1693 the English trade with the Mediterranean had been interrupted almost entirely. There was no chance that a merchantman from London or Amsterdam would, if unprotected, reach the Pillars of Hercules without being boarded by a French privateer; and the protection of armed vessels was not easily obtained." Why? Because the vessels of England's navy were occupied watching the French navy, and this diversion of them from the cruisers and privateers constituted the support which a commerce-destroying war must have. A French historian, speaking of the same period in England (1696), says: "The state of the finances was deplorable: money was scarce, maritime insurance thirty per cent., the Navigation Act was virtually suspended, and the English shipping reduced to the necessity of sailing under the Swedish and Danish flags." Half a century later the French government was again reduced, by long neglect of the navy, to a cruising warfare. With what results? First, the French historian says: «From June 1756 to June 1760, French privateers captured from the English more than twenty-five hundred merchantmen. In 1761, though France had not, so to speak, a single ship of the line at sea, and though the English had taken two hundred and forty of our privateers, their comrades still took eight hundred and twelve vessels. But,» he goes on to say, «the prodigious growth of the English shipping explains the number of these prizes.» In other words, the suffering involved to England in such numerous captures, which must have caused great individual injury and discontent, did not really prevent the growing prosperity of the State and of the community at large. The English naval historian, speaking of the same period, says: «While the commerce of France was nearly destroyed, the trading fleet of England covered the seas. Every year her commerce was increasing; the money which the war carried out was returned by the produce of her industry. Eight thousand merchant vessels were employed by the English merchants.» And again, summing up the results of the war, after stating the immense amount of specie brought into the kingdom by foreign conquests, he says: «The trade of England increased gradually every year; and such a scene of national prosperity, while waging a long, bloody, and costly war, was never before shown by any people in the world.»

On the other hand, the historian of the French navy, speaking of an earlier phase of the same wars, says: «The English fleets, having nothing to resist them, swept the seas. Our privateers and single cruisers, having no fleet to keep down the abundance of their enemies, ran short careers. Twenty thousand French seamen lay in English prisons. When, on the other hand, in the War of the American Revolution, France resumed the policy of Colbert and of the early reign of Louis XIV., and kept large battle fleets afloat, the same result again followed as in the days of Tourville.» «For the first time,» says the Annual Register, forgetting or ignorant of the experience of 1693, and remembering only the glories of the later wars, «English merchant ships were driven to take refuge under foreign flags.» Finally, in quitting this part of the subject, it may be remarked that in the Island of Martinique the French had a powerful distant dependency upon which to base a cruising warfare; and during the Seven Years'

War, as afterward during the First Empire, it, with Guadaloupe, was the refuge of numerous privateers. "The records of the English admiralty raise the losses of the English in the West Indies during the first years of the Seven Years' War to fourteen hundred merchantmen taken or destroyed." The English fleet was therefore directed against the islands, both of which fell, involving a loss to the trade of France greater than all the depredations of her cruisers on the English commerce, besides breaking up the system; but in the war of 1778 the great fleets protected the islands, which were not even threatened at any time.

So far we have been viewing the effect of a purely cruising warfare, not based upon powerful squadrons, only upon that particular part of the enemy's strength against which it is theoretically directed,—upon his commerce and general wealth, upon the sinews of war. The evidence seems to show that even for its own special ends such a mode of war is inconclusive,—worrying but not deadly; it might almost be said that it causes needless suffering. What, however, is the effect of this policy upon the general ends of the war, to which it is one of the means and to which it is subsidiary? How, again, does it react upon the people that practice it? As the historical evidences will come up in detail from time to time, it need here only be summarized.

The result to England in the days of Charles II. has been seen,—her coast insulted, her shipping burned almost within sight of her capital. In the War of the Spanish Succession, when the control of Spain was the military object, while the French depended upon a cruising war against commerce, the navies of England and Holland, unopposed, guarded the coasts of the peninsula, blocked the port of Toulon, forced the French succors to cross the Pyrenees, and by keeping open the sea highway, neutralized the geographical nearness of France to the seat of war. Their fleets seized Gibraltar, Barcelona, and Minorca; and co-operating with the Austrian army, failed by little of reducing Toulon. In the Seven Years' War the English fleets seized, or aided in seizing, all the most valuable colonies of France and Spain, and made frequent descents on the French coast.

The War of the American Revolution affords no lesson, the fleets being nearly equal. The next most striking instance to Americans is the War of 1812. Everybody knows how our privateers swarmed over the seas; and that from the smallness of our navy the war was essentially, indeed solely, a cruising war. Except upon the lakes, it is doubtful if more than two of our ships at any time acted together. The injury done to English commerce, thus unexpectedly attacked by a distant foe which had been undervalued, may be fully conceded; but on the one hand, the American cruisers were powerfully supported by the French fleet, which, being assembled in larger or smaller bodies in the many ports under the Emperor's control from Antwerp to Venice, tied the fleets of England to blockade duty; and on the other hand, when the fall of the Emperor released them, our coasts were insulted in every direction, the Chesapeake entered and controlled, its shores wasted, the Potomac ascended, and Washington burned. The Northern frontier was kept in a state of alarm, though there, squadrons absolutely weak but relatively strong sustained the general defense; while in the South the Mississippi was entered unopposed, and New Orleans barely saved. When negotiations for peace were opened, the bearing of the English toward the American envoys was not that of men who felt their country to be threatened with an unbearable evil.

The late Civil War, with the cruises of the Alabama and Sumter and their consorts, revived the tradition of commerce-destroying. In so far as this is one means to a general end, and is based upon a navy otherwise powerful, it is well; but we need not expect to see the feats of those ships repeated in the face of a great sea power. In the first place, those cruises were powerfully supported by the determination of the United States to blockade, not only the chief centres of Southern trade, but every inlet of the coast, thus leaving few ships available for pursuit; in the second place, had there been ten of those cruisers where there was one, they would not have stopped the incursion in Southern waters of the Union fleet, which penetrated to every point accessible from the sea; and in the third place, the undeniable injury, direct and indirect, inflicted upon individuals and upon one branch of the nation's industry (and how high that shipping industry stands in the writer's estimation need not be repeated), did not in the least influence or retard the event of the war. Such injuries, unaccompanied by others, are more irritating than weakening. On the other hand, will any refuse to admit that the work of the great Union fleets powerfully modified and hastened an end which was probably inevitable in any case? As a sea power the South then occupied the place of France in the wars we have been considering, while the situation of the North resembled that of England; and as in France, the sufferers in the Confederacy were not a class, but the government and the nation at large.

It is not the taking of individual ships or convoys, be they few or many, that strikes down the money power of a nation: it is the possession of that overbearing power on the sea which drives the enemy's flag from it, or allows it to appear only as a fugitive; and which, by controlling the great common, closes the highways by which commerce moves to and from the enemy's shores. This overbearing power can only be exercised by great navies; and by them (on the broad sea) less efficiently now than in the days when the neutral flag had not its present immunity. It is not unlikely that in the event of a war between maritime nations, an attempt may be made by the one having a great sea power, and wishing to break down its enemy's commerce, to interpret the phrase «effective blockade» in the manner that best suits its interests at the time; to assert that the speed and disposal of its ships make the blockade effective at much greater distances and with fewer ships than formerly. The determination of such a question will depend, not upon the weaker belligerent, but upon neutral powers: it will raise the issue between belligerent and neutral rights; and if the belligerent have a vastly overpowering navy he may carry his point,—just as England, when possessing the mastery of the seas, long refused to admit the doctrine of the neutral flag covering the goods.

MOSES MAIMONIDES

(1135-1204)

BY RABBI GOTTHEIL

THE conclusion of the whole matter is, Go either to the right, my heart, or go to the left; but believe all that Rabbi Moses ben Maimon has believed,— the last of the Gaonim [religious teachers] in time, but the first in rank.» In such manner did the most celebrated Jewish poet in Provence voice in his quaint way the veneration with which the Jewish Aristotle of Cordova was regarded. For well-nigh four hundred years, the descendants of Isaac had lived in the Spanish Peninsula the larger life opened up to them by the sons of Ishmael. They had with ardor cultivated their spiritual possessions — the only ones they had been able to save — as they passed through shipwreck and all manner of ill fortune from the fair lands of the East. The height of their spiritual fortune was manifested in this second Moses, whom they did not scruple to compare with the first bearer of that name.

Abu Amram Musa ibn Ibrahim Ubeid Allah, as his full Arabic name ran, was born in the city of Cordova, «the Mecca of the West,» on March 30th, 1135. His father was learned in Talmudic lore; and from him the young student must have gotten his strong love of knowledge. At an early period he developed a taste for the exact sciences and for philosophy. He read with zeal not only the works of the Mohammedan scholastics, but also those of the Greek philosophers in such dress as they had been made accessible by their Arabian translators. In this way his mind, which by nature ran in logical and systematic grooves, was strengthened in its bent; and he acquired that distaste for mysticism and vagueness which is so characteristic of his literary labors. He went so far as to abhor poetry, the best of which he declared to be false, since it was founded upon pure invention — and this too in a land which had produced such noble expressions of the Hebrew and Arab Muse.

It is strange that this man, whose character was that of a sage, and who was revered for his person as well as for his books, should have led such an unquiet life, and have written his works so full of erudition with the staff of the wanderer in his hand. For his peaceful studies were rudely disturbed in his thirteenth year by the invasion of the Almohades, or Mohammedan Unitarians, from Africa. They not only captured Cordova, but set up a form of religious persecution which happily is not always characteristic of Islamic piety. Maimonides's father wandered to Almeria on the coast; and then (1159) straight into the lion's jaws at Fez in Africa,—a line of conduct hardly intelligible in one who had fled for the better exercise of the dictates of conscience. So pressing did the importunities of the Almohad fanatics become, that together with his family Maimonides was compelled to don the turban, and to live for several years the life of an Arabic Marrano. This blot upon his fair fame—if blot it be—he tried to excuse in two treatises, which may be looked upon as his «apologia pro vita sua»: one on the subject of conversion in general (1160), and another addressed to his co-religionists in Southern Arabia on the coming of the Messiah. But the position was an untenable one; and in 1165 we find Maimonides again on the road, reaching Accho, Jerusalem, Hebron, and finally Egypt. Under the milder rule of the Ayyubite Caliphs, no suppression of his belief was necessary. Maimonides settled with his brother in old Cairo or Fostat; gaining his daily pittance, first as a jeweler, and then in the practice of medicine; the while he continued in the study of philosophy and the elaboration of the great works upon which his fame reposes. In 1177 he was recognized as the head of the Jewish community of Egypt, and soon afterwards was placed upon the list of court physicians to Saladin. He breathed his last on December 13th, 1204, and his body was taken to Tiberias for burial.

Perhaps no fairer presentation of the principles and practices of Rabbinical Judaism can be cited than that contained in the three chief works of Maimonides. His clear-cut mind gathered the various threads which Jewish theology and life had spun since the closing of the Biblical canon, and wove them into such a fabric that a new period may fitly be said to have been ushered in. The Mishnah had become the law-book of the Diaspora: in it was to be found the system of ordinances and practices which had been developed up to the second century A. D. In the scholastic discussions in which the Jewish schoolmen had indulged their wit and their ingenuity, much of its plain meaning had become obscured. At the age of twenty-three Maimonides commenced to work upon a commentary to this Mishnah, which took him seven years to complete. It was written in Arabic, and very fitly called 'The Illumination'; for here the philosophic training of its author was brought to bear upon the dry legal mass, and to give it life as well as light. The induction of philosophy into law is seen to even more peculiar advantage in his Mishnah Tōrāh (Repeated Law). The scholastic discussions upon the Mishnah had in the sixth century been put into writing, and had become that vast medley of thought, that kaleidoscope of schoolroom life, which is known by the name of Talmud. Based upon the slender framework of the Mishnah, the vast edifice had been built up with so little plan and symmetry that its various ramifications could only be followed with the greatest difficulty and with infinite exertion. In turn, the Talmud had supplanted the Mishnah as the rule of life and the directive of religious observance. Even before the time of Maimonides, scholars had tried their hand at putting order into this great chaos; but none of their efforts had proved satisfactory. For ten years Maimonides worked and produced this digest, in which he arranged in scientific order all the material which a Jewish jurist and theologian might be called upon to use. Though this digest was received with delight by the Jews of Spain, many were found who looked upon Maimonides's work as an attempt to crystallize into unchangeable law the fluctuating streams of tradition. The same objection was made to his attempt to formulate into a creed the purely theological ideas of the Judaism of his day. His ‹Thirteen Articles› brought on a war of strong opposition; and though in the end, the fame of their author conquered a place for them even in the Synagogue Ritual, they were never accepted by the entire Jewry. They remained the presentation of an individual scholar.

But his chief philosophical work, his ‹Guide of the Perplexed› (Dalālat al Hāïrīn), carried him still further; and for centuries fairly divided the Jewish camp into two parties. The battle between the Maimonists and anti-Maimonists waged fiercely in Spain and Provence. The bitterness of the strife is represented in the two inscriptions which were placed upon his tombstone. The first read:—

«Here lies a man, and still a man;
If thou wert a man, angels of heaven
Must have overshadowed thy mother.»

This was effaced and a second one placed in its stead:—

«Here lies Moses Maimuni, the excommunicated heretic.»

In the ‹Guide of the Perplexed› Maimonides has also produced a work which was «epoch-making» in Jewish philosophy. It is the best attempt ever made by a Jew to combine philosophy with theology. Aristotle was known to Maimonides through Al-Farābi and Ibn Sînâ (Avicenna); and he is convinced that the Stagyrite is to be followed in certain things, as he is that the Bible must be followed in others. In fact, there can be no divergence between the two; for both have the same end in view,—to prove the existence of God. The aim of metaphysics is to perfect man intellectually; the same aim is at the core of Talmudic Judaism. Reason and revelation must speak the same language; and by a peculiar kind of subtle exegesis — which provoked much opposition, as it seemed to do violence to the plain wording — he is able to find his philosophical ideas in the text of the Bible. But he is careful to limit his acquiescence in Aristotle's teaching to things which occur below the sphere of the moon. He was afraid of coming into contact with the foundations of religious belief, and of having to deny the existence of wonders. The Bible teaches that matter was created, and the arguments advanced in favor of both the Platonic and Aristotelian views he looks upon as insufficient. The Jewish belief that God brought into existence not only the form but also the matter of the world, Maimonides looks upon much as an article of faith. The same is true of the belief in a resurrection. He adduces so little proof for this dogma that the people of his day were ready to charge him with heresy.

Maimonides is able to present twenty-five ontological arguments for his belief in the existence, unity, and incorporeality of God. What strikes one most is the almost colorless conception of the Deity at which he arrives. In his endeavor to remove the slightest shadow of corporeality in this conception, he is finally led to deny that any positive attributes can be posited of God. Such attributes would only be «accidentia»; and any such «accidentia» would limit the idea of oneness. Even attributes which would merely show the relation of the Divine Being to other beings are excluded; because he is so far removed from things non-Divine, as to make all comparison impossible. Even existence, when spoken of in regard to him, is not an attribute. In his school language, the «essentia» of God involves his «existentia.» We have therefore to rely entirely upon negative attributes in trying to get a clear concept of the Deity.

If the Deity is so far removed, how then is he to act upon the world? Maimonides supposes that this medium is to be found in the world of the spheres. Of these spheres there are nine: «the all-encompassing sphere, that of the fixed stars, and those of the seven planets.» Each sphere is presided over by an intelligence which is its motive power. These intelligences are called angels, in the Bible. The highest intelligence is immaterial. It is the *noûs poiētikós*, the ever-active intellect. It is the power which gives form to all things, and makes that which was potential really existent. «Prophecy is an emanation sent forth by the Divine Being through the medium of the active intellect, in the first instance to man's rational faculty and then to his imaginative faculty. The lower grade of prophecy comes by means of dreams, the higher through visions accorded the prophet in a waking condition. The symbolical actions of the prophets are nothing more than states of the soul.» High above all the prophets Maimonides places Moses, to whom he attributes a special power, by means of which the active intellect worked upon him without the mediation of the imagination.

The psychological parts of the ‘Guide’ present in a Jewish garb the Peripatetic philosophy as expounded by Alexander of Aphrodisia. Reason exists in the powers of the soul, but only potentially as latent reason (*noûs húlikos*). It has the power to assimilate immaterial forms which come from the active reason. It thus becomes acquired or developed reason (*noûs epíktētos*); and by still further assimilation it becomes gradually an entity separable from the body, so that at death it can live on unattached to the body.

In ethics Maimonides is a strong partisan of the doctrine of the freedom of the will. No one moves him, no one drives him to certain actions. He can choose, according to his own inner vision, the way on which he wishes to walk. Nor does this doctrine involve any limitation of the Divine power, as this freedom is fully predetermined by the Deity. But Maimonides must have felt the difficulty of squaring the doctrine of the freedom of the will with that of the omniscience of God; for he intrenches himself behind the statement that the knowledge of God is so far removed from human knowledge as to make all comparison impossible. Again, in true Aristotelian style, Maimonides holds that those actions are to be considered virtuous which follow the golden mean between the extremes of too much and too little. The really wise man will always choose this road; and such wisdom can be learned; by continued practice it can become part of man's nature. He is most truly virtuous who has reached this eminence, and who has eliminated from his own being even the desire to do wrong.

The daring with which Maimonides treated many portions of Jewish theology did not fail to show its effect immediately after the publication of the ‘Guide.’ His rationalistic notions about revelation, his allegorizing interpretation of Scripture, his apparent want of complete faith in the doctrine of resurrection, produced among the Jews a violent reaction against all philosophical inquiry, which lasted down to the times of the French Revolution. Even non-Jews looked askance at his system. Abd al-Latīf, an orthodox Mohammedan, considered the ‘Guide’ «a bad book, which is calculated to undermine the principles of religion through the very means which are apparently designed to strengthen them»; and in Catholic Spain the writings of «Moyses hijo de Maymon Egipnachus» were ordered to be burned. In Montpellier and in Paris, his own Jewish opponents, not content with having gotten an edict against the use of the master's writings, obtained the aid of the Church (for the ‘Guide’ had been translated into Latin in the thirteenth century), and had it publicly consigned to the flames. But all this was only further evidence of the power which Maimonides wielded. The Karaïtes copied it; the Kabbalah even tried to claim it as its own. Many who were not of the House of Israel, as Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, acknowledged the debt they owed the Spanish Rabbi; and Spinoza, though in many places an opponent, shows clearly how carefully he had studied the 'Guide of the Perplexed.'

Gustav Gottheil

EXTRACT FROM MAIMONIDES'S WILL

Fear the Lord, but love him also; for fear only restrains a man from sin, while love stimulates him to good. . . . Accustom yourselves to habitual goodness; for a man's character is what habit makes it. . . . The perfection of the body is a necessary antecedent to the perfection of the soul; for health is the key that unlocks the inner chamber. When I bid you attend to your bodily and moral welfare, my object is to open for you the gates of heaven. . . . Measure your words; for the more your words, the more your errors. Ask for explanations of what you do not understand; but let it be done at a fitting moment and in fitting language. . . . Speak in refined language, in clear utterance and gentle voice. Speak aptly to the subject, as one who wishes to learn and to find the truth, not as one whose aim is to quarrel and to conquer. . . . Learn in your youth, when your food is prepared by others, while heart is still free and unincumbered with cares, ere the memory is weakened. For the time will come when you will be willing to learn but will be unable. Even if you be able, you will labor much for little result; for your heart will lag behind your lips, and when it does keep pace, it will soon forget. . . . If you find in the Law or the Prophets or the Sages a hard saying which you cannot understand, which appears subversive of some principle of the religion, or altogether absurd, stand fast by your faith, and attribute the fault to your own want of intelligence. Despise not your religion because you are unable to understand one difficult matter. . . . Love truth and uprightness,—the ornaments of the soul,—and cleave to them; prosperity so obtained is built on a sure rock. Keep firmly to your word; let not a legal contract or witness be more binding than your verbal promise even privately made. Disdain reservation and subterfuges, sharp practices and evasions. Woe to him who builds his house thereon! . . . Bring near those that are far off; humble yourselves to the lowly and show them the light of your countenance. In your joys make the desolate share, but put no one to the blush by your gifts. . . . I have seen the white become black, the low brought still lower, families driven into exile, princes deposed from their high estate, cities ruined, assemblies dispersed, all on account of quarrelsomeness. Glory in forbearance, for in that is true strength and victory. . . . Speech, which distinguishes man from beasts, was a loving gift, which man uses best in thinking, and thanking and praising God. Ungraceful should we be to return evil for good, and to utter slanders or falsehoods. . . . Eat not excessively or ravenously. Work before you eat, and rest afterwards. From a man's behavior at a public meal you can discern his character. Often have I returned hungry and thirsty to my house, because I was afraid when I saw the disgraceful conduct of those around me. . . . The total abstinence from wine is good, but I will not lay this on you as an injunction. Yet break wine's power with water, and drink it for nourishment, not for mere enjoyment. . . . At gambling the player always loses. Even if he wins money, he is weaving a spider's web round himself. . . . Dress as well as your means will allow, but spend on your food less than you can afford. . . . Honor your wives, for they are your honor. Withhold not discipline from them, and let them not rule over you.

FROM THE ‹GUIDE OF THE PERPLEXED›

A Proof of the Unity of God

It has been demonstrated by proof that the whole existing world is one organic body, all parts of which are connected together; also, that the influences of the spheres above pervade the earthly substance and prepare it for its forms. Hence it is impossible to assume that one deity be engaged in forming one part, and another deity in forming another part, of that organic body of which all parts are closely connected together. A duality could only be imagined in this way: either that at one time the one deity is active, the other at another time; or that both act simultaneously, nothing being done except by both together. The first hypothesis is certainly absurd, for many reasons: if at the time the one deity be active the other could also be active, there is no reason why one deity should then act and the other not; if on the other hand it be impossible for the one deity to act when the other is at work, there must be some other cause [besides these deities] which [at a certain time] enables the one to act and disables the other. [Such difference would not be caused by time,] since time is without change, and the object of the action likewise remains one and the same organic whole. Besides, if two deities existed in this way, both would be subject to the relations of time, since their actions would depend on time; they would also in the moment of acting pass from potentiality to actuality, and require an agent for such transition; their essence would besides include possibility [of existence]. It is equally absurd to assume that both together produce everything in existence, and that neither of them does anything alone; for when a number of forces must be united for a certain result, none of these forces acts of its own accord, and none is by itself the immediate cause of that result, but their union is the immediate cause. It has furthermore been proved that the action of the Absolute cannot be due to a [an external] cause. The union is also an act which presupposes a cause effecting that union, and if that cause be one, it is undoubtedly God; but if it also consists of a number of separate forces, a cause is required for the combination of these forces, as in the first case. Finally, one simple being must be arrived at, that is the cause of the existence of the universe, which is one whole; it would make no difference whether we assumed that the First Cause had produced the universe by *creatio ex nihilo*, or whether the universe co-existed with the First Cause. It is thus clear how we can prove the Unity of God from the fact that this universe is one whole.

AN ARGUMENT CONCERNING THE INCORPOREALITY OF GOD

EVERY corporeal object is composed of matter and form (Prop. xxii.); every compound of these two elements requires an agent for effecting their combination. Besides, it is evident that a body is divisible and has dimensions; a body is thus undoubtedly subject to accidents. Consequently nothing corporeal can be a unity, because everything corporeal is either divisible or a compound, — that is to say, it can logically be analyzed into two elements; for a body can only be said to be a certain body when the distinguishing element is added to the corporeal substratum, and must therefore include two elements: but it has been proved that the Absolute admits of no dualism whatever.

Among those who believe in the existence of God, there are found three different theories as regards the question whether the universe is eternal or not.

First Theory.— Those who follow the Law of Moses our teacher hold that the whole universe (*i. e.*, everything except God) has been brought by him into existence out of non-existence. In the beginning God alone existed, and nothing else; neither angels, nor spheres, nor the things that are contained within the spheres existed. He then produced from nothing all existing things such as they are, by his will and desire. Even time itself is among the things created; for time depends on motion,— *i. e.*, on an accident in things which move,—and the things upon whose motion time depends are themselves created beings, which have passed from non-existence into existence. We say that God existed before the creation of the universe, although the verb «existed» appears to imply the notion of time; we also believe that he existed an infinite space of time before the universe was created: but in these cases we do not mean time in its true sense. We only use the term to signify something analogous or similar to time. For time is undoubtedly an accident, and according to our opinion, one of the created accidents, like blackness and whiteness; it is not a quality, but an accident connected with motion. This must be clear to all who understand what Aristotle has said on time and its real existence.

Second Theory.— The theory of all philosophers whose opinions and works are known to us is this: It is impossible to assume that God produced anything from nothing, or that he reduces anything to nothing; that is to say, it is impossible that an object consisting of matter and form should be produced when that matter is absolutely absent, or that it should be destroyed in such a manner that that matter be absolutely no longer in existence. To say of God that he can produce a thing from nothing or reduce a thing to nothing is, according to the opinion of these philosophers, the same as if we were to say that he could cause one substance to have at the same time two opposite properties, or produce another being like himself, or change himself into a body, or produce a square the diagonal of which should be equal to its side, or similar impossibilities. The philosophers thus believe that it is no defect in the Supreme Being that he does not produce impossibilities, for the nature of that which is impossible is constant; it does not depend on the action of an agent, and for this reason it cannot be changed. Similarly there is, according to them, no defect in the greatness of God when he is unable to produce a thing from nothing, because they consider this as one of the impossibilities. They therefore assume that a certain substance has coexisted with God from eternity, in such a manner that neither God existed without that substance nor the latter without God. But they do not hold that the existence of that substance equals in rank that of God; for God is the cause of that existence, and the substance is in the same relation to God as the clay is to the potter, or the iron to the smith: God can do with it what he pleases; at one time he forms of it heaven and earth, at another time he forms some other thing. Those who hold this view also assume that the heavens are transient; that they came into existence though not from nothing, and may cease to exist although they cannot be reduced to nothing. They are transient in the same manner as the individuals among living beings, which are produced from some existing substance that remains in existence. The process of genesis and destruction is, in the case of the heavens, the same as in that of earthly beings.

Third Theory.—Viz., that of Aristotle, his followers and commentators. Aristotle maintains, like the adherents of the second theory, that a corporeal object cannot be produced without a corporeal substance. He goes further, however, and contends that the heavens are indestructible. For he holds that the universe in its totality has never been different, nor will it ever change: the heavens, which form the permanent element in the universe, and are not subject to genesis and destruction, have always been so; time and motion are eternal, permanent, and have neither beginning nor end; the sublunary world, which includes the transient elements, has always been the same, because the *materia prima* is itself eternal, and merely combines successively with different forms,—when one form is removed another is assumed. This whole arrangement, therefore, both above and here below, is never disturbed or interrupted; and nothing is produced contrary to the laws or the ordinary course of Nature. He further says—though not in the same terms—that he considers it impossible for God to change his will or conceive a new desire; that God produced this universe in its totality by his will, but not from nothing. Aristotle finds it as impossible to assume that God changes his will or conceives a new desire as to believe that he is non-existing or that his essence is changeable. Hence it follows that this universe has always been the same in the past, and will be the same eternally.

The Object of Law

The general object of the Law is twofold: the well-being of the soul and the well-being of the body. The well-being of the soul is promoted by correct opinions communicated to the people according to their capacity. Some of these opinions are therefore imparted in a plain form, others allegorically; because certain opinions are in their plain form too strong for the capacity of the common people. The well-being of the body is established by a proper management of the relations in which we live one to another. This we can attain in two ways: first by removing all violence from our midst; that is to say, that we do not do every one as he pleases, desires, and is able to do, but every one of us does that which contributes towards the common welfare. Secondly, by teaching every one of us such good morals as must produce a good social state.

Of these two objects, the former—the well-being of the soul, or the communication of correct opinions—comes undoubtedly first in rank; but the other—the well-being of the body, the government of the State, and the establishment of the best possible relations among men—is anterior in nature and time. The latter object is required first; it is also treated [in the Law] most carefully and most minutely, because the well-being of the soul can only be obtained after that of the body has been secured.

For it has always been found that man has a double perfection: the first perfection is that of the body, and the second perfection is that of the soul. The first consists in the most healthy condition of his material relations, and this is only possible when man has all his wants supplied as they arise: if he has his food and other things needful for his body,—*e.g.*, shelter, bath, and the like. But one man alone cannot procure all this; it is impossible for a single man to obtain this comfort; it is only possible in society, since man, as is well known, is by nature social.

The second perfection of man consists in his becoming an actually intelligent being; *i.e.*, when he knows about the things in existence all that a person perfectly developed is capable of knowing. This second perfection certainly does not include any action or good conduct, but only knowledge, which is arrived at by speculation or established by research.

It is clear that the second and superior kind of perfection can only be attained when the first perfection has been acquired; for a person that is suffering from great hunger, thirst, heat, or cold, cannot grasp an idea even if communicated by others, much less can he arrive at it by his own reasoning. But when a person is in possession of the first perfection, then he may possibly acquire the second perfection, which is undoubtedly of a superior kind, and is alone the source of eternal life. The true Law, which as we said is one, and beside which there is no other Law,—viz., the Law of our teacher Moses,—has for its purpose to give us the twofold perfection. It aims first at the establishment of good mutual relations among men, by removing injustice and creating the noblest feelings. In this way the people in every land are enabled to stay and continue in one condition, and every one can acquire his first perfection. Secondly, it seeks to train us in faith, and to impart correct and true opinions when the intellect is sufficiently developed. Scripture clearly mentions the twofold perfection, and tells us that its acquisition is the object of all Divine commandments. *Cf.* "And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God, for our good always, that he might preserve us alive this day" (Deut. vi. 24). Here the second perfection is first mentioned because it is of greater importance; being, as we have shown, the ultimate aim of man's existence. This perfection is expressed in the phrase "for our good always." You know the interpretation of our sages: "'that it may be well with thee' (ibid., xxii. 7),—namely, in the world that is all good; 'and thou mayest prolong thy days' (ibid.),—*i. e.*, in the world that is all eternal." In the same sense I explain the words "for our good always" to mean "that we may come into the world that is all good and eternal, where we may live permanently"; and the words "that he might preserve us alive this day" I explain as referring to our first and temporal existence, to that of our body, which cannot be in a perfect and good condition except by the co-operation of society, as has been shown by us.

True Knowledge of God

After a man has acquired the true knowledge of God, it must be his aim to surrender his whole being to him and to have his heart constantly filled with longing after him. Our intellectual power, which emanates directly from God, joins us to him. You have it in your power to strengthen that bond, or to weaken it until it breaks. It will be strengthened if you love God above all other things, and weakened if you prefer other things to him. All religious acts, such as the reading of Scripture, praying, and performing of ordinances, are only means to fill our mind with the thought of God and free it from worldliness. If however we pray with the motion of our lips and our face toward the wall, but think all the while of our business; read the Law, and think of the building of our house; perform ceremonies with our limbs only, whilst our hearts are far from God,—then there is no difference between these acts and the digging of the ground or the hewing of wood.

Superfluous Things

The soul, when accustomed to superfluous things, acquires a strong habit of desiring others which are neither necessary for the preservation of the individual nor for that of the species. This desire is without limit; whilst things which are necessary are few and restricted within certain bounds. Lay this well to heart, reflect on it again and again: that which is superfluous is without end, and therefore the desire for it also without limit. Thus you desire to have your vessels of silver, but gold vessels are still better; others have even vessels studded with sapphires, emeralds, or rubies. Those therefore who are ignorant of this truth, that the desire for superfluous things is without limit, are constantly in trouble and pain. They expose themselves to great dangers by sea voyages or in the service of kings. When they thus meet with the consequences of their course, they complain of the judgments of God; they go so far as to say that God's power is insufficient, because he has given to this universe the properties which they imagine cause these evils.

Evil Things Contrasted with Good Things

Men frequently think that the evils in the world are more numerous than the good things; many sayings and songs of the nations dwell on this idea. They say that the good is found only exceptionally, whilst evil things are numerous and lasting. The origin of this error is to be found in the circumstance that men judge of the whole universe by examining one single person, believing that the world exists for that one person only. If anything happens to him contrary to his expectation, forthwith they conclude that the whole universe is evil. All mankind at present in existence form only an infinitesimal portion of the permanent universe. It is of great advantage that man should know his station. Numerous evils to which persons are exposed are due to the defects existing in the persons themselves. We seek relief from our own faults; we suffer from evils which we inflict on ourselves; and we ascribe them to God, who is far from connected with them. As Solomon explained it, « The foolishness of man perverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord » (Prov. xix. 3).

Thought of Sins

There is a well-known saying of our sages: « The thoughts about committing a sin are a greater evil than the sin itself.» I can offer a good explanation of this strange dictum. When a person is disobedient, this is due to certain accidents connected with the corporal element in his constitution; for man sins only by his animal nature, whereas thinking is a faculty connected with his higher and essential being. A person who thinks sinful thoughts, sins therefore by means of the nobler portion of his self; just as he who causes an ignorant slave to work unjustly, commits a lesser wrong than he who forces a free man or a prince to do menial labor. That which forms the true nature of man, with all its properties and powers, should only be employed in suitable work,— in endeavoring to join higher beings,— and not to sink to the condition of lower creatures.

Low Speech Condemned

You know we condemn lowness of speech, and justly so; for the gift of speech is peculiar to man, and a boon which God granted to him, that he may be distinguished from the rest of living creatures. This gift, therefore, which God gave us in order to enable us to perfect ourselves, to learn and to teach, must not be employed in doing that which is for us most degrading and disgraceful. We must not imitate the songs and tales of ignorant and lascivious people. It may be suitable to them, but it is not fit for those who are told—«And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation» (Ex. xix. 6).

Control Bodily Desires

Man must have control over all bodily desires. He must reduce them as much as possible, and only retain of them as much as is indispensable. His aim must be the aim of man, as man; viz., the formation and perfection of ideas, and nothing else. The best and the sublimest among them is the idea which man forms of God, angels, and the rest of the creation, according to his capacity. Such men are always with God, and of them it is said: «Ye are princes, and all of you are children of the Most High.» When man possesses a good sound body, that does not overpower nor disturb the equilibrium within him, he possesses a Divine gift. A good constitution facilitates the rule of the soul over the body; but it is not impossible to conquer a bad constitution by training, and make it subservient to man's ultimate destiny.

The Moral Equipoise

It is true that many pious men in ages gone by have broken the universal rule, to select the just mean in all the actions of life; at times they went to extremes. Thus they fasted often, watched through the nights, abstained from flesh and wine, wore sackcloth, lived among the rocks, and wandered in the deserts. They did this, however, only when they considered it necessary to restore their disturbed moral equipoise; or to avoid, in the midst of men, temptations which at times were too strong for them. These abnegations were for them means to an end, and they forsook them as soon as that end was attained. Thoughtless men, however, regarded castigations as holy in themselves, and imitated them without thinking of the intentions of their examples. They thought thereby to reach perfection and to approach to God. The fools! as if God hated the body and took pleasure in its destruction. They did not consider how many sicknesses of soul their actions caused. They are to be compared to such as take dangerous medicines because they have seen that experienced physicians have saved many a one from death with them; so they ruin themselves. This is the meaning of the cry of the Prophet Jeremiah: «Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them.»

SIR HENRY MAINE

(1822–1888)

BY D. MacG. MEANS

Henry James Sumner Maine was born near Leighton on August 15th, 1822, and passed his first years in Jersey; afterward removing to England, where he was brought up exclusively by his mother, a woman of superior talents. In 1829 he was entered by his godfather — Dr. Sumner, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury — at Christ's Hospital, and in 1840 went as one of its exhibitioners to Pembroke College, Cambridge. From the very beginning his career was brilliant; and after carrying off nearly all the academic honors, he was made Regius Professor of Civil Law at the early age of twenty-five. In spite of a feeble constitution, which made his life a prolonged struggle with illness, his voice was always notably strong, and is described by one of his early hearers as like a silver bell. His appearance was striking, indicating the sensitive nervous energy of which he was full. Such were his spirits and disposition that he was a charming companion, but it was hard to draw him away from his reading. This became eventually prodigious in extent, his power of seizing on the essence of books and passing over what was immaterial being very remarkable.

Sir Henry Maine

In 1847 he married his cousin, Jane Maine; and as it became necessary to provide for new responsibilities, he took up the law as a profession, and was called to the bar in 1850. Like so many other great Englishmen of modern times, he devoted much time to writing for the press, his first efforts appearing in the Morning Chronicle. He wrote for the first number of the Saturday Review, and is said to have suggested its name. His contributions were very numerous; and were especially valued by the editor, John Douglas Cook, although the present Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, Sir James Stephen, Walter Bagehot, and other able writers were coadjutors. He practiced a little at the common-law bar; but his health did not permit him to go regularly on circuit, and he soon went over to the equity branch of the profession. In 1852 the Inns of Court appointed him reader in Roman law; and in 1861 the results of this lectureship were given to the world in the publication of ‹Ancient Law.›

This splendid work made an epoch in the history of the study of law. It is the finest example of the comparative method which the present generation has seen. Some of its conclusions have been proved erroneous by later scholars, but the value of the book remains unimpaired. Apart from its graces of style, its peculiar success was due to the author's power of re-creating the past; of introducing the reader, as it were, to his own ancestors many centuries removed, engaged in the actual transaction of legal business. It was altogether fitting that one who had shown such distinguished capacity for understanding the thoughts and customs of primitive peoples should be chosen as an administrator of the Indian Empire; and in 1862 Maine accepted the law membership in the council of the Governor-General —the office previously filled by Macaulay. Perhaps nowhere in the world is so good work done with so little publicity as in such positions as this. It is inconceivable that any one except a historian or a specialist should read Maine's Indian papers, and yet no one can take them up without being struck with their high quality. So far as intelligent government is concerned, there is no comparison between a benevolent despot like Maine and a representative chosen by popular suffrage.

On his return from India in 1869, Maine became professor of jurisprudence at Oxford; and showed the results of his Indian experiences in the lectures published in 1871, under the title ‹Village Communities.› In 1875 he brought out the ‹Early History of Institutions.› He became a member of the Indian Council, and resigning his Oxford professorship, was chosen master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; numberless other honors being showered on him. In 1883 the last of the series of works begun with ‹Ancient Law› appeared,—‹Dissertations on Early Law and Custom.› This was followed in 1885 by ‹Popular Government,› a work especially interesting to Americans as criticizing their form of government from the aristocratical point of view. In 1887 Maine succeeded Sir William Harcourt as professor of international law at Cambridge; but delivered only one course of lectures, which were published after his death without his final revision. He died February 3d, 1888, of apoplexy, leaving a widow and two sons, one of whom died soon after his father. A memoir of his life was prepared by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, with a selection of his Indian speeches and minutes, and published in this country in 1892 by Henry Holt & Co. It contains a fine photograph from Dickinson's portrait,—enough evidence of itself to explain the mastery which the English race has come to exercise over so large a part of the earth.

Maine's style was distinguished by lucidity and elegance. He has been justly compared with Montesquieu; but the progress of knowledge gave him the advantage of more accurate scholarship. He applied the theory of evolution to the development of human institutions; yet no sentence ever written by him has been so often quoted as that which recognized the immobility of the masses of mankind: «Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin.» In spite of his wonderful powers of almost intuitive generalization, and of brilliant expression, he had not the temperament of a poetical enthusiast. He was noted for his caution in his career as a statesman, and the same quality marked all his work. As Sir F. Pollock said, he forged a new and lasting bond between jurisprudence and anthropology, and made jurisprudence a study of the living growth of human society through all its stages. But those who are capable of appreciating his work in India will perhaps consider it his greatest achievement; for no man has done so much to determine what Indian law should be, and thus to shape the institutions of untold millions of human beings.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MODERN LAWS OF REAL PROPERTY

From Essay on ‹The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought,› in ‹Village Communities in the East and West›

WHENEVER a corner is lifted up of the veil which hides from us the primitive condition of mankind, even of such parts of it as we know to have been destined to civilization, there are two positions, now very familiar to us, which seem to be signally falsified by all we are permitted to see: All men are brothers, and All men are equal. The scene before us is rather that which the animal world presents to the mental eye of those who have the courage to bring home to themselves the facts answering to the memorable theory of Natural Selection. Each fierce little community is perpetually at war with its neighbor, tribe with tribe, village with village. The never-ceasing attacks of the strong on the weak end in the manner expressed by the monotonous formula which so often recurs in the pages of Thucydides,—"They put the men to the sword; the women and children they sold into slavery." Yet even amid all this cruelty and carnage, we find the germs of ideas which have spread over the world. There is still a place and a sense in which men are brothers and equals. The universal belligerency is the belligerency of one total group, tribe, or village, with another; but in the interior of the groups the regimen is one not of conflict and confusion, but rather of ultra-legality. The men who composed the primitive communities believed themselves to be kinsmen in the most literal sense of the word; and surprising as it may seem, there are a multitude of indications that in one stage of thought they must have regarded themselves as equals. When these primitive bodies first make their appearance as land-owners, as claiming an exclusive enjoyment in a definite area of land, not only do their shares of the soil appear to have been originally equal, but a number of contrivances survive for preserving the equality, of which the most frequent is the periodical redistribution of the tribal domain. The facts collected suggest one conclusion, which may be now considered as almost proved to demonstration. Property in land, as we understand it,—that is, several ownership, ownership by individuals or by groups not larger than families,—is a more modern institution than joint property or co-ownership; that is, ownership in common by large groups of men originally kinsmen, and still, wherever they are found (and they are still found over a great part of the world), believing or assuming themselves to be, in some sense, of kin to one another. Gradually, and probably under the influence of a great variety of causes, the institution familiar to us, individual property in land, has arisen from the dissolution of the ancient co-ownership.

There are other conclusions from modern inquiry which ought to be stated less confidently, and several of them only in negative form. Thus, wherever we can observe the primitive groups still surviving to our day, we find that competition has very feeble play in their domestic transactions; competition, that is, in exchange and in the acquisition of property. This phenomenon, with several others, suggests that competition, that prodigious social force of which the action is measured by political economy, is of relatively modern origin. Just as the conceptions of human brotherhood, and in a less degree of human equality, appear to have passed beyond the limits of the primitive communities and to have spread themselves in a highly diluted form over the mass of mankind,— so, on the other hand, competition in exchange seems to be the universal belligerency of the ancient world which has penetrated into the interior of the ancient groups of blood relatives. It is the regulated private war of ancient society gradually broken up into indistinguishable atoms. So far as property in land is concerned, unrestricted competition in purchase and exchange has a far more limited field of action, even at this moment, than an Englishman or an American would suppose. The view of land as merchantable property, exchangeable like a horse or an ox, seems to be not only modern but even now distinctively Western. It is most unreservedly accepted in the United States; with little less reserve in England and France; but as we proceed through Eastern Europe it fades gradually away, until in Asia it is wholly lost.

I cannot do more than hint at other conclusions which are suggested by recent investigation. We may lay down, I think at least provisionally, that in the beginning of the history of ownership there was no such broad distinction as we now commonly draw between political and proprietary power, — between the power which gives the right to tax and the power which confers the right to exact rent. It would seem as if the greater forms of landed property now existing represented political sovereignty in a condition of decay, while the small property of most of the world has grown — not exclusively, as has been vulgarly supposed hitherto, out of the precarious possessions of servile classes, but — out of the indissoluble association of the status of freeman with a share in the land of the community to which he belonged. I think, again, that it is possible we may have to revise our ideas of the relative antiquity of the objects of enjoyment which we call movables and immovables, real property and personal property. Doubtless the great bulk of movables came into existence after land had begun to be appropriated by groups of men; but there is now much reason for suspecting that some of these commodities were severally owned before this appropriation, and that they exercised great influence in dissolving the primitive collective ownership.

It is unavoidable that positions like these, stated as they can only be stated here, should appear to some paradoxical, to others unimportant. There are a few, perhaps, who may conceive a suspicion that if property as we now understand it — that is, several property — be shown to be more modern not only than the human race (which was long ago assumed), but than ownership in common (which is only beginning to be suspected), some advantage may be gained by those assailants of the institution itself whose doctrines from time to time cause a panic in modern Continental society. I do not myself think so. It is not the business of the scientific historical inquirer to assert good or evil of any particular institution. He deals with its existence and development, not with its expediency. But one conclusion he may properly draw from the facts bearing on the subject before us. Nobody is at liberty to attack several property and to say at the same time that he values civilization. The history of the two cannot be disentangled. Civilization is nothing more than a name for the old order of the Aryan world, dissolved but perpetually reconstituting itself under a vast variety of solvent influences, of which infinitely the most powerful have been those which have slowly, and in some parts of the world much less perfectly than others, substituted several property for collective ownership.

IMPORTANCE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF ROMAN LAW: AND THE EFFECT OF THE CODE NAPOLÉON

From ‹Roman Law and Legal Education,› in ‹Village Communities in the East and West›

If it were worth our while to inquire narrowly into the causes which have led of late years to the revival of interest in the Roman civil law, we should probably end in attributing its increasing popularity rather to some incidental glimpses of its value, which have been gained by the English practitioner in the course of legal business, than to any widely diffused or far reaching appreciation of its importance as an instrument of knowledge. It is most certain that the higher the point of jurisprudence which has to be dealt with, the more signal is always the assistance derived by the English lawyer from Roman law; and the higher the mind employed upon the question, the more unqualified is its admiration of the system by which its perplexities have been disentangled. But the grounds upon which the study of Roman jurisprudence is to be defended are by no means such as to be intelligible only to the subtlest intellects, nor do they await the occurrence of recondite points of law in order to disclose themselves. It is believed that the soundness of many of them will be recognized as soon as they are stated; and to these it is proposed to call attention in the present essay.

The historical connection between the Roman jurisprudence and our own appears to be now looked upon as furnishing one very strong reason for increased attention to the civil law of Rome. The fact, of course, is not now to be questioned. The vulgar belief that the English common law was indigenous in all its parts was always so easily refuted, by the most superficial comparison of the text of Bracton and Fleta with the 'Corpus Juris,' that the honesty of the historians who countenanced it can only be defended by alleging the violence of their prejudices; and now that the great accumulation of fragments of ante-Justinianean compendia, and the discovery of the MS. of Gaius, have increased our acquaintance with the Roman law in the only form in which it can have penetrated into Britain, the suspicion of a partial earlier filiation amounts almost to a certainty. The fact of such a filiation has necessarily the highest interest for the legal antiquarian, and it is of value besides for its effect on some of the coarser prepossessions of English lawyers. But too much importance should not be attached to it. It has ever been the case in England that every intellectual importation we have received has been instantly colored by the peculiarities of our national habits and spirit. A foreign jurisprudence interpreted by the old English common-lawyers would soon cease to be foreign, and the Roman law would lose its distinctive character with even greater rapidity than any other set of institutions. It will be easily understood that a system like the laws of Rome, distinguished above all others for its symmetry and its close correspondence with fundamental rules, would be effectually metamorphosed by a very slight distortion of its parts, or by the omission of one or two governing principles. Even though, therefore, it be true—and true it certainly is—that texts of Roman law have been worked at all points into the foundations of our jurisprudence, it does not follow from that fact that our knowledge of English law would be materially improved by the study of the 'Corpus Juris'; and besides, if too much stress be laid on the historical connection between the systems, it will be apt to encourage one of the most serious errors into which the inquirer into the philosophy of law can fall. It is not because our own jurisprudence and that of Rome were *once* alike that they ought to be studied together; it is because they *will be* alike. It is because all laws, however dissimilar in their infancy, tend to resemble each other in their maturity; and because we in England are slowly, and perhaps unconsciously or unwillingly, but still steadily and certainly, accustoming ourselves to the same modes of legal thought, and to the same conceptions of legal principle, to which the Roman jurisconsults had attained after centuries of accumulated experience and unwearied cultivation.

The attempt, however, to explain at length why the flux and change which our law is visibly undergoing furnish the strongest reasons for studying a body of rules so mature and so highly refined as that contained in the 'Corpus Juris,' would be nearly the same thing as endeavoring to settle the relation of the Roman law to the science of jurisprudence; and that inquiry, from its great length and difficulty, it would be obviously absurd to prosecute within the limits of an essay like the present. But there is a set of considerations of a different nature, and equally forcible in their way, which cannot be too strongly impressed on all who have the control of legal or general education. The point which they tend to establish is this: the immensity of the ignorance to which we are condemned by ignorance of Roman law. It may be doubted whether even the best educated men in England can fully realize how vastly important an element is Roman law in the general mass of human knowledge, and how largely it enters into and pervades and modifies all products of human thought which are not exclusively English. Before we endeavor to give some distant idea of the extent to which this is true, we must remind the reader that the Roman law is not a system of cases, like our own. It is a system of which the nature may, for practical purposes though inadequately, be described by saying that it consists of principles, and of express written rules. In England, the labor of the lawyer is to extract from the precedents a formula, which while covering *them* will also cover the state of facts to be adjudicated upon; and the task of rival advocates is, from the same precedents or others to elicit different formulas of equal apparent applicability. Now, in Roman law no such use is made of precedents. The 'Corpus Juris,' as may be seen at a glance, contains a great number of what our English lawyers would term cases; but then they are in no respect sources of rules — they are instances of their application. They are, as it were, problems solved by authority in order to throw light on the rule, and to point out how it should be manipulated and applied. How it was that the Roman law came to assume this form so much sooner and more completely than our own, is a question full of interest, and it is one of the first to which the student should address himself; but though the prejudices of an Englishman will probably figure to him a jurisprudence thus constituted as, to say the least, anomalous, it is nevertheless quite as readily conceived, and quite as natural to the constitution of our own system. In proof of this, it may be remarked that the English common law was clearly conceived by its earliest expositors as wearing something of this character. It was regarded as existing *somewhere* in the form of a symmetrical body of express rules, adjusted to definite principles. The knowledge of the system, however, in its full amplitude and proportions, was supposed to be confined to the breasts of the judges and the lay public, and the mass of the legal profession were only permitted to discern its canons intertwined with the facts of adjudged cases. Many traces of this ancient theory remain in the language of our judgments and forensic arguments; and among them we may perhaps place the singular use of the word «principle» in the sense of a legal proposition elicited from the precedents by comparison and induction.

The proper business of a Roman jurisconsult was therefore confined to the interpretation and application of express written rules; processes which must of course be to some extent employed by the professors of every system of laws — of our own among others, when we attempt to deal with statute law. But the great space which they filled at Rome has no counterpart in English practice; and becoming, as they did, the principal exercise of a class of men characterized as a whole by extraordinary subtlety and patience, and in individual cases by extraordinary genius, they were the means of producing results which the English practitioner wants centuries of attaining. We who speak without shame — occasionally with something like pride — of our ill success in construing statutes, have at our hand nothing distantly resembling the appliances which the Roman jurisprudence supplies, partly by definite canons and partly by appropriate examples, for the understanding and management of written law. It would not be doing more than justice to the methods of interpretation invented by the Roman lawyers, if we were to compare the power which they give over their subject-matter to the advantage which the geometrician derives from mathematical analysis in discussing the relations of space. By each of these helps, difficulties almost insuperable become insignificant, and processes nearly interminable are shortened to a tolerable compass. The parallel might be carried still further, and we might insist on the special habit of mind which either class of mental exercise induces. Most certainly nothing can be more peculiar, special, and distinct than the bias of thought, the modes of reasoning, and the habits of illustration, which are given by a training in the Roman law. No tension of mind or length of study which even distantly resembles the labor of mastering English jurisprudence is necessary to enable the student to realize these peculiarities of mental view; but still they cannot be acquired without some effort, and the question is, whether the effort which they demand brings with it sufficient reward. We can only answer by endeavoring to point out that they pervade whole departments of thought and inquiry of which some knowledge is essential to every lawyer, and to every man of decent cultivation. . . .

It may be confidently asserted, that if the English lawyer only attached himself to the study of Roman law long enough to master the technical phraseology and to realize the leading legal conceptions of the 'Corpus Juris,' he would approach those questions of foreign law to which our courts have repeatedly to address themselves, with an advantage which no mere professional acumen acquired by the exclusive practice of our own jurisprudence could ever confer on him. The steady multiplication of legal systems borrowing the entire phraseology, adopting the principles, and appropriating the greater part of the rules, of Roman jurisprudence, is one of the most singular phenomena of our day, and far more worthy of attention than the most showy manifestations of social progress. This gradual approach of Continental Europe to a uniformity of municipal law dates unquestionably from the first French Revolution. Although Europe, as is well known, formerly comprised a number of countries and provinces which governed themselves by the written Roman law, interpolated with feudal observances, there does not seem to be any evidence that the institutions of these localities enjoyed any vogue or favor beyond their boundaries. Indeed, in the earlier part of the last century, there may be traced among the educated men of the Continent something of a feeling in favor of English law; a feeling proceeding, it is to be feared, rather from the general enthusiasm for English political institutions which was then prevalent, than founded on any very accurate acquaintance with the rules of our jurisprudence. Certainly, as respects France in particular, there were no visible symptoms of any general preference for the institutions of the *pays de droit écrit* as opposed to the provinces in which customary law was observed. But then came the French Revolution, and brought with it the necessity of preparing a general code for France one and indivisible. Little is known of the special training through which the true authors of this work had passed; but in the form which it ultimately assumed, when published as the Code Napoléon, it may be described without great inaccuracy as a compendium of the rules of Roman law then practiced in France, cleared of all feudal admixture; such rules, however, being in all cases taken with the extensions given to them and the interpretations put upon them by one or two eminent French jurists, and particularly by Pothier. The French conquests planted this body of laws over the whole extent of the French empire, and the kingdoms immediately dependent upon it; and it is incontestable that it took root with extraordinary quickness and tenacity. The highest tribute to the French codes is their great and lasting popularity with the people, the lay public, of the countries into which they have been introduced. How much weight ought to be attached to this symptom, our own experience should teach us; which surely shows us how thoroughly indifferent in general is the mass of the public to the particular rules of civil life by which it may be governed, and how extremely superficial are even the most energetic movements in favor of the amendment of the law. At the fall of the Bonapartist empire in 1815, most of the restored governments had the strongest desire to expel the intrusive jurisprudence which had substituted itself for the ancient customs of the land. It was found, however, that the people prized it as the most precious of possessions: the attempt to subvert it was persevered in in very few instances, and in most of them the French codes were restored after a brief abeyance. And not only has the observance of these laws been confirmed in almost all the countries which ever enjoyed them, but they have made their way into numerous other communities, and occasionally in the teeth of the most formidable political obstacles. So steady, indeed, and so resistless has been the diffusion of this Romanized jurisprudence, either in its original or in a slightly modified form, that the civil law of the whole Continent is clearly destined to be absorbed and lost in it. It is, too, we should add, a very vulgar error to suppose that the civil part of the codes has only been found suited to a society so peculiarly constituted as that of France. With alterations and additions, mostly directed to the enlargement of the testamentary power on one side and to the conservation of entails and primogeniture on the other, they have been admitted into countries whose social condition is as unlike that of France as is possible to conceive.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE

(1764–1852)

To students of French literature the name De Maistre suggests first, Joseph Marie de Maistre,—brilliant philosopher, stern and eloquent critic, vain opponent of revolutionary ideas: but the general reader is far better acquainted with his younger brother Xavier. He was a somewhat dashing military personage, a striking contrast to his austere senior, loving the æsthetic side of life: an amateur artist, a reader of many books, who on occasion could write charmingly.

Xavier De Maistre

Born in Chambéry in 1764, of French descent, he entered the Sardinian army, where he remained until the annexation of Savoy to France; when, finding himself an exile, he joined his brother, then envoy to St. Petersburg. Later he entered the Russian army; married in Russia, and lived there to the good old age of eighty-eight.

Perhaps the idea of authorship would never have occurred to the active soldier but for a little mishap. A love affair led to a duel; and he was arrested and imprisoned at Turin for forty-two days. A result of this leisure was the 'Voyage autour de ma Chambre' (Journey round my Room); a series of half playful, half philosophic sketches, whose delicate humor and sentiment suggest the influence of Laurence Sterne. Later on, he submitted the manuscript to his much-admired elder brother, who liked it so well that he had it published by way of pleasant surprise. He was less complimentary to a second and somewhat similar work, 'L'Expédition Nocturne' (The Nocturnal Expedition), and his advice delayed its publication for several years.

Xavier de Maistre was not a prolific writer, and all his work is included in one small volume. Literature was merely his occasional pastime, indulged in as a result of some chance stimulus. A conversation with fellow-officers suggests an old experience, and he goes home and writes 'Le Lepreux de la Cité d'Aoste' (The Leper of Aoste), a pathetic story, strong in its unstudied sincerity of expression.

Four years later he tells another little tale, ‘Les Prisonniers du Caucase’ (The Prisoners of the Caucasus), a stirring bit of adventure.

His last story, ‘La Jeune Sibérienne’ (The Siberian Girl), best known as retold and weakened by Madame Cottin, is a striking premonition of later realism. There is no forcing the pathetic effect in the history of the heroic young daughter who braves a long and terrible journey to petition the Czar for her father's release from Siberian exile.

The charm of De Maistre's style is always in the ease and simplicity of the telling. In his own time he was very popular; and his work survives with little loss of interest to-day.

THE TRAVELING-COAT

From the ‘Journey round My Room.’ Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I PUT on my traveling-coat, after having examined it with a complacent eye; and forthwith resolved to write a chapter *ad hoc*, that I might make it known to the reader.

The form and usefulness of these garments being pretty generally known, I will treat specially of their influence upon the minds of travelers.

My winter traveling-coat is made of the warmest and softest stuff I could meet with. It envelops me entirely from head to foot; and when I am in my arm-chair, with my hands in my pockets, I am very like the statue of Vishnu one sees in the pagodas of India.

You may, if you will, tax me with prejudice when I assert the influence a traveler's costume exercises upon its wearer. At any rate, I can confidently affirm with regard to this matter that it would appear to me as ridiculous to take a single step of my journey round my room in uniform, with my sword at my side, as it would to go forth into the world in my dressing-gown. Were I to find myself in full military dress, not only should I be unable to proceed with my journey, but I really believe I should not be able to read what I have written about my travels, still less to understand it.

Does this surprise you? Do we not every day meet with people who fancy they are ill because they are unshaven, or because some one has thought they have looked poorly and told them so? Dress has such influence upon men's minds that there are valetudinarians who think themselves in better health than usual when they have on a new coat and well-powdered wig. They deceive the public and themselves by their nicety about dress, until one finds some fine morning they have died in full fig, and their death startles everybody.

And in the class of men among whom I live, how many there are who, finding themselves clothed in uniform, firmly believe they are officers, until the unexpected appearance of the enemy shows them their mistake. And more than this, if it be the king's good pleasure to allow one of them to add to his coat a certain trimming, he straightway believes himself to be a general; and the whole army gives him the title without any notion of making fun of him! So great an influence has a coat upon the human imagination!

The following illustration will show still further the truth of my assertion:—

It sometimes happened that they forgot to inform the Count de —— some days beforehand of the approach of his turn to mount guard. Early one morning, on the very day on which this duty fell to the Count, a corporal awoke him and announced the disagreeable news. But the idea of getting up there and then, putting on his gaiters, and turning out without having thought about it the evening before, so disturbed him that he preferred reporting himself sick and staying at home all day. So he put on his dressing-gown and sent away his barber. This made him look pale and ill, and frightened his wife and family. He really did feel a little poorly.

He told every one he was not very well,—partly for the sake of appearances, and partly because he positively believed himself to be indisposed. Gradually the influence of the dressing-gown began to work. The slops he was obliged to take upset his stomach. His relations and friends sent to ask after him. He was soon quite ill enough to take to his bed.

In the evening Dr. Ranson found his pulse hard and feverish, and ordered him to be bled next day.

If the campaign had lasted a month longer, the sick man's case would have been past cure.

Now, who can doubt about the influence of traveling-coats upon travelers, if he reflect that poor Count de —— thought more than once that he was about to perform a journey to the other world for having inopportunely donned his dressing-gown in this?

A FRIEND

From the 'Journey round My Room.' Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I HAD a friend. Death took him from me. He was snatched away at the beginning of his career, at the moment when his friendship had become a pressing need to my heart. We supported one another in the hard toil of war. We had but one pipe between us. We drank out of the same cup. We slept beneath the same tent. And amid our sad trials, the spot where we lived together became to us a new fatherland. I had seen him exposed to all the perils of a disastrous war. Death seemed to spare us to each other. His deadly missiles were exhausted around my friend a thousand times over without reaching him; but this was but to make his loss more painful to me. The tumult of war, and the enthusiasm which possesses the soul at the sight of danger, might have prevented his sighs from piercing my heart, while his death would have been useful to his country and damaging to the enemy. Had he died thus, I should have mourned him less. But to lose him amid the joys of our winter-quarters; to see him die at the moment when he seemed full of health, and when our intimacy was rendered closer by rest and tranquillity,—ah, this was a blow from which I can never recover!

But his memory lives in my heart, and there alone. He is forgotten by those who surrounded him and who have replaced him. And this makes his loss the more sad to me.

Nature, in like manner indifferent to the fate of individuals, dons her green spring robe, and decks herself in all her beauty near the cemetery where he rests. The trees cover themselves with foliage, and intertwine their branches; the birds warble under the leafy sprays; the insects hum among the blossoms: everything breathes joy in this abode of death.

And in the evening, when the moon shines in the sky, and I am meditating in this sad place, I hear the grasshopper, hidden in the grass that covers the silent grave of my friend, merrily pursuing his unwearied song. The unobserved destruction of human beings, as well as all their misfortunes, are counted for nothing in the grand total of events.

The death of an affectionate man who breathes his last surrounded by his afflicted friends, and that of a butterfly killed in a flower's cup by the chill air of morning, are but two similar epochs in the course of nature. Man is but a phantom, a shadow, a mere vapor that melts into the air.

But daybreak begins to whiten the sky. The gloomy thoughts that troubled me vanish with the darkness, and hope awakens again in my heart. No! He who thus suffuses the east with light has not made it to shine upon my eyes only to plunge me into the night of annihilation. He who has spread out that vast horizon, who raised those lofty mountains whose icy tops the sun is even now gilding, is also he who made my heart to beat and my mind to think.

No! My friend is not annihilated. Whatever may be the barrier that separates us, I shall see him again. My hopes are based on no mere syllogism. The flight of an insect suffices to persuade me. And often the prospect of the surrounding country, the perfume of the air, and an indescribable charm which is spread around me, so raise my thoughts, that an invincible proof of immortality forces itself upon my soul, and fills it to the full.

THE LIBRARY

From the ‹Journey round My Room›: Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I PROMISED to give a dialogue between my soul and the OTHER. But there are some chapters which elude me, as it were; or rather, there are others which flow from my pen *nolens volens*, and derange my plans. Among these is one about my library; and I will make it as short as I can. Our forty-two days will soon be ended; and even were it not so, a similar period would not suffice to complete the description of the rich country in which I travel so pleasantly.

My library, then, is composed of novels, if I must make the confession—of novels and a few choice poets.

As if I had not troubles enough of my own, I share those of a thousand imaginary personages, and I feel them as acutely as my own. How many tears have I shed for that poor Clarissa, and for Charlotte's lover!

But if I go out of my way in search of unreal afflictions, I find in return such virtue, kindness, and disinterestedness in this imaginary world, as I have never yet found united in the real world around me. I meet with a woman after my heart's desire, free from whim, lightness, and affectation. I say nothing about beauty: this I can leave to my imagination, and picture her faultlessly beautiful. And then closing the book, which no longer keeps pace with my ideas, I take the fair one by the hand, and we travel together over a country a thousand times more delightful than Eden itself. What painter could represent the fairyland in which I have placed the goddess of my heart? What poet could ever describe the lively and manifold sensations I experience in those enchanted regions?

How often have I cursed that Cleveland, who is always embarking upon new troubles which he might very well avoid! I cannot endure that book, with its long list of calamities. But if I open it by way of distraction, I cannot help devouring it to the end.

For how could I leave that poor man among the Abaquis? What would become of him in the hands of those savages? Still less dare I leave him in his attempt to escape from captivity.

Indeed, I so enter into his sorrows, I am so interested in him and in his unfortunate family, that the sudden appearance of the ferocious Ruintons makes my hair stand on end. When I read that passage a cold perspiration covers me; and my fright is as lively and real as if I were going to be roasted and eaten by the monsters myself.

When I have had enough of tears and love, I turn to some poet, and set out again for a new world.

WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK

(1849–)

William Hurrell Mallock is the interesting product of the interesting period in which he was educated and the interesting conditions of his social life. Well born, well bred, well fed, well read, well supplied with luxuries, well disciplined at the wicket and the oar, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England (Rev. Roger Mallock) and the nephew of James Anthony and Richard Hurrell Froude, he was educated at home by private tutors till he entered Balliol College, Oxford. There he took a second class in final classicals, and in 1871 the Newdigate poetical prize, the subject of his poem being ‘The Isthmus of Suez.’

In 1876 he published ‘The New Republic,’ which first appeared in a magazine. The first impression of the book is its audacity, the second its cleverness; but when one has gotten well into its leisurely pages, and has found himself in what seems to be the veritable company of Huxley, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Professor Clifford, Walter Pater, Professor Jowett, and Mr. Tyndall, he is penetrated with the conviction that the work is the perfected flower of the art of delicate characterization. The parodies are so good that they read like reminiscences enlivened with the lightest touch of extravaganza.

William H. Mallock

The sub-title of ‘The New Republic’—‘Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country-House’—indicates its plan. A young man of fortune and distinction assembles at his villa a party of visitors, who under thin disguises represent the leading thinkers of the day. The company plays at constructing an ideal republic, which is to be the latest improvement on Plato’s commonwealth. To facilitate the discussion, the host writes the titles of the subjects to be talked about on the back of the menus of their first dinner: they prove to be such seductive themes as ‘The Aim of Life,’ ‘Society, Art, and Literature,’ ‘Riches and Civilization,’ and ‘The Present and the Future.’

In the expression of opinion that follows, the peculiarities and inconsistencies of the famous personages are hit off with delicious appositeness. The first principle of the proposed New Republic is to destroy all previous republics. Mr. Storks (Professor Huxley) eliminates a conscious directing intelligence from the world of matter. Mr. Stockton (Professor Tyndall) eliminates the poetry and romance of the imagination, substituting those of the wonders of science. The materialist, Mr. Saunders (Professor Clifford), eliminates the «foul superstition» of the existence of God and the scheme of salvation through the merits of Christ. Mr. Luke (Matthew Arnold) who is represented as mournfully strolling about the lawn in the moonlight, reciting his own poems,—poems which puzzle us in their oscillation between mirth and moralizing, till an italicized line warns us to be wary,—Mr. Luke eliminates the middle classes. Mr. Rose (Walter Pater) eliminates religious belief as a serious verity, but retains it as an artistic finish and decorative element in life. Dr. Jenkinson (Professor Jowett) in a sermon which he might have preached in Balliol Chapel, and his habitual audience have heard without the lifting of an eyebrow, eliminates the «bad taste» of conviction on any subject. Finally Mr. Herbert (Mr. Ruskin), descending upon the reformers in a burst of vituperation, eliminates the upper classes, because they neither have themselves nor furnish the lower orders any object to live for. The outcome of the discussion is predicted on the title-page:—

> «All is jest and ashes and nothingness; for all things that are, are of folly.»

So much space has been given to Mr. Mallock's first book because it is representative of his quality, and discloses the line of his subsequent thinking. Only once again does he permit himself the relaxation of an irresponsible and clever parody,—that on Positivism in 'The New Paul and Virginia'; wherein the germ revealed in the sketches of Huxley and his fellow scientists is more fully developed, to the disedification of the serious-minded, who complain that the representatives of Prometheus are dragged down to earth.

But the shades of the mighty whom he ridiculed have played a curious trick on Mr. Mallock. As Emerson says of the soul of the dead warrior, which, entering the breast of the conqueror, takes up its abode there,—so the wraiths of doubt, materialism, discontent, Philistinism, and the many upsetting emotions which the clever satirist disposed of with a jest, entered his own hypersensitive organism, and, for all the years succeeding, sent him about among the men of his generation sharing with Ruskin the burden of their salvation. Nor does he propose to let any sense of his own limitations as a prophet interfere with the delivery of his message. In a volume of several hundred pages he asks a nineteenth-century audience, 'Is Life Worth Living?' Can we, he demands in substance, like his own

Mr. Herbert, go on buying blue china and enjoying the horse-show and the «season,» and our little trips to Paris, and first editions in rare bindings, if we are not sure that these tastes will be gratified in another world? In his mind, the reply to this question resolves itself into the necessity for a final authority,—an authority which he himself discovers in the voice of the Church of Rome.

He is an indefatigable worker. As a novelist he belongs to the sentimental school, in which a craving for sympathy and a marked tendency to reject conventional standards characterizes all his men and many of his women. Because he has written them, his stories are never dull; they abound in epigram, sketches of character, and wise reflections: but the plots are slightly woven and hang at loose ends, while a dénouement is as deliberately ignored as if the author were a pupil of Zola. His novels or romances are ‘A Romance of the Nineteenth Century,’ ‘The Old Order Changeth,’ ‘A Human Document,’ and ‘The Heart of Life.’

As an essayist he is widely read. He was one of the famous five who took part in the Christianity *vs.* Agnosticism controversy, in which Bishop Wace and Mr. Huxley were the champions. He has written two volumes of poems, translated Lucretius; and his varied magazine articles, collected in book form, have been published under the titles of ‘Social Equality’ (London, 1882), ‘Property, Progress, and Poverty’ (1884), and ‘Classes and Masses; or, Wealth and Wages in the United Kingdom’ (1896).

In the last-named volumes, all on social topics, Mr. Mallock presents himself as a sedate Conservative, committed to hereditary legislation, the sacredness of the game laws, the Doomsday Book, and the rest of mediævalism. Against democratic theories concerning social equality, labor, and property, he sets up the counter proposition that labor is not the cause of wealth, and of itself would be powerless to produce it. As for social equality, he sees that diversity of station is a part of the framework that holds society together.

These books are written in a serious manner. But it is interesting to mark the characteristics of the author's individual and original genius, as obvious in a blue-book as in a novel. It is an axiom that the successful advocate must give the impression that he himself has no doubt of his cause. This Mr. Mallock almost never does. The more positive his plea, the more visible between the lines is the mocking, unconvinced expression of the author's other self. Moreover, his fastidious discontent, and the subtlety of mind which is the greatest perhaps of his many charms, point him toward some unexplored quarter, where, as he has not investigated it, he fancies the truth may lie. The reader of Mallock goes to him for witty comment, satire, suggestion; and to get into a certain high-bred society where the scholar is at home and the gospel of good-breeding is preached. But that reader will never know in what social system of the past—in slavery, feudalism, or absolutism—Mallock's Utopia is to be sought.

AN EVENING'S TABLE-TALK AT THE VILLA

From ‹The New Republic›

No proposal could have been happier than Lady Grace's, of the garden banquet in the pavilion. It seemed to the guests, when they were all assembled there, that the lovely summer's day was going to close with a scene from fairy-land. The table itself, with its flowers and glowing fruit, and its many-colored Venetian glass, shone and gleamed and sparkled in the evening light, that was turning outside to a cool mellow amber; and above, from the roof, in which the dusk was already darkness, hung china lamps in the shape of green and purple grape clusters, looking like luminous fruit stolen from Aladdin's garden. The pavilion, open on all sides, was supported on marble pillars that were almost hidden in red and white roses. Behind, the eye rested on great tree trunks and glades of rich foliage; and before, it would pass over turf and flowers, till it reached the sea beyond, on which in another hour the faint silver of the moonlight would begin to tremble.

There was something in the whole scene that was at once calming and exhilarating; and nearly all present seemed to feel in some measure this double effect of it. Dr. Jenkinson had been quite restored by an afternoon's nap; and his face was now all a-twinkle with a fresh benignity,—that had, however, like an early spring morning, just a faint suspicion of frost in it. Mr. Storks even was less severe than usual; and as he raised his champagne to his lips, he would at times look very nearly conversational.

"My dear Laurence," exclaimed Mr. Herbert, "it really almost seems as if your visions of the afternoon had come true, and that we actually were in your New Republic already. I can only say that if it is at all like this, it will be an entirely charming place—too charming, perhaps. But now remember this: you have but half got through the business to which you first addressed yourselves,—that of forming a picture of a perfect aristocracy, an aristocracy in the true and genuine sense of the word. You are all to have culture, or taste. Very good: you have talked a great deal about that, and you have seen what you mean by it; and you have recognized, above all, that it includes a discrimination between right and wrong. But now you, with all this taste and culture,—you gifted men and women of the nineteenth century,—what sort of things does your taste teach you to reach out towards? In what actions and aims, in what affections and emotions, would you place your happiness? That is what I want to hear,—the practical manifestations of this culture."

"Ah," said Mr. Rose, "I have at this moment a series of essays in the press, which would go far towards answering these questions of yours. They do indeed deal with just this: the effect of the choicer culture of this century on the soul of man; the ways in which it endows him with new perceptions; how it has made him, in fact, a being altogether more highly organized. All I regret is that these choicer souls, these *Χαρίεντες*, are as yet like flowers that have not found a climate in which they can thrive properly. That mental climate will doubtless come with time. What we have been trying to do this afternoon is, I imagine, nothing more than to anticipate it in imagination."

"Well," said Mr. Herbert, with a little the tone of an Inquisitor, "that is just what I have been asking. What will this climate be like, and what will these flowers be like in this climate? How would your culture alter and better the present, if its powers were equal to its wishes?"

Mr. Rose's soft lulling tone harmonized well with the scene and hour, and the whole party seemed willing to listen to him; or at any rate, no one felt any prompting to interrupt him.

"I can show you an example, Mr. Herbert," he said, "of culture demanding a finer climate, in—if you will excuse my seeming egoism—in myself. For instance (to take the widest matter I can fix upon, the general outward surroundings of our lives),—often, when I walk about London, and see how hideous its whole external aspect is, and what a dissonant population throng it, a chill feeling of despair comes over me. Consider how the human eye delights in form and color, and the ear in tempered and harmonious sounds; and then think for a moment of a London street! Think of the shapeless houses, the forest of ghastly chimney-pots, of the hell of distracting noises made by the carts, the cabs, the carriages; think of the bustling, commonplace, careworn crowds that jostle you; think of an omnibus, think of a four-wheeler — »

« I often ride in an omnibus,» said Lord Allen, with a slight smile, to Miss Merton.

« It is true,» replied Mr. Rose, only overhearing the tone in which these words were said, « that one may ever and again catch some touch of sunlight that will for a moment make the meanest object beautiful with its furtive alchemy. But that is Nature's work, not man's; and we must never confound the accidental beauty that Nature will bestow on man's work, even at its worst, with the rational and designed beauty of man's work at its best. It is this rational human beauty that I say our modern city life is so completely wanting in; nay, the look of out-of-door London seems literally to stifle the very power of imagining such beauty possible. Indeed, as I wander along our streets, pushing my way among the throngs of faces, — faces puckered with misdirected thought or expressionless with none; barbarous faces set towards Parliament, or church, or scientific lecture-rooms, or government offices, or counting-houses,— I say, as I push my way amongst all the sights and sounds of the streets of our great city, only one thing ever catches my eye that breaks in upon my mood and warns me I need not despair.»

«And what is that?» asked Allen with some curiosity.

« The shops,» Mr. Rose answered, « of certain of our upholsterers and dealers in works of art. Their windows, as I look into them, act like a sudden charm on me; like a splash of cold water dashed on my forehead when I am fainting. For I seem there to have got a glimpse of the real heart of things; and as my eyes rest on the perfect pattern (many of which are really quite delicious; indeed, when I go to ugly houses, I often take a scrap of some artistic crétonne with me in my pocket as a kind of æsthetic smelling-salts), — I say, when I look in at their windows, and my eyes rest on the perfect pattern of some new fabric for a chair or for a window curtain, or on some new design for a wall paper, or on some old china vase, I become at once sharply conscious, Mr. Herbert, that despite the ungenial mental climate of the present age, strange yearnings for and knowledge of true beauty are beginning to show themselves like flowers above the weedy soil; and I remember, amidst the roar and clatter of our streets, and the mad noises of our own times, that there is amongst us a growing number who have deliberately turned their backs on all these things, and have thrown their whole souls and sympathies into the happier art ages of the past. They have gone back," said Mr. Rose, raising his voice a little, "to Athens and to Italy; to the Italy of Leo and to the Athens of Pericles. To such men the clamor, the interests, the struggles of our own times become as meaningless as they really are. To them the boyhood of Bathyllus is of more moment than the manhood of Napoleon. Borgia is a more familiar name than Bismarck. I know, indeed, — and I really do not blame them, — several distinguished artists who, resolving to make their whole lives consistently perfect, will on principle never admit a newspaper into their houses that is of later date than the times of Addison: and I have good trust that the number of such men is on the increase; men, I mean," said Mr. Rose, toying tenderly with an exquisite wine-glass of Salviati's, "who with a steady and set purpose follow art for the sake of art, beauty for the sake of beauty, love for the sake of love, life for the sake of life."

Mr. Rose's slow gentle voice, which was apt at certain times to become peculiarly irritating, sounded now like the evening air grown articulate; and had secured him hitherto a tranquil hearing, as if by a kind of spell. This, however, seemed here in sudden danger of snapping.

"What, Mr. Rose!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose, "do you mean to say, then, that the number of people is on the increase who won't read the newspapers?"

"Why, the men must be absolute idiots!" said Lady Grace, shaking her gray curls, and putting on her spectacles to look at Mr. Rose.

Mr. Rose, however, was imperturbable.

"Of course," he said, "you may have newspapers if you will; I myself always have them: though in general they are too full of public events to be of much interest. I was merely speaking just now of the spirit of the movement. And of that we must all of us here have some knowledge. We must all of us have friends whose houses more or less embody it. And even if we had not, we could not help seeing signs of it — signs of how true and earnest it is, in the enormous sums that are now given for really good objects."

«That,» said Lady Grace, with some tartness, «is true enough, thank God!»

«But I can't see,» said Lady Ambrose, whose name often figured in the Times, in the subscription lists of advertised charities,—«I can't see, Mr. Rose, any reason in that why we should not read the newspapers.»

«The other day, for instance,» said Mr. Rose reflectively, «I heard of eight Chelsea shepherdesses picked up by a dealer, I really forget where,—in some common cottage, if I recollect aright, covered with dirt, giving no pleasure to any one,—and these were all sold in a single day, and not one of them fetched less than two hundred and twenty pounds.»

«*I* can't help thinking they must have come from Cremorne,» said Mrs. Sinclair softly.

«But why,» said Mr. Rose, «should I speak of particular instances? We *must* all of us have friends whose houses are full of priceless treasures such as these; the whole atmosphere of whose rooms really seems impregnated with art,—seems, in fact, Mr. Herbert, such an atmosphere as we should dream of for our New Republic.»

«To be sure,» exclaimed Lady Ambrose, feeling that she had at last got upon solid ground. «By the way, Mr. Rose,» she said with her most gracious of smiles, «I suppose you have hardly seen Lady Julia Hayman's new house in Belgrave Square? I'm sure that would delight you. I should like to take you there some day and show it to you.»

«I have seen it,» said Mr. Rose with languid condescension. «It was very pretty, I thought,—some of it really quite nice.»

This, and the slight rudeness of manner it was said with, raised Mr. Rose greatly in Lady Ambrose's estimation, and she began to think with respect of his late utterances.

«Well, Mr. Herbert,» Mr. Rose went on, «what I want to say is this: We have here in the present age, as it is, fragments of the right thing. We have a number of isolated right interiors; we have a few, very few, right exteriors. But in our ideal State, our entire city—our London, the metropolis of our society—would be as a whole perfect as these fragments. Taste would not there be merely an indoor thing. It would be written visibly for all to look upon, in our streets, our squares, our gardens. Could we only mold England to our wishes, the thing to do, I am persuaded, would be to remove London to some kindlier site.

that it might there be altogether born anew. I myself would have it taken to the southwest, and to the sea-coast, where the waves are blue, and where the air is calm and fine, and there—»

«Ah me!» sighed Mr. Luke with a lofty sadness, «*cælum non animam mutant.*»

«Pardon me,» said Mr. Rose: «few paradoxes—and most paradoxes are false—are, I think, so false as that. This much at least of sea-like man's mind has: that scarcely anything so distinctly gives a tone to it as the color of the skies he lives under. And I was going to say,» he went on, looking out dreamily towards the evening waves, «that as the imagination is a quick workman, I can at this moment see our metropolis already transplanted and rebuilt. I seem to see it now as it were from a distance, with its palaces, its museums, its churches, its convents, its gardens, its picture galleries,—a cluster of domed and pillared marble, sparkling on a gray headland. It is Rome, it is Athens, it is Florence, arisen and come to life again, in these modern days. The aloe-tree of beauty again blossoms there, under the azure stainless sky.»

«Do you know, Mr. Rose,» said Lady Ambrose in her most cordial manner, «all this is *very* beautiful; and certainly no one can think London as it is more ugly than I do. That's natural in me, isn't it, being a denizen of poor prosaic South Audley Street as I am? But don't you think that your notion is—it's very beautiful, I quite feel that—but don't you think it is perhaps a little too dream-like—too unreal, if you know what I mean?»

«Such a city,» said Mr. Rose earnestly, «is indeed a dream; but it is a dream which we might make a reality, would circumstances only permit of it. We have many amongst us who know what is beautiful, and who passionately desire it; and would others only be led by these, it is quite conceivable that we might some day have a capital, the entire aspect of which should be the visible embodiment of our finest and most varied culture, our most sensitive taste, and our deepest æsthetic measure of things. This is what this capital of our New Republic must be, this dwelling-place of our ideal society. We shall have houses, galleries, streets, theatres, such as Giulio Romano or Giorgio Vasari or Giulio Campi would have rejoiced to look at; we shall have metal-work worthy of the hand of Ghiberti and the praise of Michel Angelo; we shall rival Domenico Beccafumi with our pavements. As you wander through our thoroughfares and our gardens, your feelings will not be jarred by the presence of human vulgarity, or the desolating noise of traffic; nor in every spare space will your eyes be caught by abominable advertisements of excursion trains to Brighton, or of Horniman's cheap tea. They will rest instead, here on an exquisite fountain, here on a statue, here on a bust of Zeus or Hermes or Aphrodite, glimmering in a laureled nook; or on a *Mater Dolorosa* looking down on you from her holy shrine; or on the carved marble gate-posts of our palace gardens, or on their wrought-iron or wrought-bronze gates; or perhaps on such triumphal arches as that which Antonio San Gallo constructed in honor of Charles V., and of which you must all remember the description given by Vasari. Such a city," said Mr. Rose, "would be the externalization of the human spirit in the highest state of development that we can conceive for it. We should there see expressed openly all our appreciations of all the beauty that we can detect in the world's whole history. The wind of the spirit that breathed there would blow to us from all the places of the past, and be charged with infinite odors. Every frieze on our walls, every clustered capital of a marble column, would be a garland or nosegay of associations. Indeed, our whole city, as compared with the London that is now, would be itself a nosegay as compared with a faggot; and as related to the life that I would see lived in it, it would be like a shell murmuring with all the world's memories, and held to the ear of the two twins Life and Love."

Mr. Rose had got so dreamy by this time that he felt himself the necessity of turning a little more matter-of-fact again.

"You will see what I mean, plainly enough," he said, "if you will just think of our architecture, and consider how that naturally will be—"

"Yes," said Mr. Luke, "I should be glad to hear about our architecture."

"—how that naturally will be," Mr. Rose went on, "of no style in particular."

"The deuce it won't!" exclaimed Mr. Luke.

"No," continued Mr. Rose unmoved; "no style in particular, but a *renaissance* of all styles. It will matter nothing to us whether they be pagan or Catholic, classical or mediæval. We shall be quite without prejudice or bigotry. To the eye of true taste, an Aquinas in his cell before a crucifix, or a Narcissus gazing at himself in a still fountain, are—in their own ways, you know—equally beautiful."

"Well, really," said Miss Merton, "I can *not* fancy St. Thomas being a very taking object to people who don't believe in him either as a saint or a philosopher. I always think that except from a Christian point of view, a saint can be hardly better described than by Newman's lines, as—

'A bundle of bones, whose breath
Infects the world before his death.'"*

"I remember the lines well," said Mr. Rose calmly, "and the writer you mention puts them in the mouth of a yelping devil. But devils, as far as I know, are not generally—except perhaps Milton's—conspicuous for taste; indeed, if we may trust Goethe, the very touch of a flower is torture to them."

"Dante's biggest devil," cried Mr. Saunders, to every one's amazement, "chewed Judas Iscariot like a quid of tobacco, to all eternity. He, at any rate, knew what he liked."

Mr. Rose started, and visited Mr. Saunders with a rapid frown. He then proceeded, turning again to Miss Merton as if nothing had happened.

"Let me rather," he said, "read a nice sonnet to you, which I had sent to me this morning, and which was in my mind just now. These lines" (Mr. Rose here produced a paper from his pocket) "were written by a boy of eighteen,—a youth of extraordinary promise, I think,—whose education I may myself claim to have had some share in directing. Listen," he said, laying the verses before him on a clean plate.

"Three visions in the watches of one night
Made sweet my sleep—almost too sweet to tell.
One was Narcissus by a woodside well,
And on the moss his limbs and feet were white;
And one, Queen Venus, blown for my delight
Across the blue sea in a rosy shell;
And one, a lean Aquinas in his cell,
Kneeling, his pen in hand, with aching sight
Strained towards a carven Christ: and of these three
I knew not which was fairest. First I turned
Towards that soft boy, who laughed and fled from me;
Towards Venus then, and she smiled once, and she
Fled also. Then with teeming heart I yearned,
O Angel of the Schools, towards Christ with thee!"

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* *Vide* J. H. Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.'

«Yes,» murmured Mr. Rose to himself, folding up the paper, «they are dear lines. Now there,» he said, «we have a true and tender expression of the really catholic spirit of modern æstheticism, which holds nothing common or unclean. It is in this spirit, I say, that the architects of our State will set to work. And thus for our houses, for our picture galleries, for our churches,—I trust we shall have many churches,—they will select and combine—»

«Do you seriously mean,» broke in Allen a little impatiently, «that it is a thing to wish for and to look forward to, that we should abandon all attempts at original architecture, and content ourselves with simply sponging on the past?»

«I do,» replied Mr. Rose suavely; «and for this reason, if for no other,—that the world can now successfully do nothing else. Nor indeed is it to be expected, or even wished, that it should.»

«You say we have no good architecture now!» exclaimed Lady Ambrose; «but, Mr. Rose, have you forgotten our modern churches? Don't you think them beautiful? Perhaps you never go to All Saints'?»

«I every now and then,» said Mr. Rose, «when I am in the weary mood for it, attend the services of our English Ritualists, and I admire their churches very much indeed. In some places the whole thing is really managed with surprising skill. The dim religious twilight, fragrant with the smoke of incense; the tangled roofs that the music seems to cling to; the tapers, the high altar, and the strange intonation of the priests,—all produce a curious old-world effect, and seem to unite one with things that have been long dead. Indeed, it all seems to me far more a part of the past than the services of the Catholics.»

Lady Ambrose did not express her approbation of the last part of this sentiment, out of regard for Miss Merton; but she gave a smile and a nod of pleased intelligence to Mr. Rose.

«Yes,» Mr. Rose went on, «there is a regretful insincerity about it all, that is very nice, and that at once appeals to me, 'Gleich einer alten halbverklungnen Sage.'* The priests are only half in earnest; the congregations even—»

«Then I am quite sure,» interrupted Lady Ambrose with vigor, «that you can never have heard Mr. Cope preach.»

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*«Like some old half-forgotten legend.»

"I don't know," said Mr. Rose languidly. "I never inquired, nor have I ever heard any one so much as mention, the names of any of them. Now all that, Lady Ambrose, were life really in the state it should be, you would be able to keep."

"Do you seriously, and in sober earnest, mean," Allen again broke in, "that you think it a good thing that all our art and architecture should be borrowed and insincere, and that our very religion should be nothing but a dilettante memory?"

"The opinion," said Mr. Rose,—"which by the way you slightly misrepresent,—is not mine only, but that of all those of our own day who are really devoting themselves to art for its own sake. I will try to explain the reason of this. In the world's life, just as in the life of a man, there are certain periods of eager and all-absorbing action, and these are followed by periods of memory and reflection. We then look back upon our past and become for the first time conscious of what we are, and of what we have done. We then see the dignity of toil, and the grand results of it; the beauty and the strength of faith, and the fervent power of patriotism: which whilst we labored, and believed, and loved, we were quite blind to. Upon such a reflective period has the world now entered. It has acted and believed already: its task now is to learn to value action and belief, to feel and to be thrilled at the beauty of them. And the chief means by which it can learn this is art; the art of a *renaissance*. For by the power of such art, all that was beautiful, strong, heroic, or tender in the past,—all the actions, passions, faiths, aspirations of the world, that lie so many fathom deep in the years,—float upward to the tranquil surface of the present, and make our lives like what seems to me one of the loveliest things in nature, the iridescent film on the face of a stagnant water. Yes; the past is not dead unless we choose that it shall be so. Christianity itself is not dead. There is 'nothing of it that doth fade,' but turns 'into something rich and strange,' for us to give a new tone to our lives with. And believe me," Mr. Rose went on, gathering earnestness, "that the happiness possible in such conscious periods is the only true happiness. Indeed, the active periods of the world were not really happy at all. We only fancy them to have been so by a pathetic fallacy. Is the hero happy during his heroism? No, but after it, when he sees what his heroism was, and reads the glory of it in the eyes of youth or maiden."

«All this is very poor stuff—*very* poor stuff,» murmured Dr. Jenkinson, whose face had become gradually the very picture of crossness.

«Do you mean, Mr. Rose,» said Miss Merton, with a half humorous, half incredulous smile, «that we never value religion till we have come to think it nonsense?»

«Not nonsense—no,» exclaimed Mr. Rose in gentle horror; «I only mean that it never lights our lives so beautifully as when it is leaving them like the evening sun. It is in such periods of the world's life that art springs into being in its greatest splendor. Your Raphael, Miss Merton, who painted you your 'dear Madonnas,' was a luminous cloud in the sunset sky of the Renaissance,—a cloud that took its fire from a faith that was sunk or sinking.»

«I'm afraid that the faith is not quite sunk yet,» said Miss Merton, with a slight sudden flush in her cheeks, and with just the faintest touch of suppressed anger.

Mr. Saunders, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Storks, and Mr. Luke all raised their eyebrows.

«No,» said Mr. Rose, «such cyclic sunsets are happily apt to linger.»

«Mr. Rose,» exclaimed Lady Ambrose, with her most gracious of smiles, «of course every one who has ears must know that all this is very beautiful; but I am positively so stupid that I haven't been quite able to follow it all.»

«I will try to make my meaning clearer,» he said, in a brisker tone. «I often figure to myself an unconscious period and a conscious one, as two women: one an untamed creature with embrowned limbs, native to the air and the sea; the other marble-white and swan-soft, couched delicately on cushions before a mirror, and watching her own supple reflection gleaming in the depths of it. On the one is the sunshine and the sea spray. The wind of heaven and her unbound hair are playmates. The light of the sky is in her eyes; on her lips is a free laughter. We look at her, and we know that she is happy. *We* know it, mark me; but *she* knows it not. Turn, however, to the other, and all is changed. Outwardly, there is no gladness there. Her dark, gleaming eyes open depth within depth upon us, like the circles of a new Inferno. There is a clear, shadowy pallor on her cheek. Only her lips are scarlet. There is a sadness, a languor,—even in the grave tendrils of her heavy hair, and in each changing curve of her bosom as she breathes or sighs.»

« What a very odd man Mr. Rose is! » said Lady Ambrose in a loud whisper. « He always seems to talk of everybody as if they had no clothes on. And does he mean by this that we ought to be always in the dumps? »

« Yes,» Mr. Rose was meanwhile proceeding, his voice again growing visionary, « there is no eagerness, no action there: and yet all eagerness, all action is known to her as the writing on an open scroll; only, as she reads, even in the reading of it, action turns into emotion and eagerness into a sighing memory. Yet such a woman really may stand symbolically for us as the patroness and the lady of all gladness, who makes us glad in the only way now left us. And not only in the only way, but in the best way—the way of ways. Her secret is self-consciousness. She knows that she is fair; she knows, too, that she is sad: but she sees that sadness is lovely, and so sadness turns to joy. Such a woman may be taken as a symbol, not of our architecture only, but of all the æsthetic surroundings with which we shall shelter and express our life. Such a woman do I see whenever I enter a ritualistic church—»

« I know,» said Mrs. Sinclair, « that very peculiar people do go to such places; but, Mr. Rose,» she said with a look of appealing inquiry, « I thought they were generally rather overdressed than otherwise? »

« The imagination,» said Mr. Rose, opening his eyes in grave wonder at Mrs. Sinclair, « may give her what garb it chooses. Our whole city, then—the city of our New Republic—will be in keeping with this spirit. It will be the architectural and decorative embodiment of the most educated longings of our own times after order and loveliness and delight, whether of the senses or the imagination. It will be, as it were, a resurrection of the past, in response to the longing and the passionate regret of the present. It will be such a resurrection as took place in Italy during its greatest epoch, only with this difference—»

« You seem to have forgotten trade and business altogether,» said Dr. Jenkinson. « I think, however rich you intend to be, you will find that they are necessary.»

« Yes, Mr. Rose, you're not going to deprive us of all our shops, I hope? » said Lady Ambrose.

«Because, you know,» said Mrs. Sinclair with a soft maliciousness, «we can't go without dresses altogether, Mr. Rose. And if I were there,» she continued plaintively, «I should want a bookseller to publish the scraps of verse — poetry, as I am pleased to call it — that I am always writing.»

«Pooh!» said Mr. Rose, a little annoyed, «we shall have all that somewhere, of course; but it will be out of the way, in a sort of Piræus, where the necessary κάπηλοι — »

«A sort of what?» said Lady Ambrose.

«Mr. Rose merely means,» said Donald Gordon, «that there must be good folding-doors between the offices and the house of life, and that the servants are not to be seen walking about in the pleasure-grounds.»

«Yes,» said Mr. Rose, «exactly so.»

«Well, then,» said Lady Ambrose, «I quite agree with you, Mr. Rose; and if wishing were only having, I've not the least doubt that we should all of us be going back to Mr. Rose's city to-morrow, instead of to London, with its carts, and cabs, and smoke, and all its thousand-and-one drawbacks. I'm sure,» she said, turning to Miss Merton, «you would, my dear, with all your taste.»

«It certainly,» said Miss Merton smiling, «all sounds very beautiful. All that I am afraid of is, that we should not be quite worthy of it.»

«Nay,» said Mr. Rose, «but the very point is that we shall be worthy of it, and that it will be worthy of us. I said, if you recollect, just now, that the world's ideal of the future must resemble in many ways its memory of the Italian Renaissance. But don't let that mislead you. It may resemble that, but it will be something far in advance of it. During the last three hundred years — in fact, during the last sixty or seventy years — the soul of man has developed strangely in its sentiments and its powers of feeling; in its powers, in fact, of enjoying life. As I said, I have a work in the press devoted entirely to a description of this growth. I have some of the proof-sheets with me; and if you will let me, I should like to read you one or two passages.»

«I don't think much can be made out of that,» said Dr. Jenkinson, with a vindictive sweetness. «Human sentiment dresses itself in different fashions, as human ladies do; but I think beneath the surface it is much the same. I mean," he added, suddenly recollecting that he might thus seem to be rooting up the wheat of his own opinions along with the tares of Mr. Rose's, "I mean that I don't think in seventy years, or even in three hundred, you will be able to show that human nature has *very* much changed. I don't think so."

Unfortunately, however, the Doctor found that instead of putting down Mr. Rose by this, he had only raised up Mr. Luke.

"Ah, Jenkinson, I think you are wrong there," said Mr. Luke. "As long as we recognize that this growth is at present confined to a very small minority, the fact of such growth is *the* most important, *the* most significant of all facts. Indeed, our friend Mr. Rose is quite right thus far, in the stress he lays on our appreciation of the past: that we have certainly in these modern times acquired a new sense, by which alone the past can be appreciated truly,—the sense which, if I may invent a phrase for it, I should call that of Historical Perspective; so that now really for the first time the landscape of history is beginning to have some intelligible charm for us. And this, you know, is not all. Our whole views of things (you, Jenkinson, must know this as well as I do)—the *Zeitgeist* breathes upon them, and they do not die; but they are changed, they are enlightened."

The Doctor was too much annoyed to make any audible answer to this; but he murmured with some emphasis to himself, "That's *not* what Mr. Rose was saying; that's *not* what I was contradicting."

"You take, Luke, a rather more rose-colored view of things than you did last night," said Mr. Storks.

"No," said Mr. Luke with a sigh, "far from it. I am not denying (pray, Jenkinson, remember this) that the majority of us are at present either Barbarians or Philistines; and the ugliness of these is more glaring now than at any former time. But that any of us are able to see them thus distinctly in their true colors itself shows that there must be a deal of light somewhere. Even to make darkness visible some light is needed. We should always recollect that. We are only discontented with ourselves when we are struggling to be better than ourselves."

"And in many ways," said Laurence, "I think the struggle has been successful. Take for instance the pleasure we get now from the aspects of external nature, and the way in which these seem to mix themselves with our lives. This certainly is something distinctly modern. And nearly all our other feelings, it seems to me, have changed just like this one, and have become more sensitive and more highly organized. If we may judge by its expression in literature, love has, certainly; and that, I suppose, is the most important and comprehensive feeling in life."

"Does Mr. Laurence only *suppose* that?" sighed Mrs. Sinclair, casting down her eyes.

"Well," said Dr. Jenkinson, "our feelings about these two things — about love and external nature — perhaps have changed somewhat. Yes, I think they have. I think you might make an interesting magazine article out of that — but hardly more."

"I rather," said Laurence apologetically, "agree with Mr. Luke and Mr. Rose, that all our feelings have developed just as these two have. And I think this is partly owing to the fusion in our minds of our sacred and secular ideas; which indeed you were speaking of this morning in your sermon. Thus, to find some rational purpose in life was once merely enjoined as a supernatural duty. In our times it has taken our common nature upon it, and become a natural longing — though I fear," he added softly, "a fruitless one."

"Yes," suddenly exclaimed Lady Grace, who had been listening intently to her nephew's words; "and if you are speaking of modern progress, Otho, you should not leave out the diffusion of those grand ideas of justice and right and freedom and humanity which are at work in the great heart of the nation. We are growing cultivated in Mr. Luke's noble sense of the word; and our whole hearts revolt against the way in which women have hitherto been treated, and against the cruelties which dogma asserts the good God can practice, and the cruelties on the poor animals which wicked men do practice. And war too," Lady Grace went on, a glow mounting into her soft faded cheek: "think how fast we are outgrowing that! England at any rate will never watch the outbreak of another war, with all its inevitable cruelties, without giving at least one sob that shall make all Europe pause and listen. Indeed, we must not forget how the entire substance of religion is ceasing to be a mass of dogmas, and is becoming embodied instead in practice and in action."

"Quite true, Lady Grace," said Mr. Luke. Lady Grace was just about to have given a sign for rising; but Mr. Luke's assent detained her. «As to war,» he went on, «there may of course be different opinions,—questions of policy may arise:» («As if any policy,» murmured Lady Grace, «could justify us in such a thing!») «but religion—yes, that, as I have been trying to teach the world, is the great and important point on which culture is beginning to cast its light; and with just the effect which you describe. It is true that culture is at present but a little leaven hid in a barrel of meal: but still it is doing its work slowly; and in the matter of religion,—indeed, in all matters, for religion rightly understood embraces all,—» («I *do* like to hear Mr. Luke talk sometimes,» murmured Lady Grace,) «its effect is just this: to show us that religion in any civilized, any reasonable, any sweet sense, can never be found except embodied in action; that it is in fact nothing *but* right action, pointed—winged, as it were—by right emotion, by a glow, an aspiration, an aspiration toward God—» (Lady Grace sighed with feeling) «not, of course,» Mr. Luke went on confidentially, «that petulant Pedant of the theologians, that irritable angry Father with the very uncertain temper, but toward—»

«An infinite, inscrutable, loving Being,» began Lady Grace, with a slight moisture in her eyes.

«Quite so,» said Mr. Luke, not waiting to listen: «towards that great Law, that great verifiable tendency of things, that great stream whose flowing such of us as are able are now so anxiously trying to accelerate. There is no vain speculation about creation and first causes and consciousness here; which are matters we can never verify, and which matter nothing to us.»

«But,» stammered Lady Grace aghast, «Mr. Luke, do you mean to say that? But it surely must matter something whether God can hear our prayers, and will help us, and whether we owe him any duty, and whether he is conscious of what we do, and will judge us: it must matter.»

Mr. Luke leaned forward towards Lady Grace and spoke to her in a confidential whisper.

«Not two straws—not that,» he said, with a smile, and a very slight fillip of his finger and thumb.

Lady Grace was thunderstruck.

«But,» again she stammered softly and eagerly, «unless you say there is no personal—»

Mr. Luke hated the word *personal:* it was so much mixed up in his mind with theology, that he even winced if he had to speak of personal talk.

«My dear Lady Grace,» he said in a tone of surprised remonstrance, «you are talking like a bishop.»

«Well, certainly,» said Lady Grace, rising, and struggling she hardly knew how into a smile, «*nolo episcopari*. You see I do know a little Latin, Mr. Luke.»

«Yes,» said Mr. Luke with a bow, as he pushed back a chair for her, «and a bit that has more wisdom in it than all other ecclesiastical Latin put together.»

«We're going to leave you gentlemen to smoke your cigarettes,» said Lady Grace. «We think of going down on the beach for a little, and looking at the sea, which is getting silvery; and by-and-by, I daresay you will not expel us if we come back for a little tea and coffee.»

«Damn it!»

Scarcely had the last trailing skirt swept glimmering out of the pavilion into the mellow slowly brightening moonlight, than the gentlemen were astounded by this sudden and terrible exclamation. It was soon found to have issued from Mr. Saunders, who had hardly spoken more than a few sentences during the whole of dinner.

«What can be the matter?» was inquired by several voices.

«My fool of a servant,» said Mr. Saunders sullenly, «has, I find, in packing, wrapped up a small sponge of mine in my disproof of God's existence.»

«H'f,» shuddered Mr. Rose, shrinking from Mr. Saunders's somewhat piercing tones, and resting his forehead on his hand; «my head aches sadly. I think I will go down to the sea, and join the ladies.»

«I,» said Mr. Saunders, «if you will excuse me, must go and see in what state the document is, as I left it drying, hung on the handle of my jug.»

No sooner had Mr. Saunders and Mr. Rose departed than Dr. Jenkinson began to recover his equanimity somewhat. Seeing this, Mr. Storks, who had himself during dinner been first soothed and then ruffled into silence, found suddenly the strings of his tongue loosed.

«Now, those are the sort of young fellows,» he said, looking after the retreating form of Mr. Saunders, «that really do a good deal to bring all solid knowledge into contempt in the minds of the half-educated. There's a certain hall in London, not far from the top of Regent Street, where I'm told he gives Sunday lectures.»

«Yes,» said Dr. Jenkinson, sipping his claret, «it's all very bad taste — very bad taste.»

«And the worst of it is,» said Mr. Storks, «that these young men really get hold of a fact or two, and then push them on to their own coarse and insane conclusions,— which have, I admit, to the vulgar eye, the look of being obvious.»

«Yes,» said Dr. Jenkinson with a seraphic sweetness, «we should always suspect everything that seems very obvious. Glaring inconsistencies and glaring consistencies are both sure to vanish if you look closely into them.»

«Now, all that about God, for instance,» Mr. Storks went on, «is utterly uncalled for; and as young Saunders puts it, is utterly misleading.»

«Yes,» said Dr. Jenkinson, «it *all* depends upon the way you say it.»

«I hardly think,» said Mr. Stockton with a sublime weariness, «that we need waste much thought upon *his* way. It is a very common one,— that of the puppy that barks at the heels of the master whose meat it steals.»

«May I,» said Mr. Herbert gently, after a moment's pause, «ask this — for I am a little puzzled here: Do I understand that Mr. Saunders's arguments may be held, on the face of the thing, to disprove the existence of God?»

Mr. Storks and Mr. Stockton both stared gravely on Mr. Herbert, and said nothing. Dr. Jenkinson stared at him too; but the Doctor's eye lit up into a little sharp twinkle of benign content and amusement, and he said: —

«No, Mr. Herbert, I don't think Mr. Saunders can disprove that, nor any one else either. For the world has at present no adequate definition of God; and I think we should be able to define a thing before we can satisfactorily disprove it. I think so. I have no doubt Mr. Saunders can disprove the existence of God as he would define him. All atheists can do that.»

«Ah,» murmured Mr. Stockton, «nobly said!»

«But that's not the way,» the Doctor went on, «to set to work,— this kind of rude denial. We must be loyal to nature. We must do nothing *per saltum*. We must be patient. We mustn't leap at Utopias, either religious or irreligious. Let us be content with the knowledge that all dogmas will expand in proportion as we feel they need expansion; for all mere forms are transitory, and even the personality of —»

Fatal word! It was like a match to a cannon.

«Ah, Jenkinson,» exclaimed Mr. Luke, and Dr. Jenkinson stopped instantly, «*we* see what you mean; and capital sense it is too. But you do yourself as much as any one else a great injustice, in not seeing that the age is composed of two parts, and that the cultured minority is infinitely in advance of the Philistine majority—which alone is, properly speaking, the present; the minority being really the soul of the future waiting for its body, which at present can exist only as a Utopia. It is the wants of this soul that we have been talking over this afternoon. When the ladies come back to us, there are several things that I should like to say; and then you will see what we mean, Jenkinson, and that even poor Rose has really some right on his side.»

At the mention of Mr. Rose's name the Doctor's face again curdled into frost.

«I don't think so.» That was all he said.

SIR THOMAS MALORY
AND THE ‹MORTE D'ARTHUR›

(Fifteenth Century)

BY ERNEST RHYS

The one certain thing about Sir Thomas Malory is, that he wrote the first and finest romance of chivalry in our common tongue,—the ‹Morte d'Arthur.› Beyond this, and the testimony that the book affords as to its author, we have little record of him. That he was a Welshman, however, seems highly probable; and his name is certainly of Welsh origin, derived as it is from Maelor. That he was a clerk in holy orders is likely too. It was usual to distinguish vicars at that period and later by the prefix «Sir»; and various clergymen of the same Christian name and surname as his may be traced by old tombs, at Mobberley in Cheshire and elsewhere. Bale, in his interesting Latin chronicle of 1548, on ‹Illustrious Writers of Great Britain,› speaks of his «many cares of State,» it is true; but church and State were then closely enough allied to make the two things compatible with our view of him. Bale's further account is brief but eloquent. Our romancer was a man, he tells us, «of heroic spirit, who shone from his youth in signal gifts of mind and body.» Moreover, a true scholar, a true man of letters, who never interrupted his quest «through all the remnants of the world's scattered antiquity.» So it was that Malory was led to gather, from various sources, all the traditions he could find «concerning the valor and the victories of the most renowned King Arthur of the Britons.» Out of many materials, in French and Latin, in Welsh and Breton, he shaped the book ‹Morte d'Arthur› as we now know it; working with a sense of style, and with a feeling for the tale-teller's and the romancer's art, which show him to be much more than the mere compiler and book-maker that some critics have been content to call him.

A word now as to the dates of Malory's writing, and Caxton's publishing, the ‹Morte d'Arthur,› and we turn from the history of the book to the book itself. In his last page,—after asking his readers to pray for him,—Malory says in characteristic words, which again may be thought to point to his being more than a mere layman: «This book was finished the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, . . . as Jesu help me, for his great might; as he [*i. e.*, Malory] is the servant of Jesu both day and night.» The period thus fixed brings us approximately to the year 1469, and to the ten years previous as the probable time when the ‹Morte d'Arthur› was being written. Caxton published it in 1485, and then referred to Malory as still living. Hence he and his noble romance both fall well within that wonderful fifteenth century which saw the rise of English poetry, with Chaucer as its morning star,—

> «— the morning star of song, who made
> His music heard below,—»

and the revival of Greek learning. It is significant enough, seeing their close kinship, that romance with Malory, and poetry with Chaucer, should have come into English literature in the same period.

As for Malory and his romance, there is hardly a more difficult and a more delightful undertaking in all the history of literature than that of the quest of its first beginnings. Principal Rhys has in his erudite studies in the Arthurian Legend carried us far back into the early Celtic twilight,—the twilight of the morning of man and his spiritual awakening,—and shown us some of the curious parallels between certain Aryan myths and the heroic folk-tales which lent their color to the «culture-hero,» Arthur.

To examine these with the critical attention they require is beyond the scope of the present brief essay; but we may gather from their threads a very interesting clue to the «coming of King Arthur,» in another sense than that of the episode so finely described by Tennyson. We see the mythical hero carried in vague folk-tales of the primitive Celts, in their journey westward across Europe, when the traditions were attached to some other name. Then we find these folk-tales given a local habitation and a name in early Britain; until at last the appearance of a worthy historical hero, a King Arthur of the sixth century, provided a pivot on which the wheel of tradition could turn with new effect. The pivot itself might be small and insignificant enough, but the rim of the wheel might have layer after layer of legend, and accretion after accretion of mythical matter, added to it, till at last the pivot might well threaten to give way under the strain. Not to work the metaphor too hard, the wheel may be said to go to pieces at last, when the turn of the romancers, as distinct from the folk-tale tellers, comes. The Welsh romancers had their turn first; then their originals were turned into Latin by quasi-historians like Geoffrey of Monmouth; carried into France, given all manner of new chivalric additions and adornments, out of the growing European stock, by writers like Robert de Borron; and finally, at the right moment, recaptured by our later Welsh romancer, Malory, working in the interest of a new language and a new literature, destined to play so extraordinary a part in both the New World and the Old.

The art of fiction and romance displayed by Malory in making this transfer of his French materials, is best to be gauged by comparing his ‹Morte d'Arthur› with such romances as those in the famous Merlin cycle of De Borron and his school. To all students of the subject, this comparative investigation will be found full of the most curiously interesting results. Besides Malory, we have English fourteenth-century versions of these French romances; notably ‹The Romance of Merlin,› of which we owe to the Early English Text Society an excellent reprint. To give some idea of the effect of this translation, let us cite a sentence or two from its account of Merlin's imprisonment in the Forest of Broceliande; which may be compared with the briefer account in the ‹Morte d'Arthur.› Sir Gawain hears the voice of Merlin, speaking as it were «from a smoke or mist in the air,» and saying:—

> «From hence may I not come out,—for in all the world is not so strong a close as is this whereas I am: and it is neither of iron, nor steel, nor timber, nor of stone; but it is of the air without any other thing, [bound] by enchantment so strong that it may never be undone while the world endureth.»

This is not unlike Malory; but a little further study of the two side by side will show the reader curious in such things how much he has improved upon these earlier legendary romances, by his process of selection and concentration, and by his choice of persons and episodes. On the other hand, we must concede to his critics that some of his most striking passages, full of gallant adventure gallantly described, are borrowed very closely. But then the great poets and romancers have so often been great borrowers. Shakespeare borrowed boldly and well; so did Herrick; so did Pope; so did Burns. And why not Malory?

It is sufficient if we remember that romance, like other branches of literature, is not a sudden and original growth, but a graft from an old famous stock. To set this graft skillfully in a new tree needed no 'prentice hand; in doing it, Malory proved himself beyond question a master of romance. His true praise is best to be summed up in the long-continuing tribute paid to the ‹Morte d'Arthur› by other poets and writers, artists and musicians. Milton, let us remember, hesitated whether he should not choose its subject for his magnum opus, in the place of ‹Paradise Lost.› Tennyson elected to give it an idyllic presentment in the purple pages of his ‹Idylls of the King.› Still later poets—Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne—have gone to the same fountain-head; and in painting, the pictures of Rossetti, Watts, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones bear a like tribute; while in music, there is more than a reflection of the same influence in the works of Wagner.

In all this, one may trace the vitality of the early Aryan folk-tale out of which the Arthurian legend originally took its rise. Sun-hero or «culture-hero,» Celtic chieftain or British king, it is still the radiant figure of King Arthur that emerges from the gray past, in which myth is dimly merged into mediæval romance. In Malory's pages, to repeat, the historical King Arthur goes for little; but «the ideal Arthur lives and reigns securely in that kingdom of old romance of which Camelot is the capital,»—his beautiful and fatal Guinevere at his side, and Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, and his Knights of the Round Table gathered about him. And if there be, as Tennyson made clear in his ‹Idylls,› a moral to this noble old romance, we may best seek it in the spirit of these words in Caxton's prologue, which make the best and simplest induction to the book:—

> «Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty.»

Ernest Rhys

THE FINDING OF THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

From ‹Morte d'Arthur›

And so Merlin and he departed, and as they rode King Arthur said, «I have no sword.» «No matter,» said Merlin; «hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may.» So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad; and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand. «Lo,» said Merlin unto the King, «yonder is the sword that I spake of.»

With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. «What damsel is that?» said the King. «That is the Lady of the Lake,» said Merlin; « and within that lake is a reach, and therein is as fair a place as any is on earth, and richly beseen; and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak fair to her that she will give you that sword.» Therewith came the damsel to King Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. « Damsel,» said the King, « what sword is that which the arm holdeth yonder above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword.» « Sir King,» said the damsel of the lake, « that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it.» « By my faith,» said King Arthur, « I will give you any gift that you will ask or desire.» « Well,» said the damsel, « go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself unto the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you; and I will ask my gift when I see my time.»

So King Arthur and Merlin alighted, tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the barge. And when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him; and the arm and the hand went under the water, and so came to the land and rode forth.

Then King Arthur saw a rich pavilion. « What signifieth yonder pavilion?» « That is the knight's pavilion that ye fought with last — Sir Pellinore; but he is out; for he is not there: he hath had to do with a knight of yours, that hight Eglame, and they have foughten together a great while, but at the last Eglame fled, and else he had been dead; and Sir Pellinore hath chased him to Carlion, and we shall anon meet with him in the highway.» « It is well said,» quoth King Arthur; « now have I a sword, and now will I wage battle with him and be avenged on him.» « Sir, ye shall not do so,» said Merlin: « for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing; so that ye shall have no worship to have a do with him. Also he will not lightly be matched of one knight living: and therefore my counsel is, that ye let him pass; for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, that ye shall be right glad to give him your sister to wife.» « When I see him,» said King Arthur, « I will do as ye advise me.»

Then King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it passing well. « Whether liketh you better,» said Merlin, « the sword or the scabbard?» « Me liketh better the sword,» said King Arthur. « Ye are more unwise,» said Merlin; « for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword: for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded,—therefore keep well the scabbard alway with you.» So they rode on to Carlion.

THE WHITE HART AT THE WEDDING OF KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUENEVER

From ‹Morte d'Arthur›

Then was the high feast made ready, and the King was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever, in the Church of St. Stevens, with great solemnity; and as every man was set after his degree, Merlin went unto all the Knights of the Round Table, and bid them sit still, and that none should remove, «for ye shall see a marvelous adventure.» Right so as they sat, there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round. As he went by the other tables, the white brachet caught him by the flank, and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap, and overthrew a knight that sat at the table's side; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet.

Right soon anon came in a lady on a white palfrey, and cried aloud to King Arthur, «Sir, suffer me not to have this despite, for the brachet was mine that the knight led away.» «I may not do therewith,» said the King. With this there came a knight riding all armed on a great horse, and took the lady with him by force; and she cried and made great moan. When she was gone the King was glad, because she made such a noise. «Nay,» said Merlin, «ye may not leave these adventures so lightly, for these adventures must be brought again, or else it would be disworship to you, and to your feast.» «I will,» said the King, «that all be done by your advice.» «Then,» said Merlin, «let call Sir Gawaine, for he must bring again the white hart; also, sir, ye must let call Sir Tor, for he must bring again the brachet and the knight, or else slay him; also, let call King Pellinore, for he must bring again the lady and the knight, or else slay him: and these three knights shall do marvelous adventures or they come again.»

FALERO

THE FAIR MAID OF ASTOLAT.

Photogravure from a painting by L. R. Falero.

"And when the letter was written, word by word, as she had devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. 'And while my body is whole let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me. And so let my bed, with all my rich clothes, be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is; and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust, to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you let be done.' So her father granted her faithfully that all this thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole; for when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, and all, were led the next way unto the Thames; and there a man, and the corpse and all, were put in a barge on the Thames; and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rode a great while to and fro or any man discovered it."—*Malory.*

THE MAID OF ASTOLAT

From ‹Morte d'Arthur›

Now speak we of the fair maid of Astolat, which made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, eat, nor drank; and always she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured about ten days, that she felt that she must needs pass out of this world. Then she shrove her clean and received her Creator; and ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then said she, «Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain. For my belief is that I do none offense, though I love an earthly man; and I take God unto record, I never loved any but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a maiden I am, for him and for all other. And sith it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the high Father of heaven for to have mercy upon my soul; and that mine innumerable pains which I suffer may be allegiance of part of my sins. For our sweet Savior Jesu Christ,» said the maiden, «I take thee to record, I was never greater offender against thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of all measure; and of myself, good Lord! I might not withstand the fervent love, wherefore I have my death.» And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre; and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she would indite it. And so her father granted it her.

And when the letter was written, word by word, as she had devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. «And while my body is whole let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me. And so let my bed, with all my rich clothes, be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is; and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust, to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you let be done.» So her father granted her faithfully that all this thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole; for when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, and all, were led the next way unto the Thames; and there a man, and the corpse and all, were put in a barge on the Thames; and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rode a great while to and fro or any man discovered it.

So, by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window; and so as they looked into the Thames, they espied the black barge, and had marvel what it might mean. Then the King called Sir Kaye and showed him it. "Sir," said Sir Kaye, "wit ye well that there is some new tidings." "Go ye thither," said the King unto Sir Kaye, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there." Then these three knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse, lying in a rich bed, that ever they saw, and a poor man sitting in the end of the barge, and no word would he speak. So these three knights returned unto the King again, and told him what they had found. "That fair corpse will I see," said King Arthur. And then the King took the Queen by the hand and went thither. Then the King made the barge to be holden fast; and then the King and the Queen went in with certain knights with them; and there they saw a fair gentlewoman, lying in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was cloth of gold: and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the Queen espied the letter in the right hand, and told the King thereof. Then the King took it in his hand and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither." Then the King and the Queen went out of the barge; and the King commanded certain men to wait upon the barge. And so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him and said "that he would wit openly what was written within that letter." Then the King broke it open and made a clerk to read it. And this was the intent of the letter:—

"Most noble knight, my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your love, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan. Yet for my soul that ye pray, and bury me at the least, and offer me my mass penny. This is my last request; and a clean maid I died, I take God to my witness. Pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art a knight peerless."

This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the Queen and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when Sir Launcelot had heard it, word by word, he said, «My lord, King Arthur, wit you well that I am right heavy of the death of this fair damsel. God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my will; and that I will report me unto her own brother here,—he is Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay,» said Sir Launcelot, «but that she was both fair and good; and much was I beholden unto her: but she loved me out of measure.» «Ye might have showed her,» said the Queen, «some bounty and gentleness, that ye might have preserved her life.» «Madam,» said Sir Launcelot, «she would none other way be answered, but that she would be my wife, or else my love; and of these two I would not grant her: but I proffered her for her good love, which she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly to her and her heirs, and to wed any manner of knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam,» said Sir Launcelot, «I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by constraint.» «That is truth,» said King Arthur and many knights: «love is free in himself, and never will be bound; for where he is bound he loseth himself.»

THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT.*

From ‹Morte d'Arthur.›

Then Sir Launcelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed, but needfully, as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep, and always he was lying groveling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb: and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir

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*The second paragraph of this eloquent passage is not to be found in the first edition of the ‹Morte d'Arthur,› and is probably by some other writer than Malory. This, however, does not affect its eloquence.

Bors, nor none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

O ye mighty and pompous lords, shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms,—behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted; see also, the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair, adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Launcelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth groveling upon the cold mold; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible. How, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honor, so dangerous. Therefore, methinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in it shall ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they gat a praising continually. Also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness,—faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and the more that God hath given you triumphal honor, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

(FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

The most entertaining book in early English prose is the one entitled 'The Marvelous Adventures of Sir John Maundevile [or Mandeville], Knight: being his Voyage and Travel which treateth of the way to Jerusalem and of the Marvels of Ind with other Islands and Countries.' Who this knight was, and how many of the wondrous countries and sights he described he actually saw, are matters of grave discussion. Some scholars have denied his very existence, affirming the book to be merely a compilation from other books of travel, well known at the time, and made by a French physician, Jehan de Bourgogne, who hid his identity under the pseudonym of the English knight of St. Albans. As a matter of fact, the assertion of Sir John in a Latin copy notwithstanding, research has proved beyond doubt that the book was first written in French, and then translated into English, Latin, Italian, German, Flemish, and even into Irish. It has been further shown that the author drew largely on the works of his contemporaries. The chapters on Asiatic history and geography are from a book dictated in French at Poitiers in 1307, by the Armenian monk Hayton; the description of the Tartars is from the work of the Franciscan monk John de Plano Carpini; the account of Prester John is taken from the Epistle ascribed to him, and from stories current in the fourteenth century. There are, furthermore, large borrowings from the book of the Lombard Franciscan friar Odoric of Pordenone, who traveled in the Orient between 1317 and 1330, and on his return had his adventures set down in Latin by a brother of his order. The itinerary of the German knight William of Boldensele, about 1336, is also laid under contribution. What then can be credited to Sir John? While learned men are waxing hot over conjectures the answers to which seem beyond the search-light of exact investigation, the unsophisticated reader holds fast by the testimony of the knight himself as to his own identity, accepting it along with the marvels narrated in the book:—

«I John Maundevile, Knight, all be it I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michaelmas; and hitherto have been long time over the Sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse Lands, and many Provinces and Kingdoms and Isles, and have passed through Tartary, Persia, Ermony [Armenia] the Little and the Great; through Lybia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the Less and the More, a great Part; and throughout many other Isles, that be about Ind: where dwell many diverse Folks, and of diverse Manners and Laws, and of diverse Shapes of Men. Of which Lands and Isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter.

«And I shall advise you of some Part of things that there be, when Time shall be hereafter, as it may best come to my Mind; and especially for them that will and are in Purpose to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem and the Holy Places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the way that they shall hold hither. For I have often times passed and ridden the Way, with good company of many Lords. God be thanked.»

And again in the epilogue:—

«And ye shall understand, if it like you, that at mine Home-coming, I came to Rome, and showed my Life to our Holy Father the Pope, . . . and amongst all I showed him this treatise, that I had made after information of Men that knew of things that I had not seen myself, and also of Marvels and Customs that I had seen myself, as far as God would give me grace; and besought his Holy Father-hood, that my Book might be examined and corrected by Advice of his wise and discreet Council. And our Holy Father, of his special Grace, remitted my Book to be examined and proved by the Advice of his said Council. By the which my Book was proved true. . . . And I John Maundevile, Knight, above said, although I be unworthy, that departed from our Countries and passed the Sea the Year of Grace 1322, that have passed many Lands and many Isles and Countries, and searched many full strange Places, and have been in many a full good honorable Company, and at many a fair Deed of Arms, albeit that I did none myself, for mine incapable Insufficiency, now am come Home, maugre myself, to Rest. For Gouts and Rheumatics, that distress me — those define the End of my Labor against my Will, God knoweth.

«And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the Time passed, I have fulfilled these Things, and put them written in this Book, as it would come into my Mind, the Year of Grace 1356, in the 34th year that I departed from our countries.»

The book professes, then, to be primarily a guide for pilgrims to Jerusalem by four routes, with a handbook of the holy places. But Sir John's love of the picturesque and the marvelous, and his delight in a good story, lead him to linger along the way: nay, to go out of his way in order to pick up a legend or a tale wherewith to enliven the dry facts of the route; as if his pilgrims, weary and footsore with long day journeys, needed a bit of diversion to cheer them along the way. When, after many a detour, he is finally brought into Palestine, the pilgrim is made to feel that every inch is holy ground. The guide scrupulously locates even the smallest details of Bible history. He takes it all on faith. He knows nothing of nineteenth-century «higher criticism,» nor does he believe in spiritual interpretation. He will point you out the

> «rock where Jacob was sleeping when he saw the angels go up and down a ladder. . . . And upon that rock sat our Lady, and learned her psalter. . . . Also at the right side of that Dead Sea dwelleth yet the Wife of Lot in Likeness of a Salt Stone. . . . And in that Plain is the Tomb of Job. . . . And there is the Cistern where Joseph, which they sold, was cast in of by his Brethren. . . . There nigh is Gabriel's Well where our Lord was wont to bathe him, when He was young, and from that Well bare the Water often-time to His Mother. And in that Well she washed often-time the Clothes of her Son Jesu Christ. . . . On that Hill, and in that same Place, at the Day of Doom, 4 Angels with 4 Trumpets shall blow and raise all Men that have suffered Death.»

He touches on whatever would appeal to the pious imagination of the pilgrims, and helps them to visualize the truths of their religion. When he leaves Palestine,—a country he knew perhaps better than ever man before or since his day,—and goes into the more mythical regions of Ind the Little and More, Cathay and Persia, his imagination fairly runs riot. With an Oriental love of the gorgeous he describes the «Royalty of the Palace of the Great Chan,» or of Prester John's abode,—splendors not to be outdone even by the genie of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. He takes us into regions lustrous with gold and silver, diamonds and other precious stones. We have indeed in the latter half of the book whole chapters rivaling the ‹Arabian Nights› in their weird luxurious imaginings, and again in their grotesque creations of men and beasts and plant life. What matter where Sir John got his material for his marvels,—his rich, monster-teeming Eastern world, with its Amazons and pigmies; its people with hound's heads, that «be great folk and well-fighting»; its wild geese with two heads, and lions all white and great as oxen; men with eyes in their shoulders, and men without heads; «folk that have the Face all flat, all plain, without Nose and without Mouth»; «folk that have great Ears and long that hang down to their Knees»; and «folk that run marvelously swift with one foot so large that it serves them as umbrella against the sun when they lie down to rest»; the Hippotaynes, half man and half horse; griffins that «have the Body upwards as an Eagle and beneath as a Lion, and truly they say truth, that they be of that shape.» We find hints of many old acquaintances of the wonder-world of story-books, and fables from classic soil. The giants with one eye in the middle of the forehead are close brothers to the Cyclops Polyphemus, whom Ulysses outwitted. The adamant rocks were surely washed by the same seas that swirled around the magnetic mountain whereon Sindbad the Sailor was wrecked. Sir John was in truth a masterful borrower, levying tribute on all the superstitions, the legends, the stories, and the fables current in his time; a time when the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, in literature as well as in other matters, was not as finely drawn as it is now. Whatever a man could use, he plagiarized and considered as his own. Where the robber-baron filched by means of the sword, Sir John filched by means of the pen. He took his monsters out of Pliny, his miracles out of legends, his strange stories out of romances. He meant to leave no rumor or invention unchronicled; and he prefaces his most amazing assertions with «They say» or «Men say, but I have not seen it.» He fed the gullibility of his age to the top of its bent, and compiled a book so popular that more copies from the fourteenth-century editions remain than of any other book except the Bible.

THE MARVELOUS RICHES OF PRESTER JOHN

From ‹The Adventures›

In the Land of Prester John be many divers Things and many precious Stones, so great and so large, that Men make of them Vessels, as Platters, Dishes, and Cups. And many other Marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put in Writing of Books; but of the principal Isles and of his Estate and of his Law, I shall tell you some Part. . . .

And he hath under him 72 Provinces, and in every Province is a King. And these Kings have Kings under them, and all be Tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his Lordships many great Marvels.

For in his Country is the Sea that Men call the Gravelly Sea, that is all Gravel and Sand, without any Drop of Water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great Waves as other Seas do, and it is never still nor at Peace in any manner of Season. And no Man may pass that Sea by Ship, nor by any manner of Craft, and therefore may no Man know what Land is beyond that Sea. And albeit that it have no Water, yet Men find therein and on the Banks full good Fishes of other manner of Nature and shape than Men find in any other Sea, and they be of right good Taste and delicious for Man's Meat.

And a 3 Days' Journey long from that Sea be great Mountains, out of the which goeth out a great River that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious Stones, without any Drop of Water, and it runneth through the Desert on the one Side, so that it maketh the Sea gravelly; and it runneth into that Sea, and there it endeth. And that River runneth, also, 3 Days in the Week and bringeth with him great Stones and the Rocks also therewith, and that great Plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those 3 Days that that River runneth, no Man dare enter into it; but on other Days Men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that River, more upward to the Deserts, is a great Plain all gravelly, between the Mountains. And in that Plain, every Day at the Sun-rising, begin to grow small Trees, and they grow till Midday, bearing Fruit; but no Man dare take of that Fruit, for it is a Thing of Faerie. And after Midday they decrease and enter again into the Earth, so that at the going down of the Sun they appear no more. And so they do, every Day. And that is a great Marvel.

In that Desert be many Wild Men, that be hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak naught, but they grunt, as Pigs. And there is also great Plenty of wild Hounds. And there be many Popinjays [or Parrots] that they call Psittakes in their Language. And they speak of their own Nature, and say '*Salve!*' [God save you!] to Men that go through the Deserts, and speak to them as freely as though it were a Man that spoke. And they that speak well have a large Tongue, and have 5 Toes upon a Foot. And there be also some of another Manner, that have but 3 Toes upon a Foot; and they speak not, or but little, for they cannot but cry.

This Emperor Prester John when he goeth into Battle against any other Lord, he hath no Banners borne before him; but he hath 3 Crosses of Gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious Stones, and every one of the Crosses be set in a Chariot, full richly arrayed. And to keep every Cross, be ordained 10,000 Men of Arms and more than 100,000 Men on Foot, in manner as when Men would keep a Standard in our Countries, when that we be in a Land of War. . . .

He dwelleth commonly in the City of Susa. And there is his principal Palace, that is so rich and noble that no Man will believe it by Estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief Tower of the Palace be 2 round Pommels or Balls of Gold, and in each of them be 2 Carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the Night. And the principal gates of his Palace be of precious Stone that Men call Sardonyx, and the Border and the Bars be of Ivory. And the Windows of the Halls and Chambers be of Crystal. And the Tables whereon Men eat, some be of Emeralds, some of Amethyst, and some of Gold, full of precious Stones; and the Pillars that bear up the Tables be of the same precious Stones. And of the Steps to go up to his Throne, where he sitteth at Meat, one is of Onyx, another is of Crystal, and another of green Jasper, another of Amethyst, another of Sardine, another of Cornelian, and the 7th, that he setteth his Feet on, is of Chrysolite. And all these Steps be bordered with fine Gold, with the other precious Stones, set with great orient Pearls. And the Sides of the Seat of his Throne be of Emeralds, and bordered with Gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious Stones and great Pearls. And all the Pillars in his Chamber be of fine Gold with Precious Stones, and with many Carbuncles, that give Light upon the Night to all People. And albeit that the Carbuncles give Light right enough, nevertheless, at all Times burneth a Vessel of Crystal full of Balm, to give good Smell and Odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked Eyes and Corruptions."

FROM HEBRON TO BETHLEHEM

From the ‹Adventures›

And in Hebron be all the Sepultures of the Patriarchs,— Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob; and of their Wives, Eve, Sarah and Rebecca and of Leah; the which Sepultures the Saracens keep full carefully, and have the Place in great Reverence for the holy Fathers, the Patriarchs that lie there. And they suffer no Christian Man to enter into the Place, but if it be of special Grace of the Sultan; for they hold Christian Men and Jews as Dogs, and they say, that they should not enter into so holy a Place. And Men call that Place, where they lie, Double Splunk (*Spelunca Duplex*), or Double Cave, or Double Ditch, forasmuch as one lieth above another. And the Saracens call that Place in their Language, "*Karicarba*," that is to say "*The Place of Patriarchs.*" And the Jews call that Place "*Arboth.*" And in that same Place was Abraham's House, and there he sat and saw 3 Persons, and worshiped but one; as Holy Writ saith, "*Tres vidit et unum adoravit;*" that is to say, "*He saw 3 and worshiped one:*" and those same were the Angels that Abraham received into his House.

And right fast by that Place is a Cave in the Rock, where Adam and Eve dwelled when they were put out of Paradise; and there got they their Children. And in that same Place was Adam formed and made, after that, that some Men say (for Men were wont to call that Place the Field of Damascus, because that it was in the Lordship of Damascus), and from thence was he translated into the Paradise of Delights, as they say; and after he was driven out of Paradise he was left there. And the same Day that he was put in Paradise, the same Day he was put out, for anon, he sinned. There beginneth the Vale of Hebron, that endureth nigh to Jerusalem. There the Angel commanded Adam that he should dwell with his Wife Eve, of the which he begat Seth; of the which Tribe, that is to say Kindred, Jesu Christ was born.

In that Valley is a Field, where Men draw out of the Earth a Thing that Men call Cambile, and they eat it instead of Spice, and they bear it away to sell. And Men may not make the Hole or the Cave, where it is taken out of the Earth, so deep or so wide, but that it is, at the Year's End, full again up to the Sides, through the Grace of God. . . .

From Hebron Men go to Bethlehem in half a Day, for it is but 5 Mile; and it is a full fair Way, by Plains and Woods full delectable. Bethlehem is a little City, long and narrow and well walled, and on each Side enclosed with good Ditches: and it was wont to be clept Ephrata, as Holy Writ saith, "*Ecce, audimus eum in Ephrata,*" that is to say, "Lo, we heard it in Ephrata." And toward the East End of the City is a full fair Church and a gracious, and it hath many Towers, Pinnacles and Corners, full strong and curiously made; and within that Church be 44 Pillars of Marble, great and fair. . . .

Also besides the Choir of the Church, at the right Side, as Men come downward 16 Steps, is the Place where our Lord was born, that is full well adorned with Marble, and full richly painted with Gold, Silver, Azure and other Colours. And 3 Paces beyond is the Crib of the Ox and the Ass. And beside that is the Place where the Star fell, that led the 3 Kings, Jasper, Melchior and Balthazar (but Men of Greece call them thus, "Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Seraphie," and the Jews call them in this manner, in Hebrew, "Appelius, Amerrius, and Damasus").

These 3 Kings offered to our Lord, Gold, Incense and Myrrh, and they met together through Miracle of God; for they met together in a City in Ind, that Men call Cassak, that is a 53 Days' Journey from Bethlehem; and they were at Bethlehem the 13th Day; and that was the 4th Day after that they had seen the Star, when they met in that City, and thus they were in 9 days from that City at Bethlehem, and that was a great Miracle.

Also, under the Cloister of the Church, by 18 Steps at the right Side, is the Charnel-house of the Innocents, where their Bodies lie. And before the Place where our Lord was born is the Tomb of St. Jerome, that was a Priest and a Cardinal, that translated the Bible and the Psalter from Hebrew into Latin: and without the Minster is the Chair that he sat in when he translated it. And fast beside that Church, at 60 Fathom, is a Church of St. Nicholas, where our Lady rested her after she was delivered of our Lord; and forasmuch as she had too much Milk in her Paps, that grieved her, she milked them on the red Stones of Marble, so that the Traces may yet be seen, in the Stones, all white.

And ye shall understand, that all that dwell in Bethlehem be Christian Men.

And there be fair Vines about the City, and great plenty of Wine, that the Christian Men have made. But the Saracens till not the Vines, neither drink they any Wine: for their Books of their Law, that Mohammet gave them, which they call their "Al Koran" (and some call it "Mesaph," and in another language it is clept "Harme,")—the same Book forbiddeth them to drink Wine. For in that Book, Mohammet cursed all those that drink Wine and all them that sell it: for some Men say, that he slew once an Hermit in his Drunkenness, that he loved full well; and therefore he cursed Wine and them that drink it. But his Curse be turned onto his own Head, as Holy Writ saith, "*Et in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet;*" that is to say, "His Wickedness shall turn and fall onto his own Head."

And also the Saracens breed no Pigs, nor eat they any Swine's Flesh, for they say it is Brother to Man, and it was forbidden by the old Law; and they hold him accursed that eateth thereof. Also in the Land of Palestine and in the Land of Egypt, they eat but little or none of Flesh of Veal or of Beef, but if the Beast be so old, that he may no more work for old

Age; for it is forbidden, because they have but few of them; therefore they nourish them to till their Lands.

In this City of Bethlehem was David the King born; and he had 60 Wives, and the first wife was called Michal; and also he had 300 Lemans.

And from Bethlehem unto Jerusalem is but 2 Mile; and in the Way to Jerusalem half a Mile from Bethlehem is a Church, where the Angel said to the Shepherds of the Birth of Christ. And in that Way is the Tomb of Rachel, that was the Mother of Joseph the Patriarch; and she died anon after that she was delivered of her Son Benjamin. And there she was buried by Jacob her Husband; and he made set 12 great Stones on her, in Token that she had born 12 Children. In the same Way, half a Mile from Jerusalem, appeared the Star to the 3 Kings. In that Way also be many Churches of Christian Men, by the which Men go towards the City of Jerusalem.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803–1849

In the summer of 1894 some workmen engaged in removing a mass of rubbish, to make room for a new building in one of the poorer quarters of Dublin, came upon the ruins of an old cellar. A casual passer-by happened to notice the old wall, with its low window looking out upon a level with the narrow and squalid alley. Moved by some bookish recollection, he realized that he was standing at the corner of Bride Street and Myler's Alley, known in the older days as Glendalough Lane; and that the miserable vestige of human habitation into which the rough navvies were driving their pickaxes had once been the poor shelter of him who,—

> «Worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
>   Had fled for shelter to God, who mated
> His soul with song.»

From this spot James Clarence Mangan, wasted with famine and already delirious, was carried by the Overseers of the Poor to the sheds of Meath Hospital in June 1849; too late, alas! to save the dying man, who in the years of his young manhood had sung and suffered for Ireland. A few friends gathered about him to comfort his patient and gentle soul, and to lay his bones in the cool clay of Glasnevin.

The life of Mangan is a convincing proof that differences of time and place have no influence upon the poet's power. Poverty and Want were the foster-brothers of this most wonderful of Ireland's gifted children. His patient body was chained to daily labor for the sordid needs of an unappreciating kindred, and none of the pleasant joys of travel and of diversified nature were his. He was born in Fishamble Street, Dublin, in 1803, and never passed beyond the confines of his native city; but his spirit was not jailed by the misery which oppressed his body. His wondrous fancy swept with a conqueror's march through all the fair broad universe.

Like Poe and Chatterton, Mangan impaired his powers by the use of intoxicants. He was very sensitive about the squalor of his surroundings, and was reticent and shy in the company of more fortunate men and women: but with admirable unselfishness he devoted his days, his toil, and the meagre rewards which came to him from his work, to the care and sustenance of his mean-spirited kindred.

For years he labored in the hopeless position of a scrivener's clerk, from which he was rescued by the interest of Dr. Todd, and was made an assistant librarian of Trinity College. There it was his habit to spend hours of rapt and speechless labor amid the dusty shelves, to earn his pittance. Dr. Petrie subsequently found him a place in the office of the Irish Ordnance Survey; but Mangan was his own enemy and foredoomed to defeat. He wielded a vigorous pen in Ireland's cause, and under various names communicated his own glowing spirit to his countrymen through the columns of several periodicals. He published also two volumes of translations from the German poets, which are full of his own lyric fire but have no claim to fidelity. It was in his gloomy cellar-home that he poured out the music of his heart. When he died, a volume of German poetry was found in his pocket, and there were loose papers on which he had feebly traced his last thoughts in verse. Mangan will forever remain a cherished comrade of all gentle lovers of the Beautiful and True.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

'TWAS a balmy summer morning,
Warm and early,
Such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning,
Dews lay pearly
In the lily-bell and rose.
Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay;
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew round me;
Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
Till medreamt some fairy olden-
World spell bound me
In a trance of witcherie.
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
Bearing riders prankt in rich array,
Like flushed revelers after wine-carousings:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly
Floating sea-nymphs drew anear.

Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly
Clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle shouts — an onward rushing —
Swords, and chariots, and a phantom fray.
Then all vanished: the warm skies were blushing
In the dawning of the day!

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and blooming;
When — lo! as I gazed, all passed away:
I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill dawn of day!

THE NAMELESS ONE

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour;
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song —

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,—
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,—
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes: old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave too, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He too had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the holy Trinity:
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His incarnation lowly,
His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous death—his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the living and dead. . . .

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love.
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings;
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . .

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,

And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,—
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations.

Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban —
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
Illumine and guide me!
Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! — Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me;
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek.
Christ the All-Powerful be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

(1785–1873)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Alessandro Manzoni was looked upon during his life as a man who had deserved well of Heaven. «He gazed,» as one of his countrymen said, «at Fortune straight in the eyes, and Fortune smiled.» And Manzoni might well have looked with clear eyes, for there was nothing in his heart—if a man's heart may be judged from his constant utterances—that was base.

Alessandro Manzoni

He lived in a time best suited to his genius and his temperament. And his genius and his time made an epoch in Italian history worthy of most serious study. In 1815 Italy was inarticulate; she had to speak by signs. She dared only dream of a future which she read in a glorious past. The Austrians ruled the present, the future was veiled, the past was real and golden. Manzoni, Pellico, and Grossi were romanticists because they were filled with aspiration; and their aspiration, clothing itself in the form which Goethe's 'Götz' and Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' had given to the world, tried to obliterate the present and find relief at the foot of the cross in the shadow of old Gothic cathedrals. The Comte de Mun, Vicomte de Vogüe, Sienkiewicz, and others of the modern neo-Catholic school, represent reaction rather than aspiration. Manzoni, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Overbeck in art, Lamartine and Lamennais, were not only fiercely reactionary, but fiercely sentimental, hopeful, and romantic.

With Austrian bayonets at the throat of Italy, it was not easy to emit loud war-cries for liberty. The desire of the people must therefore be heard through the voice of the poet. And the desire of the Italians is manifest in the poetry and the prose of the author of 'The Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi), and the 'Sacred Hymns.' Only two reproaches were made against Manzoni: he was praised by Goethe,—which, «says a sneer turned proverb,» as Mr. Howells puts it, «is a brevet of mediocrity,»—and he was not persecuted. «Goethe,» Mr. Howells continues, «could not laud Manzoni's tragedies too highly; he did not find one word too much or too little in them; the style was free, noble, full, and rich. As to the religious lyrics, the manner of their treatment was fresh and individual although the matter and the significance were not new, and the poet was ‹a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry, a zealot without hardness.›»

In 1815 the Continental revolt against the doctrines of Rousseau and Voltaire was at its highest. The period that produced Cesare Cantù was likewise the period when Ossian and Byron had become the favorite poets of the younger men. Classicism and infidelity were both detested. The last king was not, after all, to be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. «God might rest,» as a writer on the time remarks with naïveté. It was the fashion to be respectful to him. Italy was willing to disown the paganism of the Renaissance for the moral teaching of the ages that preceded it. Manzoni and his school held that true patriotism must be accompanied by virtue; and in a country where Machiavelli's ‹Prince› had become a classic, this seemed a new doctrine. The movement which Manzoni represented was above all religious; the pope was again transfigured, and in his case by a man who had begun life with the most liberal tendencies. As it was, he never accepted the belief that the pope must necessarily be a ruler of great temporalities; but of the sincerity and fervor of his faith in the Catholic Church one finds ample proof in his ‹Sacred Hymns.›

Born at Milan in 1785, he married Mademoiselle Blondel in 1808. Her father was a banker of Geneva; and tradition says that he was of that cultivated group of financiers to whom the Neckers belonged, and that his daughter was of a most dazzling blonde beauty. The Blondels, like the Neckers, were Protestants; but at Milan, Louise Blondel entered the Catholic Church and confirmed the wavering faith of her young husband, who began at once the ‹Sacred Hymns.› In these Mr. Howells praises «the irreproachable taste and unaffected poetic appreciation of the grandeur of Christianity.» One may go even further; for they have the fervor, the exultation, the knowledge that the Redeemer liveth, in a fullness which we do not find in sacred song outside the Psalms of David, the ‹Dies Iræ,› and the ‹Stabat Mater.›

Manzoni's poems were not many, but they all have the element of greatness in them. We can understand why the invading Austrians desired to honor him, when we read his ode ‹The Fifth of May› (on the death of Napoleon), or his two noble tragedies ‹The Count of Carmagnola› and ‹Adelchi,› or that pride of all Italians, his masterpiece, ‹The Betrothed› (‹I Promessi Sposi›). We can understand too the lofty haughtiness that induced him to refuse these honors, and to relinquish his hereditary title of Count, rather than submit to the order that he must register himself as an Austrian subject. The government, however, did not cease to offer honors to him; all of which, except the Italian senatorship proffered him in 1860, he declined. Great tragedies, like Shelley's ‹Cenci,› Sir Henry Taylor's ‹Philip van Artevelde,› and Sir Aubrey De Vere's ‹Mary Tudor,› may be unactable; they may speak best to the heart and mind only through the written word. Manzoni's are of this class. They have elevation, dramatic feeling, the power of making emotion vital and of inspiring passionate sympathy with the intention of the author; but even Salvini, Rossi, or Ristori could not make them possible for the stage. In the ‹Count of Carmagnola,› which celebrated the physical ruin but moral success of a noble man, Manzoni in 1820 shocked the classicists and won their hatred. They loved Aristotle and his rules; Manzoni broke every rule as thoroughly as Shakespeare and as consciously as Victor Hugo. He was looked upon as a literary, artistic apostate. In his explanation of his reasons for this assault on an old world, he makes an audacious *apologia* which Alfred de Musset might have read with profit before despairing of a definition of romanticism. ‹Adelchi› followed in 1822, still further exasperating the fury of the classicists, who hated Manzoni and romance; foreseeing perhaps by intuition that the romantic school was to be the ancestor of the realistic school, whose horrors were only dimly dreamed of.

The ‹Sacred Hymns,› ‹The Count of Carmagnola,› ‹Adelchi,› ‹The Betrothed,› and the great ‹Fifth of May› ode on the death of Napoleon, are the works by which Manzoni's fame was established. The tragedies—‹Carmagnola› of the fifteenth century, ‹Adelchi› of the eighth—would live for their strong lyrical element, even were the quality of eloquence and the fire that must underlie eloquence lacking. Pathos is exquisite in both these plays; the marble hearts of the Italian classic tragedy are replaced here by vital, palpitating flesh. When Carmagnola dies for his act of humanity in releasing his prisoners of war, and Ermengarda, whose loveliness is portrayed with the delicacy of the hand that drew Elaine, passes away in her convent, one feels that the world may indeed mourn. And when a poet can force us to take the shades of the Middle Ages for real human beings, no man may deny his gift.

‹The Fifth of May,› the noblest ode in the Italian language, almost defies translation. Mr. Howells has made the best possible version of it. Napoleon had wronged Italy, but Italy speaking through its poet forgave him.

> «Beautiful, deathless, beneficent,
> Faith! used to triumphs even

This also writes exultingly;
No loftier pride ’neath heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
Stooped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
Disperse all bitter passions;
The God that humbleth and hearteneth,
That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
To his pale lips lay pressed!»

‹The Betrothed› is one of the classics of fiction. It appeared in 1825. Since that time it has been translated into every language in the civilized world. It deserves the verdict which time has passed upon it. Don Abbondio and Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, Renzo and Lucia, and Don Rodrigo, go on from year to year seeming to gain new vitality. It will bear the test of a reading in youth and a re-reading in old age; and there are few books of fiction of which this can be said,—it is a standard of their greatness.

Manzoni died in 1873. His patriotic dreams had not been entirely realized; but he passed away content, in faith and hope. His career was on the whole happy and serene. He loved the simple things of life, and looked on life itself as only a vestibule—to be nobly adorned, however—to a place of absolute peace.

Arnaud's ‹I Poetti Patriottica› (1862); ‹Storia della Litteratura Italiana,› by De Sanctis (1879); and William Dean Howells's ‹Modern Italian Poets› (Harper & Brothers: 1887),—are valuable books of reference on the romantic movement in Italy, and on the position of Manzoni in that movement. The best translation of ‹The Betrothed› is included in the Bohn Library.

Maurice Francis Egan

AN UNWILLING PRIEST

From ‹The Betrothed›

[The following amusing scene occurs in the earlier portion of Manzoni's novel. Don Abbondio, a cowardly village curate, has been warned by Don Rodrigo, his lord of the manor, that if he dares to unite in marriage two young peasants, Renzo and Lucia (the «betrothed» of the story), vengeance will follow. The priest accordingly shirks his duty; and cruelly refusing to set any marriage date, shuts himself up in his house and even barricades himself against Renzo's entreaties. Donna Agnese, the mother of Lucia, hears that if a betrothed pair can but reach the presence of their parish priest and announce that they take each other as man and wife, the marriage is as binding as if celebrated with all formality. Accordingly Agnese devises a sort of attack on the priest by stratagem, to be managed by the parties to the contract and two witnesses (the brothers Tonio and Gervase); which device is considerably endangered by the wariness of the curate's housekeeper, Perpetua.]

In front of Don Abbondio's door, a narrow street ran between two cottages; but only continued straight the length of the buildings, and then turned into the fields. Agnese went forward along this street, as if she would go a little aside to speak more freely, and Perpetua followed. When they had turned the corner, and reached a spot whence they could no longer see what happened before Don Abbondio's house, Agnese coughed loudly. This was the signal; Renzo heard it, and re-animating Lucia by pressing her arm, they turned the corner together on tiptoe, crept very softly close along the wall, reached the door, and gently pushed it open: quiet, and stooping low, they were quickly in the passage; and here the two brothers were waiting for them. Renzo very gently let down the latch of the door, and they all four ascended the stairs, making scarcely noise enough for two. On reaching the landing, the two brothers advanced towards the door of the room at the side of the staircase, and the lovers stood close against the wall.

"*Deo gratias*," said Tonio in an explanatory tone.

"Eh, Tonio! is it you? Come in!" replied the voice within.

Tonio opened the door, scarcely wide enough to admit himself and his brother one at a time. The ray of light that suddenly shone through the opening and crossed the dark floor of the landing made Lucia tremble, as if she were discovered. When the brothers had entered, Tonio closed the door inside: the lovers stood motionless in the dark, their ears intently on the alert, and holding their breath; the loudest noise was the beating of poor Lucia's heart.

Don Abbondio was seated, as we have said, in an old armchair, enveloped in an antiquated dressing-gown, and his head buried in a shabby cap of the shape of a tiara, which by the faint light of a small lamp formed a sort of cornice all around his face. Two thick locks which escaped from beneath his headdress, two thick eyebrows, two thick mustachios, and a thick tuft on the chin, all of them gray and scattered over his dark and wrinkled visage, might be compared to bushes covered with snow, projecting from the face of a cliff, as seen by moonlight.

«Aha!» was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and laid them on his book.

«The Signor Curate will say I am come very late,» said Tonio with a low bow, which Gervase awkwardly imitated.

«Certainly, it is late—late every way. Don't you know I am ill?»

«I'm very sorry for it.»

«You must have heard I was ill, and didn't know when I should be able to see anybody. . . . But why have you brought this—this boy with you?»

«For company, Signor Curate.»

«Very well, let us see.»

«Here are twenty-five new *berlinghe*, with the figure of Saint Ambrose on horseback,» said Tonio, drawing a little parcel out of his pocket.

«Let us see,» said Don Abbondio; and he took the parcel, put on his spectacles again, opened it, took out the *berlinghe*, turned them over and over, counted them, and found them irreprehensible.

«Now, Signor Curate, you will give me Tecla's necklace.»

«You are right,» replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he took out a key, looking around as if to see that all prying spectators were at a proper distance, opened one of the doors, and filling up the aperture with his person, introduced his head to see and his arm to reach the pledge; then drawing it out, he shut the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, and saying, «Is that right?» folded it up again and handed it to Tonio.

«Now,» said Tonio, «will you please to put it in black and white?»

«Not satisfied yet!» said Don Abbondio. «I declare they know everything. Eh! how suspicious the world has become! Don't you trust me?»

«What, Signor Curate! Don't I trust you? You do me wrong. But as my name is in your black books, on the debtor's side— Then, since you have had the trouble of writing once, so— From life to death—»

«Well, well,» interrupted Don Abbondio; and muttering between his teeth, he drew out one of the table drawers, took thence pen, ink, and paper, and began to write, repeating the words aloud as they proceeded from his pen. In the mean time Tonio, and at his side Gervase, placed themselves standing before the table in such a manner as to conceal the door from the view of the writer, and began to shuffle their feet about on the floor, as if in mere idleness, but in reality as a signal to those without to enter, and at the same time to drown the noise of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent upon his writing, noticed nothing else. At the noise of their feet, Renzo took Lucia's arm, pressing it in an encouraging manner, and went forward, almost dragging her along; for she trembled to such a degree that without his help she must have sunk to the ground. Entering very softly, on tiptoe, and holding their breath, they placed themselves behind the two brothers. In the mean time, Don Abbondio, having finished writing, read over the paper attentively, without raising his eyes; he then folded it up, saying, «Are you content now?» and taking off his spectacles with one hand, handed the paper to Tonio with the other, and looked up. Tonio, extending his right hand to receive it, retired on one side, and Gervase, at a sign from him, on the other; and behold! as at the shifting of a scene, Renzo and Lucia stood between them. Don Abbondio saw indistinctly — saw clearly — was terrified, astonished, enraged, buried in thought, came to a resolution; and all this while Renzo uttered the words, « Signor Curate, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife.» Before, however, Lucia's lips could form the reply, Don Abbondio dropped the receipt, seized the lamp with his left hand and raised it in the air, caught hold of the cloth with his right, and dragged it furiously off the table, bringing to the ground in its fall, book, paper, inkstand, and sand-box; and springing between the chair and the table, advanced towards Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet gentle voice, trembling violently, had scarcely uttered the words, «And this —» when Don Abbondio threw the cloth rudely over her head and face, to prevent her pronouncing the entire formula. Then, letting the light fall from his other hand, he employed both to wrap the cloth round her face, till she was well-nigh smothered, shouting in the mean while, at the stretch of his voice, like a wounded bull, « Perpetua! Perpetua! — treachery! — help!» The light, just glimmering on the ground, threw a dim and flickering ray upon Lucia, who, in utter consternation, made no attempt to disengage herself, and might be compared to a statue sculptured in chalk, over which the artificer had thrown a wet cloth. When the light died away, Don Abbondio quitted the poor girl, and went groping about to find the door that opened into an inner room: and having reached it, he entered and shut himself in, unceasingly exclaiming, « Perpetua! treachery! help! Out of the house! Out of the house! »

In the other room all was confusion: Renzo, seeking to lay hold of the Curate, and feeling with his hands, as if playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door, and kicking against it, was crying, « Open, open; don't make such a noise! » Lucia, calling to Renzo in a feeble voice, said beseechingly, « Let us go, let us go, for God's sake. » Tonio was crawling on his knees, and feeling with his hands on the ground to recover his lost receipt. The terrified Gervase was crying and jumping about, and seeking for the door of the stairs, so as to make his escape in safety.

In the midst of this uproar, we cannot but stop a moment to make a reflection. Renzo, who was causing disturbance at night in another person's house, who had effected an entrance by stealth, and who had blockaded the master himself in one of his own rooms, has all the appearance of an oppressor; while in fact he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, taken by surprise, terrified and put to flight, while peaceably engaged in his own affairs, appears the victim; when in reality it was he who did the wrong. Thus frequently goes the world; — or rather, we should say, thus it went in the seventeenth century.

The besieged, finding that the enemy gave no signs of abandoning the enterprise, opened a window that looked into the church-yard, and shouted out, « Help! help! » There was a most lovely moon; the shadow of the church, and a little farther on the long sharp shadow of the bell-tower, lay dark, still, and well defined, on the bright grassy level of the sacred inclosure: all objects were visible, almost as by day. But look which way you would, there appeared no sign of living person. Adjoining the lateral wall of the church, on the side next the parsonage, was a small dwelling where the sexton slept. Aroused by this unusual cry, he sprang up in his bed, jumped out in great haste, threw open the sash of his little window, put his head out with his eyelids glued together all the while, and cried out, « What's the matter? »

« Run, Ambrogio! help! people in the house! » answered Don Abbondio. « Coming directly, » replied he, as he drew in his head and shut the window; and although half asleep and more than half terrified, an expedient quickly occurred to him that would bring more aid than had been asked, without dragging *him* into the affray, whatever it might be. Seizing his breeches that lay upon the bed, he tucked them under his arm like a gala hat, and bounding down-stairs by a little wooden ladder, ran to the belfry, caught hold of the rope that was attached to the larger of the two bells, and pulled vigorously.

Ton, ton, ton, ton: the peasant sprang up in his bed; the boy stretched in the hay-loft listened eagerly, and leapt upon his feet. «What's the matter? what's the matter? The bell 's ringing! Fire? Thieves? Banditti?» Many of the women advised, begged, their husbands not to stir—to let others run; some got up and went to the window; those who were cowards, as if yielding to entreaty, quietly slipped under the bedclothes again; while the more inquisitive and courageous sprang up and armed themselves with pitchforks and pistols, to run to the uproar; others waited to see the end. . . .

Renzo, who had more of his senses about him than the rest, remembered that they had better make their escape one way or another before the crowds assembled; and that the best plan would be to do as Menico advised,—nay, commanded, with the authority of one in terror. When once on their way, and out of the tumult and danger, he could ask a clearer explanation from the boy. «Lead the way,» said he to Menico; and addressing the women, said, «Let us go with him.» They therefore quickly turned their steps towards the church, crossed the church-yard, —where, by the favor of Heaven, there was not yet a living creature,—entered a little street that ran between the church and Don Abbondio's house, turned into the first alley they came to, and then took the way of the fields.

They had not perhaps gone fifty yards, when the crowd began to collect in the church-yard, and rapidly increased every moment. They looked inquiringly in each other's faces; every one had a question to ask, but no one could return an answer. Those who arrived first ran to the church door: it was locked. They then ran to the belfry outside; and one of them, putting his mouth to a very small window, a sort of loophole, cried, «What ever is the matter?» As soon as Ambrogio recognized a known voice, he let go of the bell-rope, and being assured by the buzz that many people had assembled, replied, «I'll open the door.» Hastily slipping on the apparel he had carried under his arm, he went inside the church and opened the door.

« What is all this hubbub? — What is it? — Where is it? — Who is it? »

« Why, who is it? » said Ambrogio, laying one hand on the door-post, and with the other holding up the habiliment he had put on in such haste: « What! don't you know? People in the Signor Curate's house. Up, boys; help! » Hearing this, they all turned to the house, looked up, approached it in a body, looked up again, listened: all was quiet. Some ran to the street door; it was shut and bolted: they glanced upwards; not a window was open, not a whisper was to be heard.

« Who is within? — Ho! Hey! — Signor Curate! — Signor Curate! »

Don Abbondio, who, scarcely aware of the flight of the invaders, had retired from the window and closed it, and who at this moment was reproaching Perpetua in a low voice for having left him alone in this confusion, was obliged, when he heard himself called upon by the voice of the assembled people, to show himself again at the window; and when he saw the crowds that had come to his aid, he sorely repented having called them.

« What has happened? — What have they done to you? — Who are they? — Where are they? » burst forth from fifty voices at once.

« There's nobody here now: thank you; go home again. »

« But who has been here? — Where are they gone? — What has happened? »

« Bad people, people who go about by night; but they're gone: go home again; there is no longer anything; another time, my children: I thank you for your kindness to me. » So saying, he drew back and shut the window. Some of the crowd began to grumble, some to joke, others to curse; some shrugged their shoulders and took their departure. . . .

The melancholy trio continued their walk, the women taking the lead and Renzo behind to act as guard. Lucia clung closely to her mother's arm, kindly and dexterously avoiding the proffered assistance of the youth at the difficult passes of this unfrequented path; feeling ashamed of herself, even in such troubles, for having already been so long and so familiarly alone with him, while expecting in a few moments to be his wife. Now that this vision had been so sorrowfully dispelled, she repented having proceeded thus far; and amidst so many causes of fear, she feared even for her modesty; — not such modesty as arises from the sad knowledge of evil, but for that which is ignorant of its own existence; like the dread of a child who trembles in the dark, he knows not why.

"And the house?" suddenly exclaimed Agnese. But however important the object might be which extorted this exclamation, no one replied, because no one could do so satisfactorily. They therefore continued their walk in silence, and in a little while reached the square before the church of the convent.

Renzo advanced to the door of the church, and gently pushed it open. The moon that entered through the aperture fell upon the pale face and silvery beard of Father Cristoforo, who was standing here expecting them; and having seen that no one was missing, "God be praised!" said he, beckoning to them to enter. By his side stood another Capuchin, the lay sexton, whom he had persuaded by prayers and arguments to keep vigil with him, to leave the door ajar, and to remain there on guard to receive these poor threatened creatures; and it required nothing short of the authority of the Father, and of his fame as a saint, to persuade the layman to so inconvenient, perilous, and irregular a condescension. When they were inside, Father Cristoforo very softly shut the door. Then the sexton could no longer contain himself, and taking the Father aside, whispered in his ear: "But, Father, Father! at night—in church—with women—shut—the rule—but, Father!" And he shook his head, while thus hesitatingly pronouncing these words. Just see! thought Father Cristoforo: if it were a pursued robber, Friar Fazio would make no difficulty in the world; but a poor innocent escaping from the jaws of a wolf— "*Omnia munda mundis*,"* added he, turning suddenly to Friar Fazio, and forgetting that he did not understand Latin. But this forgetfulness was exactly what produced the right effect. If the Father had begun to dispute and reason, Friar Fazio would not have failed to urge opposing arguments, and no one knows how and when the discussion would have come to an end; but at the sound of these weighty words of a mysterious signification, and so resolutely uttered, it seemed to him that in them must be contained the solution of all his doubts. He acquiesced, saying, "Very well: you know more about it than I do."

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*Or in reverse, "To the pure all things are pure."

«Trust me, then,» replied Father Cristoforo: and by the dim light of the lamp burning before the altar, he approached the refugees, who stood waiting in suspense, and said to them, «My children, thank God, who has delivered you from so great a danger! Perhaps at this moment —» And here he began to explain more fully what he had hinted by the little messenger; little suspecting that they knew more than he, and supposing that Menico had found them quiet in their own house, before the arrival of the ruffians. Nobody undeceived him,— not even Lucia, whose conscience, however, was all the while secretly reproaching her for practicing such dissimulation with so good a man; but it was a night of embarrassment and dissimulation.

«After this,» continued he, «you must feel, my children, that the village is no longer safe for you. It is yours, who were born there, and you have done no wrong to any one; but God wills it so. It is a trial, my children; bear it with patience and faith, without indulging in rancor, and rest assured there will come a day when you will think yourselves happy that this has occurred. I have thought of a refuge for you, for the present. Soon, I hope, you may be able to return in safety to your own house; at any rate, God will provide what is best for you; and I assure you, I will be careful not to prove unworthy of the favor he has bestowed upon me, in choosing me as his minister, in the service of you his poor yet loved afflicted ones. You,» continued he, turning to the two women, «can stay at ——. Here you will be far enough from every danger, and at the same time not far from your own home. There seek out our convent, ask for the guardian, and give him this letter: he will be to you another Father Cristoforo. And you, my Renzo, must put yourself in safety from the anger of others, and your own. Carry this letter to Father Bonaventura da Lodi, in our convent of the Porta Orientale, at Milan. He will be a father to you, will give you directions and find you work, till you can return and live more peaceably. Go to the shore of the lake, near the mouth of the Bione, a river not far from this monastery. Here you will see a boat waiting; say, 'Boat!' It will be asked you, 'For whom?' And you must reply, 'San Francesco.' The boat will receive you and carry you to the other side, where you will find a cart that will take you straight to ——.»

If any one asks how Father Cristoforo had so quickly at his disposal these means of transport by land and water, it will show that he does not know the influence and power of a Capuchin held in reputation as a saint.

It still remained to decide about the care of the houses. The Father received the keys, pledging himself to deliver them to whomsoever Renzo and Agnese should name. The latter, in delivering up hers, heaved a deep sigh, remembering that at that moment the house was open, that the devil had been there, and who knew what remained to be taken care of!

« Before you go,» said the Father, « let us pray all together that the Lord may be with you in this your journey, and for ever; and above all, that he may give you strength and a spirit of love, to enable you to desire whatever he has willed.» So saying, he knelt down in the middle of the church, and they all followed his example.

After praying a few moments in silence, with a low but distinct voice he pronounced these words:—« We beseech thee also for the unhappy person who has brought us to this state. We should be unworthy of thy mercy if we did not from our hearts implore it for him; he needs it, O Lord! We, in our sorrow, have this consolation, that we are in the path where thou hast placed us; we can offer thee our griefs and they may become our gain. But he is thine enemy! Alas, wretched man, he is striving with thee! Have mercy on him, O Lord, touch his heart; reconcile him to thyself, and give him all those good things we could desire for ourselves.»

Rising then in haste, he said, « Come, my children, you have no time to lose: God defend you; his angel go with you;—farewell!» And while they set off with that emotion which cannot find words, and manifests itself without them, the Father added in an agitated tone, « My heart tells me we shall meet again soon.»

Certainly the heart, to those who listen to it, has always something to say on what will happen; but what did his heart know? Very little, truly, of what had already happened.

Without waiting a reply, Father Cristoforo retired with hasty steps; the travelers took their departure, and Father Fazio shut the door after them, bidding them farewell with even his voice a little faltering.

The trio slowly made their way to the shore they had been directed to; there they espied the boat, and exchanging the password, stepped in. The waterman, planting one oar on the land, pushed off; then took up the other oar, and rowing with both hands, pulled out and made towards the opposite beach. Not a breath of wind was stirring; the lake lay bright and smooth, and would have appeared motionless but for the tremulous and gentle undulation of the moonbeams, which gleamed upon it from the zenith. No sounds were heard but the muffled and slowly measured breaking of the surge upon the pebbly shore, the more distant gurgling of the troubled waters dashing among the piles of the bridge, and the even plash of the light sculls, as, rising with the sharp sound of a dripping blade, and quickly plunged again beneath, they cut the azure surface of the lake. The waves, divided by the prow, and reuniting behind the little bark, tracked out a curling line which extended itself to the shore. The silent travelers, with their faces turned backwards, gazed upon the mountains and the country, illumined by the pale light of the moon, and diversified here and there with vast shadows. They could distinguish the villages, the houses, and the little cabins: the palace of Don Rodrigo, with its square tower, rising above the group of huts at the base of the promontory, looked like a savage standing in the dark and meditating some evil deed while keeping guard over a company of reclining sleepers. Lucia saw it and shuddered; then drawing her eye along the declivity till she reached her native village, she fixed her gaze on its extremity, sought for her own cottage, traced out the thick head of the fig-tree which towered above the wall of the courtyard, discovered the window of her own room,—and being seated in the bottom of the boat, she leaned her elbow on the edge, laid her forehead on her arm as if she were sleeping, and wept in secret.

Farewell, ye mountains, rising from the waters and pointing to the heavens! ye varied summits, familiar to him who has been brought up among you, and impressed upon his mind as clearly as the countenance of his dearest friends! ye torrents, whose murmur he recognizes like the sound of the voices of home! ye villages, scattered and glistening on the declivity, like flocks of grazing sheep! Farewell! How mournful is the step of him who, brought up amidst your scenes, is compelled to leave you!

Even in the imagination of one who willingly departs, attracted by the hope of making a fortune elsewhere, the dreams of wealth at this moment lose their charms; he wonders he could form such a resolution, and would even now turn back but for the hope of one day returning with a rich abundance. As he advances into the plain, his eye becomes wearied with its uniform extent; the atmosphere feels heavy and lifeless; he sadly and listlessly enters the busy cities, where houses crowded upon houses, and streets intersecting streets, seem to take away his breath; and before edifices admired by the stranger, he recalls with restless longing the fields of his own country, and the cottage he had long ago set his heart upon, and which he resolves to purchase when he returns enriched to his own mountains.

But what must he feel who has never sent a passing wish beyond these mountains, who has arranged among them all his designs for the future, and is driven far away by an adverse power! who, suddenly snatched away from his dearest habits, and thwarted in his dearest hopes, leaves these mountains to go in search of strangers whom he never desired to know, and is unable to look forward to a fixed time of return!

Farewell, native cottage—where, indulging in unconscious fancy, one learnt to distinguish from the noise of common footsteps the approach of a tread expected with mysterious timidity! Farewell, thou cottage,—still a stranger, but so often hastily glanced at, not without a blush, in passing—in which the mind took delight to figure to itself the tranquil and lasting home of a wife! Farewell, my church, where the heart was so often soothed while chanting the praises of the Lord; where the preparatory rite of betrothal was performed; where the secret sighing of the heart was solemnly blessed, and love was inspired, and one felt a hallowing influence around. Farewell! He who imparted to you such gladness is everywhere; and he never disturbs the joy of his children but to prepare them for one more certain and durable.

Of such a nature, if not exactly these, were the reflections of Lucia; and not very dissimilar were those of the two other wanderers, while the little bark rapidly approached the right bank of the Adda.

A LATE REPENTANCE

From ‹The Betrothed›

[In several chapters preceding the following affecting extract from Manzoni's story is described the imprisonment of Lucia Mondella, the heroine of the tale, in the lonely castle of an outlaw. The latter is a man of rank; but guilty of such a succession of murders, robberies, and other villainies, during many years, that he — in the story he is called only ‹The Unnamed› — has become a terror throughout all the country-side. A sudden repentance and remorse comes to this monster of wickedness. Hearing that the great Cardinal Federigo Borromeo of Milan is arrived in the neighborhood, he decides, in great hesitation and contrition, to visit that kindly and courageous priest.]

Cardinal Federigo was employed — according to his usual custom in every leisure interval — in study, until the hour arrived for repairing to the church for the celebration of Divine service; when the chaplain and cross-bearer entered with a disturbed and gloomy countenance.

«A strange visitor, my noble lord — strange indeed!»

«Who?» asked the Cardinal.

«No less a personage than the Signor ——,» replied the chaplain; and pronouncing the syllables with a very significant tone, he uttered the name which we cannot give to our readers. He then added, «He is here outside in person, and demands nothing less than to be introduced to your illustrious Grace.»

«He!» said the Cardinal with an animated look, shutting his book and rising from his seat: «let him come in! — let him come in directly!»

«But —» rejoined the chaplain, without attempting to move, «your illustrious Lordship must surely be aware who he is: that outlaw, that famous —»

«And is it not a most happy circumstance for a bishop, that such a man should feel a wish to come and seek an interview with him?»

«But —» insisted the chaplain, «we may never speak of certain things, because my lord says it is all nonsense: but when it comes to the point, I think it is a duty — Zeal makes many enemies, my lord; and we know positively that more than one ruffian has dared to boast that some day or other —»

«And what have they done?» interrupted the Cardinal.

«I say that this man is a plotter of mischief, a desperate character, who holds correspondence with the most violent desperadoes, and who may be sent —»

«Oh, what discipline is this,» again interrupted Federigo, smiling, «for the soldiers to exhort their general to cowardice?» Then resuming a grave and thoughtful air, he continued: «Saint Carlo would not have deliberated whether he ought to receive such a man: he would have gone to seek him. Let him be admitted directly: he has already waited too long.»

The chaplain moved towards the door, saying in his heart, «There's no remedy: these saints are all obstinate.»

Having opened the door and surveyed the room where the Signor and his companions were, he saw that the latter had crowded together on one side, where they sat whispering and cautiously peeping at their visitor, while he was left alone in one corner. The chaplain advanced towards him, eying him guardedly from head to foot, and wondering what weapons he might have hidden under that great coat: thinking at the same time that really, before admitting him, he ought at least to have proposed— But he could not resolve what to do. He approached him, saying, «His Grace waits for your Lordship. Will you be good enough to come with me?» And as he preceded him through the little crowd, which instantly gave way for him, he kept casting glances on each side, which meant to say, «What could I do? don't you know yourselves that he always has his own way?»

On reaching the apartment, the chaplain opened the door and introduced the Unnamed. Federigo advanced to meet him with a happy and serene look, and his hand extended, as if to welcome an expected guest; at the same time making a sign to the chaplain to go out, which was immediately obeyed.

When thus left alone, they both stood for a moment silent and in suspense, though from widely different feelings. The Unnamed, who had as it were been forcibly carried there by an inexplicable compulsion, rather than led by a determinate intention, now stood there, also as it were by compulsion, torn by two contending feelings: on the one side, a desire and confused hope of meeting with some alleviation of his inward torment; on the other, a feeling of self-rebuked shame at having come hither, like a penitent, subdued and wretched, to confess himself guilty and to make supplication to a man: he was at a loss for words, and indeed scarcely sought for them. Raising his eyes, however, to the Archbishop's face, he became gradually filled with a feeling of veneration, authoritative and at the same time soothing;

which, while it increased his confidence, gently subdued his haughtiness, and without offending his pride, compelled it to give way, and imposed silence.

The bearing of Federigo was in fact one which announced superiority, and at the same time excited love. It was naturally sedate, and almost involuntarily commanding, his figure being not in the least bowed or wasted by age; while his solemn yet sparkling eye, his open and thoughtful forehead, a kind of virginal floridness, which might be distinguished even among gray locks, paleness, and the traces of abstinence, meditation, and labor: in short, all his features indicated that they had once possessed that which is most strictly entitled beauty. The habit of serious and benevolent thought, the inward peace of a long life, the love that he felt towards his fellow-creatures, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of an ineffable hope, had now substituted the beauty (so to say) of old age, which shone forth more attractively from the magnificent simplicity of the purple.

He fixed for a moment on the countenance of the Unnamed a penetrating look, long accustomed to gather from this index what was passing in the mind; and imagining he discovered, under that dark and troubled mien, something every moment more corresponding with the hope he had conceived on the first announcement of such a visit. «Oh!» cried he, in an animated voice, «what a welcome visit is this! and how thankful I ought to be to you for taking such a step, although it may convey to me a little reproof!»

«Reproof!» exclaimed the Signor, much surprised, but soothed by his words and manner, and glad that the Cardinal had broken the ice and started some sort of conversation.

«Certainly it conveys to me a reproof,» replied the Archbishop, «for allowing you to be beforehand with me when so often, and for so long a time, I might and ought to have come to you myself.»

«You come to me! Do you know who I am? Did they deliver my name rightly?»

«And the happiness I feel, and which must surely be evident in my countenance,—do you think I should feel it at the announcement and visit of a stranger? It is you who make me experience it; you, I say, whom I ought to have sought; you whom I have at least loved and wept over, and for whom I have so often prayed; you among all my children—for each one I love from the bottom of my heart — whom I should most have desired to receive and embrace, if I had thought I might hope for such a thing. But God alone knows how to work wonders, and supplies the weakness and tardiness of his unworthy servants.»

The Unnamed stood astonished at this warm reception, in language which corresponded so exactly with that which he had not yet expressed, nor indeed had fully determined to express; and, affected but exceedingly surprised, he remained silent. «Well!» resumed Federigo still more affectionately, «you have good news to tell me; and you keep me so long expecting it?»

«Good news! I have hell in my heart; and can I tell you any good tidings? Tell me, if you know, what good news you can expect from such as I am?»

«That God has touched your heart and would make you his own,» replied the Cardinal calmly.

«God! God! God! If I could see him! If I could hear him! Where is this God?»

«Do *you* ask this? you? And who has him nearer than you? Do you not feel him in your heart, overcoming, agitating you, never leaving you at ease, and at the same time drawing you forward, presenting to your view a hope of tranquillity and consolation, a consolation which shall be full and boundless, as soon as you recognize him, acknowledge and implore him?»

«Oh, surely! there is something within that oppresses, that consumes me! But God! If this be God, if he be such as they say, what do you suppose he can do with me?»

These words were uttered with an accent of despair; but Federigo, with a solemn tone as of calm inspiration, replied:— «What can God do with you? What would he wish to make of you? A token of his power and goodness: he would acquire through you a glory such as others could not give him. The world has long cried out against you; hundreds and thousands of voices have declared their detestation of your deeds.» (The Unnamed shuddered, and felt for a moment surprised at hearing such unusual language addressed to him and still more surprised that he felt no anger, but rather almost a relief.) «What glory,» pursued Federigo, «will thus redound to God! *They* may be voices of alarm, of self-interest; of justice, perhaps — a justice so easy! so natural! Some perhaps — yea, too many — may be voices of envy of your wretched power; of your hitherto deplorable security of heart. But when you yourself rise up to condemn your past life, to become your own accuser,—then, then indeed, God will be glorified! And you ask what God can do with you. Who am I, a poor mortal, that I can tell you what use such a Being may choose henceforth to make of you? how he can employ your impetuous will, your unwavering perseverance, when he shall have animated and invigorated them with love, with hope, with repentance? Who are you, weak man, that you should imagine yourself capable of devising and executing greater deeds of evil, than God can make you will and accomplish in the cause of good? What can God do with you? Pardon you! save you! finish in you the work of redemption! Are not these things noble and worthy of him? Oh, just think! if I, a humble and feeble creature, so worthless and full of myself—I, such as I am, long so ardently for your salvation, that for its sake I would joyfully give (and he is my witness!) the few days that still remain to me,—oh, think what and how great must be the love of Him who inspires me with this imperfect but ardent affection; how must He love you, what must He desire for you, who has bid and enabled me to regard you with a charity that consumes me!»

While these words fell from his lips, his face, his expression, his whole manner, evinced his deep feeling of what he uttered. The countenance of his auditor changed from a wild and convulsive look, first to astonishment and attention, and then gradually yielded to deeper and less painful emotions; his eyes, which from infancy had been unaccustomed to weep, became suffused; and when the words ceased, he covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears. It was the only and most evident reply.

«Great and good God!» exclaimed Federigo, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, «what have I ever done, an unprofitable servant, an idle shepherd, that thou shouldest call me to this banquet of grace! that thou shouldest make me worthy of being an instrument in so joyful a miracle!» So saying, he extended his hand to take that of the Unnamed.

«No!» cried the penitent nobleman; «no! keep away from me: defile not that innocent and beneficent hand. You don't know all that the one you would grasp has committed.»

«Suffer me,» said Federigo, taking it with affectionate violence, «suffer me to press the hand which will repair so many wrongs, dispense so many benefits, comfort so many afflicted, and be extended — disarmed, peacefully, and humbly — to so many enemies.»

«It is too much!» said the Unnamed sobbing: «leave me, my lord; good Federigo, leave me! A crowded assembly awaits you; so many good people, so many innocent creatures, so many come from a distance, to see you for once, to hear you: and you are staying to talk — with whom!»

«We will leave the ninety-and-nine sheep,» replied the Cardinal: «they are in safety upon the mountain; I wish to remain with that which was lost. Their minds are perhaps now more satisfied than if they were seeing their poor bishop. Perhaps God, who has wrought in you this miracle of mercy, is diffusing in their hearts a joy of which they know not yet the reason. These people are perhaps united to us without being aware of it; perchance the Spirit may be instilling into their hearts an undefined feeling of charity, a petition which he will grant for you, an offering of gratitude of which you are as yet the unknown object.» So saying, he threw his arms around the neck of the Unnamed; who, after attempting to disengage himself, and making a momentary resistance, yielded, completely overcome by this vehement expression of affection, embraced the Cardinal in his turn, and buried in his shoulder his trembling and altered face. His burning tears dropped upon the stainless purple of Federigo, while the guiltless hands of the holy bishop affectionately pressed those members, and touched that garment, which had been accustomed to hold the weapons of violence and treachery.

Disengaging himself at length from this embrace, the Unnamed again covered his eyes with his hands, and raising his face to heaven, exclaimed: — «God is indeed great! God is indeed good! I know myself now, now I understand what I am; my sins are present before me, and I shudder at the thought of myself; yet! — yet I feel an alleviation, a joy — yes, even a joy, such as I have never before known during the whole of my horrible life!»

«It is a little taste,» said Federigo, «which God gives you, to incline you to his service, and encourage you resolutely to enter upon the new course of life which lies before you, and in which you will have so much to undo, so much to repair, so much to mourn over!»

«Unhappy man that I am!» exclaimed the Signor: «how many, oh, how many — things for which I can do nothing besides mourn! But at least I have undertakings scarcely set on foot which I can break off in the midst, if nothing more: one there is which I can quickly arrest, which I can easily undo and repair.»

Federigo listened attentively while the Unnamed briefly related, in terms of perhaps deeper execration than we have employed, his attempt upon Lucia, the sufferings and terrors of the unhappy girl, her importunate entreaties, the frenzy that these entreaties had aroused within him, and how she was still in the castle. . . .

«Ah, then let us lose no time!» exclaimed Federigo, breathless with eagerness and compassion. «You are indeed blessed! This is an earnest of God's forgiveness! He makes you capable of becoming the instrument of safety to one whom you intended to ruin. God bless you! Nay, he has blessed you! Do you know where our unhappy protégée comes from?»

The Signor named Lucia's village.

«It's not far from this,» said the Cardinal, «God be praised; and probably —» So saying, he went towards a little table and rang a bell. The cross-bearing chaplain immediately attended the summons with a look of anxiety, and instantly glanced towards the Unnamed. At the sight of his altered countenance, and his eyes still red with weeping, he turned an inquiring gaze upon the Cardinal; and perceiving, amidst the invariable composure of his countenance, a look of solemn pleasure and unusual solicitude, he would have stood with open mouth in a sort of ecstasy, had not the Cardinal quickly aroused him from his contemplations by asking whether, among the parish priests assembled in the next room, there was one from ——.

«There is, your illustrious Grace,» replied the chaplain.

«Let him come in directly,» said Federigo, «and with him the priest of this parish.»

The chaplain quitted the room, and on entering the hall where the clergy were assembled, all eyes were immediately turned upon him; while, with a look of blank astonishment, and a countenance in which was still depicted the rapture he had felt, he lifted up his hands, and waving them in the air, exclaimed, «Signori! Signori! *Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi*» [This change is from the right hand of the Almighty]. And he stood for a moment without uttering another word.

AN EPISODE OF THE PLAGUE IN MILAN

From ‘The Betrothed’

[The hero of the novel, young Renzo Tramaglino, enters Milan on foot, seeking his lost betrothed, Lucia Mondella. Among the scenes of suffering and horror which continually meet his eyes is the following.]

Renzo had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle: and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here, —*monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction; many with another still more odious,—plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows, « Here, *monatti!* » And with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply, « Coming directly! » Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them: his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity,—such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still remaining though somewhat advanced youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed but not destroyed beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering and a fatal languor,—that delicate and at the same time majestic beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful and profound in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not merely her own appearance which in the midst of so much misery marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished — in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep; — her mother; for even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which could still display any emotion would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms; with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, « No! don't take her from me yet: I must place her myself on this cart — here.» So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: « Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else do so, and to lay her in the ground thus.»

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then, zealously and almost obsequiously, — rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, — hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced these parting words: — « Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we too will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others.» Then, turning again to the *monatto*, « You,» said she, « when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too; and not me only.»

So saying, she re-entered the house, and after an instant appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem falls together with the bud still infolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to thyself, her and that little infant one: they have suffered enough! surely, they have suffered enough!"

CHORUS

IN THE 'COUNT OF CARMAGNOLA'

From 'Modern Italian Poets,' by W. D. Howells. Copyright 1887, by Harper & Brothers

ON THE right hand a trumpet is sounding,
On the left hand a trumpet replying,
The field upon all sides resounding
With the tramping of foot and of horse.
Yonder flashes a flag; yonder, flying
Through the still air, a bannerol glances;
Here a squadron embattled advances,
There another that threatens its course.

The space 'twixt the foes now beneath them
Is hid, and on swords the sword ringeth;
In the hearts of each other they sheathe them;
Blood runs,—they redouble their blows.
Who are these? To our fair fields what bringeth,
To make war upon us, this stranger?
Which is he that hath sworn to avenge her,
The land of his birth, on her foes?

They are all of one land and one nation,
One speech; and the foreigner names them
All brothers, of one generation;
In each visage their kindred is seen:

This land is the mother that claims them,
This land that their life-blood is steeping,
That God, from all other lands keeping,
Set the seas and the mountains between.

Ah, which drew the first blade among them,
To strike at the heart of his brother?
What wrong or what insult hath stung them
To wipe out what stain, or to die?
They know not: to slay one another
They come in a course none hath told them;
A chief that was purchased hath sold them;
They combat for him, nor ask why.

Ah, woe for the mothers that bare them,
For the wives of the warriors maddened!
Why come not their loved ones to tear them
Away from the infamous field?
Their sires, whom long years have saddened,
And thoughts of the sepulchre chastened,
In warning why have they not hastened
To bid them to hold and to yield?

As under the vine that embowers
His own happy threshold, the smiling
Clown watches the tempest that lowers
On the furrows his plow has not turned,
So each waits in safety, beguiling
The time with his count of those falling
Afar in the fight, and the appalling
Flames of towns and of villages burned.

There, intent on the lips of their mothers,
Thou shalt hear little children with scorning,
Learn to follow and flout at the brothers
Whose blood they shall go forth to shed;
Thou shalt see wives and maidens adorning
Their bosoms and hair with the splendor
Of gems but now torn from the tender
Hapless daughters and wives of the dead.

Oh, disaster, disaster, disaster!
With the slain the earth's hidden already;
With blood reeks the whole plain, and vaster
And fiercer the strife than before!

But along the ranks, rent and unsteady,
Many waver,— they yield,— they are flying!
With the last hope of victory dying,
The love of life rises again.

As out of the fan, when it tosses
The grain in its breath, the grain flashes,
So over the field of their losses
Fly the vanquished. But now in their course
Starts a squadron that suddenly dashes
Athwart their wild flight and that stays them,
While hard on the hindmost dismays them
The pursuit of the enemy's horse.

At the feet of the foe they fall trembling,
And yield life and sword to his keeping;
In the shouts of the victors assembling,
The moans of the dying are drowned.
To the saddle a courier leaping,
Takes a missive, and through all resistance,
Spurs, lashes, devours the distance;
Every hamlet awake at the sound.

Ah, why from their rest and their labor
To the hoof-beaten road do they gather?
Why turns every one to his neighbor
The jubilant tidings to hear?
Thou know'st whence he comes, wretched father!
And thou long'st for his news, hapless mother!
In fight brother fell upon brother!
These terrible tidings *I* bring.

All around I hear cries of rejoicing;
The temples are decked; the song swelleth
From the hearts of the fratricides, voicing
Praise and thanks that are hateful to God.
Meantime from the Alps where he dwelleth
The stranger turns hither his vision,
And numbers with cruel derision
The brave that have bitten the sod.

Leave your games, leave your songs and exulting;
Fill again your battalions, and rally
Again to your banner! Insulting
The stranger descends, he is come!

Are ye feeble and few in your sally,
Ye victors? For this he descendeth!
'Tis for this that his challenge he sendeth
From the fields where your brothers lie dumb!

Thou that strait to thy children appearedst,
Thou that knew'st not in peace how to tend them,
Fatal land! now the stranger thou fearedst
Receive, with the judgment he brings!
A foe unprovoked to offend them
At thy board sitteth down and derideth,
The spoil of thy foolish divideth,
Strips the sword from the hand of thy kings.

Foolish he, too! What people was ever
For the bloodshedding blest, or oppression?
To the vanquished alone comes harm never;
To tears turns the wrong-doer's joy!
Though he 'scape through the years' long progression,
Yet the vengeance eternal o'ertaketh
Him surely; it waiteth and waketh;
It seizes him at the last sigh!

We are all made in one likeness holy,
Ransomed all by one only redemption
Near or far, rich or poor, high or lowly,
Wherever we breathe in life's air;
We are brothers by one great pre-emption
Bound all; and accursed be its wronger,
Who would ruin by right of the stronger,
Wring the hearts of the weak with despair.

Translation of William D. Howells.

THE FIFTH OF MAY

From ‹Modern Italian Poets,› by W. D. Howells. Copyright 1887, by Harper & Brothers

HE PASSED: and as immovable
As, with the last sigh given,
Lay his own clay, oblivious,
From that great spirit riven,
So the world stricken and wondering
Stands at the tidings dread;

Mutely pondering the ultimate
Hour of that fateful being,
And in the vast futurity
No peer of his foreseeing
Among the countless myriads
Her blood-stained dust that tread.

Him on his throne and glorious
Silent saw I, that never —
When with awful vicissitude
He sank, rose, fell forever —
Mixed my voice with the numberless
Voices that pealed on high;
Guiltless of servile flattery
And of the scorn of coward.
Come I when darkness suddenly
On so great light hath lowered,
And offer a song at his sepulchre
That haply shall not die.

From the Alps unto the Pyramids,
From Rhine to Manzanares,
Unfailingly the thunderstroke
His lightning purpose carries;
Bursts from Scylla to Tanais,—
From one to the other sea.
Was it true glory?—Posterity,
Thine be the hard decision;
Bow we before the mightiest,
Who willed in him the vision
Of his creative majesty
Most grandly traced should be.

The eager and tempestuous
Joy of the great plan's hour,
The throe of the heart that controllessly
Burns with a dream of power,
And wins it, and seizes victory
It had seemed folly to hope,
All he hath known: the infinite
Rapture after the danger,
The flight, the throne of sovereignty,
The salt bread of the stranger;
Twice 'neath the feet of the worshipers,
Twice 'neath the altar's cope.

He spoke his name; two centuries,
Armèd and threatening either,
Turned unto him submissively,
As waiting fate together;
He made a silence, and arbiter
He sat between the two.
He vanished; his days in the idleness
Of his island prison spending,
Mark of immense malignity,
And of a pity unending,
Of hatred inappeasable,
Of deathless love and true.

As on the head of the mariner,
Its weight some billow heaping,
Falls, even while the castaway,
With strainèd sight far sweeping,
Scanneth the empty distances
For some dim sail in vain:
So over his soul the memories
Billowed and gathered ever;
How oft to tell posterity
Himself he did endeavor,
And on the pages helplessly
Fell his weary hand again.

How many times, when listlessly
In the long dull day's declining —
Downcast those glances fulminant,
His arms on his breast entwining —
He stood assailed by the memories
Of days that were passed away;
He thought of the camps, the arduous
Assaults, the shock of forces,
The lightning-flash of the infantry,
The billowy rush of horses,
The thrill in his supremacy,
The eagerness to obey.

Ah, haply in so great agony
His panting soul had ended
Despairing, but that potently
A hand, from heaven extended,
Into a clearer atmosphere
In mercy lifted him.

And led him on by blossoming
   Pathways of hope ascending
To deathless fields, to happiness
   All earthly dreams transcending,
Where in the glory celestial
      Earth's fame is dumb and dim.

Beautiful, deathless, beneficent
   Faith! used to triumphs, even
This also write exultantly:
   No loftier pride 'neath Heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
      Stooped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
   Disperse all bitter passions:
The God that humbleth and hearteneth,
   That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
      To his pale lips lay pressed!

Translation of William D. Howells.

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME

(1492–1549)

Marguerite d'Angoulême, or as she is often styled, Marguerite de Navarre, or Marguerite de Valois, is chiefly known as a writer by the collection of stories entitled the 'Heptameron,' (in imitation of the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio,) her only prose work. But a considerable number of poetic writings of hers remain: «moralities,» pastorals, sad «comedies» and serious «farces,» — in Polonius's phrase, «scenes individable and poems unlimited,» with epistles in verse, and many dixains, chansons, and rondeaux. There are also two volumes of her Letters.

Margaret of Navarre

In all this literary production, there is but little that can now or could ever win much applause; but it wins the better meed of sympathy. Marguerite was no artist; she had no sense of form, she had no high aims in literature, she wrote with extraordinary carelessness and prolixity. It is only at moments that her style has grace and color, and still more rarely that it has force. But the feeling that moves her to write is always sincere. Her thoughts always spring from her own intelligence: and therefore while her writings have no touch of egotism, they reveal to a remarkable extent her inner life; and it is a life of peculiar interest. Her reader *listens* rather than reads as he turns her pages, and what he hears comes not merely from the printed word.

She made constant use of the dramatic form,— of dialogue,— and evidently from the same motive that Montaigne ascribes to Plato: «to utter with more decorum, through diverse mouths, the diversity and variations of her own thoughts.» There is great interest in discovering «her own thoughts» amid these diverse expressions, and this can only be done by becoming familiar with her life. The events in which she was concerned throw an important and touching light on her writings,— the only light by which they can be read intelligently. In this light her famous book 'Heptameron' completely changes its character, and instead of being a collection of somewhat coarse and somewhat tedious stories set in a mere frame of dialogues, it becomes a series of interesting and suggestive conversations circling about historic tales.

A sketch of her life is therefore the proper introduction to her writings.

She must be distinguished from her great-niece, the daughter of Henri Deux, with whom she is sometimes confused,— another Marguerite de Valois, and a later Queen of Navarre,— who also was a writer of some importance. The first Marguerite was the sister of Francis the First. In this fact lies the key to the intimacies of her nature. All the affections the human heart is capable of centred for her in Francis. He was not only her brother and her friend, but he was respected by her like a father, and cared for by her like a son; he was (with a weight of meaning difficult of conception by modern minds) supremely her King; he was at moments almost her God. He repaid this fervor of devotion with a brotherly regard that satisfied her; but her content was a proof of her generosity.

Their youth was passed together in the pleasant Château d'Amboise; and their careful education — the education of the Renaissance — happily fostered in them inherited tastes for literature and art.

Marguerite was married at seventeen (in 1509) to the Duke d'Alençon, the first prince of the blood; and when, six years later, Francis became king, she was in a position and of an age to be conspicuous at court, where her intellectual vivacity and social grace made her eminent. Free and gay in speech, eager and joyous in spirit, she amused herself with the brilliant life and with her would-be lovers; and at other hours occupied herself with her books,— books often of divinity,— studies that were molding her character. «Elle s'adonna fort aux lettres en son jeune aage,» says one who knew her; and her interest also in the men who wrote the books of her day was great even then. From the first, she discerned and divined and recognized the most remarkable of the men who surrounded her.

But the startling contrasts that marked the career of King Francis all found their reverberating echo in the heart of Margaret, and made her something very different from a merely intellectual woman. In 1520 came the Field of the Cloth of Gold; in 1525 the battle of Pavia and Francis's imprisonment and illness at Madrid. Again, 1520 brought the appearance of Luther, and the next year the beginning of persecutions in France; but it was not till the King had gone to Italy that heretics were burned at the stake. That this comparative leniency was greatly due to Margaret's personal influence with the King is as unquestionable as that it is an error to consider her as herself belonging to the party of the Reformers. Her generous nature could protect the Protestants all her life long, and sympathize with them so keenly as to cause her personal anguish, without sharing their beliefs. This exceptional largeness and liberality has caused Margaret's relation to the Reformation to be constantly and greatly misunderstood. Her personal character — her own nature — was less akin to the spirit of the Reformation than to that of the Renaissance.

The year 1524 was marked by domestic sorrows. Queen Claude died, truly lamented by her husband and his mother and sister; and two months later one of her little motherless girls died in Margaret's arms. It was probably the first time she had seen death: she had been summoned to the Queen's death-bed, and had hurriedly traveled thither, but had arrived too late. The death of little eight-year old Madame Charlotte after weeks of weary illness, spent by her aunt in tender watching, made a profound impression upon Margaret, and was the occasion of a poetical composition — the earliest in date of her extant writings — a dialogue « en forme de vision nocturne » between herself and « l'âme saincte de defuncte Madame Charlotte de France » concerning the happiness of the blessed dead.

In her somewhat mystical mind death was always a subject of meditation; and it is told of her that she once sat long by the bedside of one of her waiting-women whom she loved, who was near death; and she gazed upon her fixedly till the last breath was drawn. And when asked why she had thus eagerly watched, it appeared that she had longed to catch some sight, some sound, of the departing soul; « and she added, » says the contemporary account, « that if her faith were not very firm, she should not know what to think of this separation of the soul from the body; but that she would believe what God and his Church commanded without indulging in vain curiosity. And indeed she was a woman as devout as could be found, and who often spoke of God and truly feared him. »

Within three months of the death of the Queen and Madame Charlotte, the King was a prisoner. Margaret's religious faith, put to the utmost test, supported her through days of measureless misery, of which there are very touching outbreaks and outpourings among her poems. Again two months, and her husband, the Duke d'Alençon, died. Many years later she wrote a touching and affectionate narrative in verse of the scenes she then witnessed.

The agony of her suffering at the King's defeat and imprisonment was in some measure lightened by being sent officially to him at Madrid, and empowered to enter into negotiations with Charles the Fifth for his release. Again we find the reflection of these events in her verses. Her position attracted wide interest, and a letter written to her by Erasmus expresses the general feeling:—

«I have been encouraged,» he says (in effect), «to address some condolences to you in the midst of the tempest of misfortune which now assails you. . . . Long have I admired the many excellent gifts that God has endowed you with. He has given you prudence, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for temporal things. . . . Therefore I am inspired with the desire to congratulate you rather than offer you consolation. Your misfortune is great, I acknowledge; but no event is terrible enough to overthrow a courage founded upon the rock of belief in Jesus Christ.»

This letter, written in Latin, did not need to be translated to Margaret. And not only did she read Latin easily, but she was familiar with the Greek dramatists and with Plato in the original.

Another period of Margaret's life opened in 1527, when her second marriage took place, with Henri d'Albret, the young King of Navarre (the nominal King), eleven years younger than herself. It was a marriage of passionate affection on her side, inspired in part, one may be sure, by the misfortunes of this valiant youth, who, taken captive with her brother, had been a prisoner like him for many months, and who had then presented himself at the French court, poor and friendless, but famed for his kindness and justice to his Béarnais subjects. He cannot but have been easily moved to ardent admiration for the sweet, attractive widow of thirty-five, whose recent remarkable sojourn at Madrid had made her famous; still more, she was the sister of the King of France, his liege lord, and recognized as the King's constant counselor. No question his wooing was vigorous. How strong Margaret's wishes must have been is shown by her withstanding the opposition of her brother for the only time in her life.

From the moment of this union date the unspeakable sorrows of Margaret's heart. The position she henceforth occupied as the queen of an outcast and mendicant king, and also as the wife of a soon alienated husband, was one burdened with tragic perplexities public and private. It involved among other bitter trials that of an enforced separation from her only child, Jeanne d'Albret.

The court Marguerite created at Pau and at Nérac, in the impoverished princedom of Béarn, was the meeting-ground of scholars and of poets, of charming women and light-hearted men. Even more, it was the refuge of men persecuted. She possessed the supreme womanly power that when herself in pain, she could comfort; when weak, she could protect; when poor, she could enrich. Her benevolence was one with beneficence. She was the great Consoler of her fellow countrymen,—and not of them alone. Her heart-beats sent vital force to all the numberless unknown suppliants whose eyes were turned toward her, as well as to her oppressed friends who safely put their trust in her.

This exceptional womanliness is to be felt in her writings; and of them as of her life it may be said:—

> «If her heart at high flood swamped her brain now and then
> 'Twas but richer for that when the tide ebbed agen.»

She died in 1549, killed by her brother's death two years before. It was in those last years that Rabelais addressed her as—

> «Abstracted spirit, rapt in ecstasies,
> Seeking thy birthplace, the familiar skies;»

but in the same breath he solicited her to listen to «the joyous deeds of good Pantagruel.» Nothing could more vividly note than this the various qualities that met in Margaret,—of sad mysticism and gay humor, of constant withdrawal from the world's vanities and unfailing interest in the world's intellectual achievements.

She has never been so well known, so intelligently understood, so carefully judged, and never so highly honored, as in our own generation. The French scholars of to-day have assigned to her her true place in history, and it is a noble one. But in her lifetime she was loved even more than she was honored: and still and always she will be loved by those who shall know her.

A FRAGMENT

Grief has given me such a wound
By an unbearable sorrow,
That almost my body dies
From the pain it feels in secret.
My spirit is in torment,
But it leans
On Him who gives the pain;
Who, causing the pain, comforts it.
My heart, which lived on love alone,
Is by sorrow wasted.
It resisted not since the fatal day
That it felt the stroke of death;
For of its life
From it was ravished,
The more than half
Joined to it in perfect friendship. . . .
Lord, who knowest me,
I have no voice to cry to Thee,

Nor can find words
Worthy to pray Thee with.
Thyself, O Lord,
May it please Thee Thyself to say
To Thyself what I would say.
Speak Thou, pray Thou,
And answer Thou for me.

DIXAINS

OR NEAR, so near that in one bed our bodies lie,
And our wills become as one,
And our two hearts, if may be, touch,
And all is common to us both;
Or far, so far that importuning Love
May never tidings of you tell to me,
Who see you not, nor hear your voice, nor write,
So that for you my heart may cease to ache;
Thus it is that my desire is toward you,
For between these two, save dead, I cannot be.

[Ou près, si près que en un lict nos corps couchent,
Et nos vouloirs soyent uniz en un,
Et nos deux cœurs, si possible est, se touchent,
Et nostre tout soit à nous deux commun;
Ou loing, si loing que amour tant importun
De vos nouvelles à moy ne puisse dire,
Povre de veoir, de parler, et d'escrire,
Tant que de vous soit mon cœur insensible;
Voilà comment vivre avecq vous desire,
Car entre deux, sans mort, m'est impossible.]

II

NOT near, so near that you could lie
Within my bed, shall ever be,
Or by love my heart or body touch,
Nor weight my honor by a whit.
If far, very far you go, I promise you
To hinder nowise your long wandering;
For neither near nor far have I the heart to love
Save with that love we all are fain to feel.

To be so near or far is no desire of a sage:
Please you, be loved between the two.

[Ne près, si près que vous puissiez coucher
Dedans mon lict, il n'adviendra jamais,
Ou par amour mon corps ou cœur toucher,
Ny adjouster à mon honneur un mais.
Si loing, bien loing allez, je vous prometz
De n'empescher en rien vostre voyaige,
Car près ne loing d'aymer je n'ay couraige
Fors d'un amour dont chascun aymer veulx.
Soit près ou loing n'est desir d'homme saige:
Contentez vous d'estre aymé entre deux.]

FROM THE ‹HEPTAMERON›

I

A LITTLE company of five ladies and five noble gentlemen have been interrupted in their travels by heavy rains and great floods, and find themselves together in a hospitable abbey. They while away the time as best they can, and the second day Parlemente says to the old Lady Oisille, «Madame, I wonder that you who have so much experience . . . do not think of some pastime to sweeten the gloom that our long delay here causes us.» The other ladies echo her wishes, and all the gentlemen agree with them, and beg the Lady Oisille to be pleased to direct how they shall amuse themselves. She answers them:—

«MY CHILDREN, you ask of me something that I find very difficult,—to teach you a pastime that can deliver you from your sadness; for having sought some such remedy all my life I have never found but one—the reading of Holy Writ; in which is found the true and perfect joy of the mind, from which proceed the comfort and health of the body. And if you ask me what keeps me so joyous and so healthy in my old age, it is that as soon as I rise I take and read the Holy Scriptures, seeing and contemplating the will of God, who for our sakes sent his Son on earth to announce this holy word and good news, by which he promises remission of sins, satisfaction for all duties by the gift he makes us of his love, Passion and merits. This consideration gives me so much joy that I take my Psalter and as humbly as

I can I sing with my heart and pronounce with my tongue the beautiful psalms and canticles that the Holy Spirit wrote in the heart of David and of other authors. And this contentment that I have in them does me so much good that the ills that every day may happen to me seem to me to be blessings, seeing that I have in my heart, by faith, Him who has borne them for me. Likewise, before supper, I retire, to pasture my soul in reading; and then, in the evening, I call to mind what I have done in the past day, in order to ask pardon for my faults, and to thank Him for his kindnesses, and in His love, fear and peace I repose, assured against all ills. Wherefore, my children, this is the pastime in which I have long stayed my steps, after having searched all things, where I found no content for my spirit. It seems to me that if every morning you will give an hour to reading, and then, during mass, devoutly say your prayers, you will find in this desert the same beauty as in cities; for he who knows God, sees all beautiful things in him, and without him all is ugliness.»

Her nine companions are not quite of this pious mind, and pray her to remember that when they are at home the men have hunting and hawking, and the ladies have their household affairs and needlework, and sometimes dancing; and that they need something to take the place of all these things. At last it is decided that in the morning the Lady Oisille should read to them of the life led by Our Lord Jesus Christ; and in the afternoon, from after dinner to vespers, they should tell tales like those of Boccaccio.

II

One of the tales opens thus:—

«In the city of Saragossa there was a rich merchant who, seeing his death draw nigh, and that he could no longer retain his possessions, which perhaps he had acquired with bad faith, thought that by making some little present to God he might satisfy in part for his sins, after his death,—as if God gave his grace for money.»

So he ordered his wife to sell a fine Spanish horse he had, as soon as he was gone, and give its price to the poor. But when the burial was over, the wife, «who was as little of a simpleton as Spanish women are wont to be,» told her man-servant to sell the horse indeed, but to sell him for a ducat, while the purchaser must at the same time buy her cat, and for the cat must be paid ninety-nine ducats. So said, so done; and the Mendicant Friars received one ducat, and she and her children ninety-and-nine.

«In your opinion,» asks Namerfide in conclusion, «was not this woman much wiser than her husband? and should she have cared as much for his conscience as for the good of her household?»—«I think,» said Parlamente, «that she loved her husband well, but seeing that most men are not of sound mind on their death-beds, she, who knew his intention, chose to interpret it for the profit of his children, which I think very wise.»—«But,» said Gebaron, «don't you think it a great fault to fail to carry out the wills of dead friends?»—«Indeed I do,» said Parlamente, provided the testator is of good sense and of sound mind.»—«Do you call it not being of sound mind to give our goods to the Church and the Mendicant Friars?»—«I don't call it wanting in sound-mindedness,» said Parlamente, «when a man distributes among the poor what God has put in his power; but to give alms with what belongs to others I do not consider high wisdom, for you will see constantly the greatest usurers there are, build the most beautiful and sumptuous chapels that can be seen, wishing to appease God for a hundred thousand ducats' worth of robbery by ten thousand ducats' worth of buildings, as if God did not know how to count.»

«Truly I have often marveled at this,» said Oisille; «how do they think to appease God by the things that he himself, when on earth, reprobated, such as great buildings, gildings, decorations, and paintings? But, if they rightly understood what God has said in one passage, that for all sacrifice he asks of us a contrite and humble heart, and in another St. Paul says we are the temple of God in which he desires to dwell, they would have taken pains to adorn their consciences while they were alive; not waiting for the hour when a man can no longer do either well or ill, and even what is worse, burdening those who survive them with giving their alms to those they would not have deigned to look at while they were alive. But He who knows the heart cannot be deceived, and will judge them, not only according to their works, but according to the faith and charity they have had in Him.» «Why is it then,» said Gebaron, «that these Gray Friars and Mendicant Friars sing no other song to us on our death-beds save that we should give much wealth to their monasteries, assuring us that that will carry us to Paradise, willy-nilly?" "Ah! Gebaron," said Hircan, "have you forgotten the wickedness that you yourself have related to us of the Gray Friars, that you ask how it is possible for such people to lie? I declare to you that I do not think that there can be in the world greater lies than theirs. And yet those men cannot be blamed who speak for the good of the whole community, but there are those who forget their vow of poverty to satisfy their avarice." "It seems to me, Hircan," said Nomerfide, "that you know something about such a one; I pray you, if it be worthy of this company, that you will be pleased to tell it to us." "I am willing," said Hircan, "although I dislike to speak of this sort of people, for it seems to me that they are of the same kind as those of whom Virgil said to Dante, 'Pass on, and heed them not' ('Passe oultre et n'en tiens compte')."

III

The following conversation contains the comments on a tale told of the virtuous young wife of an unfaithful husband, who by dint of patience and discretion regained his affection; so that "they lived together in such great friendship that even his just faults by the good they had brought about increased their contentment."

"I beg you, ladies," continues the narrator, "if God give you such husbands, not to despair till you have long tried every means to reclaim them; for there are twenty-four hours in a day in which a man may change his way of thinking, and a woman should deem herself happier to have won her husband by patience and long effort than if fortune and her parents had given her a more perfect one." "Yes," said Oisille, "this is an example for all married women."—"Let her follow this example who will," said Parlamente: "but as for me, it would not be possible for me to have such long patience; for, however true it may be that in all estates patience is a fine virtue, it's my opinion that in marriage it brings about at last unfriendliness; because, suffering unkindness from a fellow being, one is forced to separate from him as far as possible, and from this separation arises a contempt for the fault of the disloyal one, and in this contempt little by little love diminishes; for it is what is valued that is loved."—"But there is danger," said Ennarsuite, "that the impatient wife may find a furious husband, who would give her pain in lieu of patience."—« But what could a husband do," said Parlamente, « save what has been recounted in this story? » « What could he do? » said Ennarsuite: « he could beat his wife." . . .

« I think," said Parlamente, « that a good woman would not be so grieved in being beaten out of anger, as in being contemptuously treated by a man who does not care for her, and after having endured the suffering of the loss of his friendship, nothing the husband might do would cause her much concern. And besides, the story says that the trouble she took to draw him back to her was because of her love for her children, and I believe it. »—«And do you think it was so very patient of her," said Nomerfide, «to set fire to the bed in which her husband was sleeping? »—« Yes," said Longarine, « for when she saw the smoke she awoke him; and that was just the thing where she was most in fault, for of such husbands as those the ashes are good to make lye for the washtub. »—« You are cruel, Longarine," said Oisille, « and you did not live in such fashion with your husband. »—No," said Longarine, « for, God be thanked, he never gave me such occasion, but reason to regret him all my life, instead of to complain of him. »—«And if he had treated you in this way," said Nomerfide, « what would you have done? »—« I loved him so much," said Longarine, « that I think I should have killed him and then killed myself; for to die after such vengeance would be pleasanter to me than to live faithfully with a faithless husband. »

"As far as I see," said Hircan, « you love your husbands only for yourselves. If they are good after your own heart, you love them well; if they commit towards you the least fault in the world, they have lost their week's work by a Saturday. The long and the short is that you want to be mistresses; for my part I am of your mind, provided all the husbands also agree to it. »—« It is reasonable," said Parlamente, « that the man rule us as our head, but not that he desert us or ill-treat us. »—« God," said Oisille, « has set in such due order the man and the woman that if the marriage estate is not abused, I hold it to be one of the most beautiful and stable conditions in the world; and I am sure that all those here present, whatever air they assume, think no less highly of it. And forasmuch as men say they are wiser than women, they should be more sharply punished when the fault is on their side. But we have talked enough on this subject. »

IV

«It seems to me, since the passage from one life to another is inevitable, that the shortest death is the best. I consider fortunate those who do not dwell in the suburbs of death, and who from that felicity which alone in this world can be called felicity pass suddenly to that which is eternal.» — «What do you call the suburbs of death?» said Simortault.—«I mean that those who have many tribulations, and those also who have long been sick, those who by extremity of bodily or mental pain, have come to hold death in contempt and to find its hour too tardy,—all these have wandered in the suburbs of death, and will tell you the hostelries where they have more wept than slept.»

V

«Do you count as nothing the shame she underwent, and her imprisonment?»

«I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished; for the glory of true loves knows not shame: and as to the imprisonment of her body, I believe that through the freedom of her heart which was united with God and with her husband, she did not feel it, but considered its solitude very great liberty; for to one who cannot see the beloved, there is no greater good than to think incessantly of him, and the prison is never narrow where the thought can range at will.»

VI

«In good faith I am astonished at the diversity in the nature of women's love: and I see clearly that those who have most love have most virtue; but those who have less love, dissimulate, wishing to feign virtue.»

«It is true,» said Parlamente, «that a heart pure towards God and man, loves more strongly than one that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known.»

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564–1593)

Two months before the birth of William Shakespeare, on February 26th, 1564, John Marlowe, shoemaker in the ancient town of Canterbury, carried a baby boy, his first son, to be baptized in the Church of St. George the Martyr. John Marlowe was a «clarke of Saint Marie's church,» and member of the Shoemakers' and Tanners' Guild. He may have been a man of sufficient means to give his son a liberal education; or some rich gentleman, Sir John Manwood perhaps, may have interested himself in the gifted lad. At any rate Christopher went to the King's School, Canterbury, where fifty pupils were taught gratuitously and allowed £4 a year each; and there he was a diligent scholar, for it is recorded that in 1579 he received an allowance of £1 for each of the first three terms. From school he was sent to Benet—now Corpus Christi—College, Cambridge; where he obtained the degree of B. A. in 1583, and that of M. A. in 1587. His translations of Ovid's elegies were probably begun, if not completed, during his years at the university. There are slight indications in his poems that he may have been a soldier for a time, and served during the Netherlands campaign. Probably, however, he went at once to London from Cambridge,—«a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition,» as Swinburne says,—and began his struggle for fame and fortune. Like many another young poet, he may have gone on the stage; but it is said that he was soon after incapacitated for acting, by an accident which lamed him. He attached himself as playwright to a prominent dramatic company,—that of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral.

He was a dashing fellow, witty and daring, «the darling of the town,» and with a gift for making friends. He was a protégé of Thomas Walsingham, and gallant Sir Walter Raleigh found him a congenial spirit. He knew Kyd, Nash, Greene, Chapman, and very likely Shakespeare too. Of all the brilliant group that glorify Elizabethan literature, there is no more striking or typical figure than Marlowe's own. He was the very embodiment of the Renascence spirit, with energies all vitalized and athirst for both spiritual and sensual satisfactions. His gay-hearted, passionate, undisciplined nature was too exorbitant in demand to find content. To his pagan soul beauty and pleasure were ultimate aims, orthodox faith and observances impossible. So for a few mad years he dreamed and wrote, loved and feasted, starved sometimes, perhaps; and then at twenty-nine, when he had tried all possible experiences, his wild, brilliant young life suddenly ended. His irreligious scoffing, doubtless exaggerated from mouth to mouth, led finally to a warrant for his arrest. Evading this, he had gone to the small town of Deptford, and there, June 1593, while at the tavern, he became engaged in a drunken scuffle in which he was fatally stabbed.

Marlowe's first play, 'Tamburlaine,' must have been written before he was twenty-four. Like many of his contemporaries, he always borrowed his plots; and this one he took from 'Foreste,' a translation from the Spanish made by Thomas Fortescue. His treatment of it was a conscious effort to revolutionize dramatic poetry; for «jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits» to substitute «high astounding terms»; and it is his great distinction that with 'Tamburlaine' he established blank verse in the English drama. From the appearance of 'Gorboduc' in 1562 there had been blank or rimeless verse; but the customary form of dramatic expression was in tediously monotonous heroic couplets, whether they suited the subject or not. Marlowe was the first of the English dramatists to understand that thought and expression should be in harmony. His original spirit refused dictation; and he developed a rich sonorous line, the beauty of which was recognized at once. His musical ear and poetic instinct guided him to hitherto forbidden licenses,—variety in the management of the cæsura, feminine rhymes, run-on lines, the introduction of other than iambic measures; and thus he secured an elasticity of metre which permanently enriched English poetry. His creative daring stifled a cold and formal classicism, inaugurated our romantic drama, and served as guiding indication to Shakespeare himself. But although certain verses of 'Tamburlaine' cling to the reader's memory as perfect in poetic feeling and harmony, the greater part of it is mere «bombast» to modern taste. Even in Marlowe's day his exaggerations excited ridicule, and quotations from his dramas became town catchwords. But the spontaneous passion of his impossible conceptions gave them a force which impressed the public. 'Tamburlaine' was immensely popular, and the sequel or Part Second was enthusiastically received. Many critics since Ben Jonson have discussed «Marlowe's mighty line» and honored its influence; and his fellow writers were quick to follow his example.

The Faust legend, traceable back to the sixth century, finally drifted over to England, where in ballad form, founded upon the 'Volksbuch' by Spiess, it appeared in 1587, and probably soon caught Marlowe's attention. His play of 'Dr. Faustus' was given in 1588, and was very highly praised. It is said that Goethe, who thought of translating it, exclaimed admiringly, «How greatly it is all planned!»

Compared with the harmonic unity of form and matter in Goethe's 'Faust,' Marlowe's work seems childish in construction, uneven and faulty in expression. But there are certain passages — for example, the thrilling passion of the invocation to Helen, and the final despair of Faustus — of positive poetic splendor.

In the 'Jew of Malta' there are fine passages which show Marlowe's increasing mastery of his line. But in spite of its descriptive color and force, and keen touches of characterization, it was less successful than 'Tamburlaine,' and is perhaps most noteworthy now for the obvious parallelism of certain scenes with those of the later 'Merchant of Venice.'

'Edward II.,' founded upon Robert Fabyan's 'Chronicle' or 'Concordance of Histories,' is structurally the best of Marlowe's plays, and contains finely pathetic verse which bears comparison with that of Shakespeare's historical dramas. The poet as he grows older seems to take a broader, more sympathetic view of life; and therefore he begins to understand feelings more normal than the infinite ambitions of Faustus and Tamburlaine, and becomes more skillful in the portrayal of character. There is little of his earlier exaggeration.

The two shorter dramas — 'The Massacre of Paris,' and 'Dido, Queen of Carthage' — were written in collaboration with other playwrights.

No one can read Marlowe carefully without feeling that the social influences of his time made him a dramatist, and that he was by nature a lyric poet. He was intensely subjective, and incapable of taking an impersonal and comprehensive point of view. He always expresses his own aspiration for fame, or joy, or satisfaction, transcending anything earth can offer. «That like I best that flies beyond my reach.» This preoccupation with imaginative ideals made it impossible for him to understand every-day human nature. Hence no touch of humor vitalizes his work; and hence his efforts to depict women are always vague and unsatisfactory. He is at his best when expressing his own passions,— his adoration of light and color, of gold and sparkling gems, of milk-white beauties with rippling brilliant hair. Like the other men of his time, he loved nature: delighted in tinkling waters, wide skies, gay velvety blossoms. He is a thorough sensualist; frankly, ardently so in 'Hero and Leander,' — that beautiful love poem, a paraphrase of Musach's poem, of which he wrote the first two sestiads, and which after his death was finished by Chapman. Every one knows the lines, written in much the same spirit, of 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love'; «that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe,» as Izaak Walton says. It had many imitations, and a charming response from the pen of Sir Walter Raleigh.

It has been suggested that Shakespeare in his early days may have looked enviously at the successful young Marlowe. This erring idealist aimed high, and left a lasting imprint upon English literature. He reached fame very quickly; made more friends than enemies; and his early death called out many tributes of love and admiration. Michael Drayton wrote of him:—

> «Next Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian Springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things
> That the first poets had: his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
> For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.»

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

FROM ‹TAMBURLAINE›

Alarms of battle within. Enter Cosroe, *wounded, and* Tamburlaine

COSROE — Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. —
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

Tamburlaine —
The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,—
That perfect bliss and sole delicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

FROM ‹TAMBURLAINE›

AH, FAIR Zenocrate! — divine Zenocrate! —
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,

Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes that, when Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus's walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,

To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.

FROM ‹TAMBURLAINE›

TAMBURLAINE — But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war:
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armor thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men:
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,

Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fencèd with the concave of monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

Calyphas— My lord, but this is dangerous to be done:
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

Tamburlaine—
Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,—
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
And with his horse marched round about the earth
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,—
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamelèd,
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down clothed with a massy robe,
That late adorned the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus's walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,

While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?
Calyphas — I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.
Celebinus — 'Tis nothing: give me a wound, father.
Amyras — And me another, my lord.
Tamburlaine —
Come, sirrah, give me your arm.
Celebinus — Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.
Tamburlaine —
It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound:
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa-walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!

INVOCATION TO HELEN

From ‹Doctor Faustus›

FAUSTUS — Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies! —
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul!—half a drop; ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!

Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras's metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.

Enter Devils

My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*]

Enter Chorus

Chorus—Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

FROM ‹EDWARD THE SECOND›

KING EDWARD —
Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Lightborn — To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
King Edward —
Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Lightborn — To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The Queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
King Edward —
Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me:
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis's, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Lightborn — O villains!
King Edward —
And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king:
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
Lightborn — Oh, speak no more, my lord! This breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
King Edward —
These looks of thine can harbor naught but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay: awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes;
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborn — What means your Highness to mistrust me thus?
King Edward —
What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Lightborn — These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
King Edward —
Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*]
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king — oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?
Lightborn — You're overwatched, my lord: lie down and rest.
King Edward —
But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Lightborn — If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.
King Edward —
No, no: for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*]
Lightborn — He sleeps.
King Edward [*waking*] —
Oh, let me not die yet! Oh, stay a while!
Lightborn — How now, my lord?
King Edward —
Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, Wherefore art thou come?
Lightborn — To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis, come!

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney

King Edward —
I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
Lightborn — Run for the table.
King Edward —
Oh, spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

[*Matrevis brings in a table.*]

Lightborn — So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[*King Edward is murdered.*]

Matrevis — I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.
Lightborn — Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gurney — Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn, who dies.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the King's to Mortimer our lord!
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

FROM ‹THE JEW OF MALTA›

BARABAS — So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labor so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mold;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,

Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room. . . .

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation;
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault; alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.

CLÉMENT MAROT

(1497–1544)

The quality that gives a peculiar charm to the verses of Marot is the blending of gayety and gravity. With light touches he expresses serious feeling, and the sincerity of his sentiment suffers no wrong from the fantastic dress of the period. His Muse wears a particolored robe; not that of Folly, but a garment of rich and noble patches, in which velvets and brocades oddly harmonize with the homespun they strengthen and adorn. It is because they are the velvets and brocades of the Renaissance, any scrap or shred of which had a decorative value. And still another material is to be observed: the strong linen of the Reformation, whose whiteness endues with the more picturesqueness the brilliant colors.

Clément Marot

The poetic life of Clément Marot opened on the plane of pedantry, and closed on that of preaching; but between these two conditions — each of them the consequence of the influences of the time — his own individuality asserted itself in countless humorous, delicate, charming, exquisite «epistles» and «elegies,» «epitaphs» and «étrennes» and «ballades,» «dizains,» «rondeaux,» and «chansons,» and in «epigrammes,»— some of them coarse and cynical, and some to be counted among his best and most original work. He wrote also «eclogues»; and one on the death of the queen mother, Luise of Savoie, is considered a masterpiece. Two other kinds of composition in which he also excelled had in the sixteenth century a great vogue: the «blazon» and the «coq à l'âne.» The «blazons» were eulogistic or satirical descriptions of different parts of an object; they were devoted by the gallantry of the day to the description of a woman's eyebrow or eyes, or hand, or more intimate parts of the body. The two «blazons» of Marot ('Du Beau Tetin' and 'Du Layd Tetin') inspired a whole series of productions of the same kind from contemporary versifiers. The pieces called «coq à l'âne» were, before Marot, a *jeu d'esprit* of incoherent verses. Marot gave them a new character by making able use of this apparent incoherency to veil satirical attacks on formidable enemies.

It has been prettily said that he was as the bee among poets,—delicately winged, honey-making, and with a sting for self-defense.

Born in 1497, the son of a secretary of Queen Anne of Brittany, in 1515 the youthful poet presented to the youthful King (Francis the First) a poetical composition, the longest he ever wrote, entitled 'Le Temple de Cupido.' In 1519 he—"Le Despourveu," as he styled himself—was attached to the court of Marguerite (the sister of Francis), then the Duchesse d'Alençon. Five years later he became one of her pensioners, and through all his after life he was cared for and protected by her. In 1528 he was made one of the King's household, and at this moment his powers attained their highest point. The court, as he himself says, was his true "schoolmistress." In 1532 appeared the first collection of his verses.

But for some years previously his half-heretical opinions had drawn trouble upon him, protest as he might

> "Point ne suis Lutheriste,
> Ne Zuinglien, et moins Anabaptiste;
> Je suis de Dieu par son fils Jesuchrist."

In 1526 he suffered imprisonment for a few weeks, and this imprisonment was the occasion of a long poem entitled 'Hell,'—a satire on the tribunal and prison of the Châtelet. This "si gentil œuvre" was first printed at Antwerp, and was reprinted some years later by Estienne Dolet, "in the most beautiful form," he says, "and with the most ornament possible to me, . . . because in reading it I have found it free from anything scandalous respecting God and religion, and not containing anything against the majesty of princes." It was of such crimes that Marot had been accused.

In 1531 he was again brought before the Parliament, and once more he was summoned in 1535. The matter now looked so serious that he thought it best to fly to Ferrara, to the court of Renée of France, where he found himself in company with Calvin. The personal unhappiness of the Princess Renée made a profound impression on Marot. He saw this ardent protectress of the Protestants to be sadly in need herself of protection; and more than once, at this time and later, he addressed to her, and to others regarding her, strains of heartfelt compassion. Her ducal husband Ercole d'Este—the enemy of her friends—swept out of the city as with a besom all her protégés as often as he could; and Marot was soon obliged to make his way to Venice. Within the year, however, he received permission to return to France, and was once more high in the King's favor.

But the immense, wide-spread success of a translation of some of the Psalms he now made again roused the Sorbonne; and he was forced to take refuge at Turin, where he died in 1544. Two years later his friend Estienne Dolet was burned at the stake.

Such was the outward career of this vivid, eager poet. He was perhaps, in his relations to the world, audacious rather than bold; in his relations to the other world, a lover of novelty rather than of truth; as a man, somewhat vain and boastful, somewhat licentious in a licentious age,—but he wrote verses that disarm criticism. In reading the best of them, one is persuaded for the moment that nothing is so enchanting as spontaneity, gayety, grace, quickness, keenness, unimpassioned sentiment and natural courtesy, and the philosophy that jests at personal misfortunes, flowing from a heart of tenderness. Admiration of another kind also is excited in remembering that this poet, whose epistles to «the great»—to the King and his sister—are almost in the tone of equal addressing equal, was after all, nominally their servant, actually their dependent. A foolish legend has prevailed that the relations between Marot and the Queen of Navarre were of extreme intimacy. There is absolutely nothing to justify such a belief. The attachment between them—respectful on both sides—was only one of the illustrations of the relations brought about by the Renaissance between crowned heads and men of letters.

The long Epistles of Marot are his most interesting productions. He was the creator of the «épître-badine,» and he has never been surpassed in this kind of writing. The Epistle to Lyon Jamet, containing the fable of the rat and the lion, is the most famous; but its length and the exquisite quality of its style forbid any attempt at its reproduction here. In his Epistles, as elsewhere in his work, the best and most characteristic and the gayest verses of Marot are of extreme difficulty to translate. Their form is their very substance: change even the mere sound of a word, and its meaning is gone. He, like La Fontaine,—there are many similarities between the two,—can be known only by those who can read him in the original. The following translations can scarcely do more than show the subjects of the verses selected, and the general tone.

Marot exercised no durable influence, though his style was so marked that it became a generic designation—«le style Marotique.» But «le style Marotique» means different things according to the person using the phrase. Marmontel defines it as «a medley of phrases vulgar and noble, old-fashioned and modern.» La Harpe said «a ‹style Marotique› is one that has the gay, agreeable, simple, natural manner peculiar to Marot.» La Harpe's definition is the truer, that of Marmontel the one most generally accepted.

OLD-TIME LOVE

In good old days such sort of love held sway
As artlessly and simply made its way,
And a few flowers, the gift of love sincere,
Than all the round earth's riches were more dear:

For to the heart alone did they address their lay.
And if they chanced to love each other, pray
Take heed how well they then knew how to stay
For ages faithful — twenty, thirty year —
In good old days.

But now is lost Love's rule they used t' obey;
Only false tears and changes fill the day.
Who would have me a lover now appear
Must love make over in the olden way,
And let it rule as once it held its sway
In good old days.

EPIGRAM

No longer am I what I have been,
Nor again can ever be;
My bright Springtime and my Summer
Through the window flew from me.
Love, thou hast ever been my master,
I've served no other God so well; —
Oh, were I born a second time, Love,
Then my service none could tell.

TO A LADY WHO WISHED TO BEHOLD MAROT

Before she saw me, reading in my book,
She loved me; then she wished to see my face:
Now she has seen me, gray, and swart of look,
Yet none the less remain I in her grace.
O gentle heart, maiden of worthy race,
You do not err: for this my body frail,
It is not I; naught is it but my jail:
And in the writings that you once did read,
Your lovely eyes — so may the truth avail —
Saw me more truly than just now, indeed.

THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET

SHE has indeed a throat of lovely whiteness,
The sweetest speech, and fairest cheeks and eyes;
But in good sooth her little laugh of lightness
Is where her chiefest charm, to my thought, lies.
With its gay note she can make pleasure rise,
Where'er she hap to be, withouten fail;
And should a bitter grief me e'er assail,
So that my life by death may threatened be,
To bring me back to health will then avail
To hear this laugh with which she slayeth me.

FROM AN «ELEGY»

THY lofty place, thy gentle heart,
Thy wisdom true in every part,
Thy gracious mien, thy noble air,
Thy singing sweet, and speech so fair,
Thy robe that does so well conform
To the nature of thy lovely form:
In short, these gifts and charms whose grace
Invests thy soul and thee embrace,
Are not what has constrainèd me
To give my heart's true love to thee.
'Twas thy sweet smile which me perturbed,
And from thy lips a gracious word
Which from afar made me to see
Thou'd not refuse to hear my plea.

. . . . . .

Come, let us make one heart of two!
Better work we cannot do;
For 'tis plain our starry guides,
The accord of our lives besides,
Bid this be done. For of us each
Is like the other in thought and speech:
We both love men of courtesy,
We both love honor and purity,
We both love never to speak evil,
We both love pleasant talk that's civil,
We both love being in those places
Where rarely venture saddened faces,
We both love merry music's measure,
We both in books find frequent pleasure.

What more is there? Just this to sing
I'll dare: in almost everything
Alike we are, save hearts;—for thine
Is much more hard, alas! than mine.
Beseech thee now this rock demolish,
Yet not thy sweeter parts abolish.

THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON

Such lofty worth has she, my great mistress,
That her fair body's upright, pure, and fine;
Her steadfast heart, when Fortune's star doth shine,
Is ne'er too light, nor elsetimes in distress.
Her spirit rare than angels is no less,
The subtlest sure that e'er the heavens bred.
O marvel great! Now can it clear be seen
That I the slave am of a wonder dread.—
Wonder, I say, for sooth she has, I ween,
A woman's form, man's heart, and angel's head.

TO THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE

Mourn for the dead, let who will for them mourn;—
But while I live, my heart is most forlorn
For those whose night of sorrow sees no dawn
On this earth.

O Flower of France whom at the first I served,
Those thou hast freed from pain that them unnerved
Have given pain to thee, ah! undeserved,
I'll attest.

Of ingrates thou hast sadly made full test;
But since I left thee (bound by stern behest),—
Not leaving thee,—full humbly I've addrest
A princess

Who has a heart that does not sorrow less
Than thine. Ah God! shall I ne'er know mistress,
Before I die, whose eye on sad distress
Is not bent?

Is not my Muse as fit and apt to invent
A song of peace that would bring full content
As chant the bitterness of this torment
Exceeding?

Ah! listen, Margaret, to the suffering
That in the heart of Renée plants its sting;
Then, sister-like, than hope more comforting,
Console her. . . .

FROM A LETTER TO THE KING; AFTER BEING ROBBED

. . . .

I HAD of late a Gascon serving-man:
A monstrous liar, glutton, drunkard, both,
A trickster, thief, and every word an oath,—
The rope almost around his neck, you see,—
But otherwise the best of fellows he.

This very estimable youngster knew
Of certain money given me by you:
A mighty swelling in my purse he spied;
Rose earlier than usual, and hied
To take it deftly, giving no alarm,
And tucked it snugly underneath his arm,—
Money and all, of course,—and it is plain
'Twas not to give it back to me again,
For never have I seen it, to this day.

But still the rascal would not run away
For such a trifling bagatelle as that,
So also took cloak, trousers, cape, and hat,—
In short, of all my clothes the very best,—
And then himself so finely in them dressed
That to behold him, e'en by light of day,
It was his master surely, you would say.

He left my chamber finally, and flew
Straight to the stable, where were horses two;
Left me the worst, and mounted on the best,
His charger spurred, and bolted; for the rest,
You may be sure that nothing he omitted,
Save bidding me good-by, before he quitted.

So—ticklish round the throat, to say the truth,
But looking like St. George—this hopeful youth
Rode off, and left his master sleeping sound,
Who waking, not a blessed penny found.
This master was myself,—the very one,—
And quite dumbfounded to be thus undone;
To find myself without a decent suit,
And vexed enough to lose my horse, to boot.

But for the money you had given me,
The losing it ought no surprise to be;
For, as your gracious Highness understands,
Your money, Sire, is ever changing hands.

FROM A RHYMED LETTER TO THE KING

At the Time of his Exile at Ferrara—1535

I think it may be that your Majesty, Sovereign King, may believe that my absence is occasioned by my feeling the prick of some ill deed; but it is not so, for I do not feel myself to be of the number of the guilty: but I know of many corruptible judges in Paris, who, for pecuniary gain, or for friends, or for their own ends, or in tender grace and charity to some fair humble petitioner, will save the foul and guilty life of the most wicked criminal in the world; while on the other hand, for lack of bribing or protection, or from rancor, they are to the innocent so inhuman that I am loth to fall into their hands. . . .

They are much my enemies because of their hell, which I have set in a writing, wherein some few of their wicked wiles I lay bare. They wish great harm to me for a small work. . . .

As much as they, and with no good cause, wishes ill to me the ignorant Sorbonne. Very ignorant she shows herself in being the enemy of the noble trilingual academy [Collège de France] your Majesty has created. It is clearly manifest that within her precincts, against your Majesty's will is prohibited all teaching of Hebrew or Greek or Latin, she declaring it heretical. O poor creatures, all denuded of learning, you make true the familiar proverb, « Knowledge has no such haters as the ignorant.» . . .

They have given me the name of Lutheran. I answer them that it is not so. Luther for me has not descended from heaven. Luther for my sins has not hung upon the cross; and I am quite sure that in his name I have not been baptized: I have been baptized in that Name at whose naming the Eternal Father gives that which is asked for, the sole Name in and by which this wicked world can find salvation. . . .

O Lord God . . . grant that whilst I live, my pen may be employed in thy honor; and if this my body be predestined by thee one day to be destroyed by fire, grant that it be for no light cause, but for thee and for thy Word. And I pray thee, Father, that the torture may not be so intense that my soul may be sunk in forgetfulness of thee, in whom is all my trust.

FREDERICK MARRYAT

(1792–1848)

Though it is nearly half a century since Captain Frederick Marryat passed away, he still lives in his sea stories. The circulating-library copies are dog's-eared with constant use, and an occasional new edition testifies to the favor of a younger generation. His most ardent admirers, however, do not rank him among the great novelists. He had no theories of fiction; he had little culture, and of philosophy or psychology he did not dream. But there is life, energy, directness in his tales, coupled with lively narrative and spontaneous humor which keep them fresh and interesting. He is a born story-teller; and the talent of the story-teller commands attention and enchains an audience, whatever the defects of manner.

Frederick Marryat

Marryat was descended from a Huguenot family that fled from France at the end of the sixteenth century and settled in England. On his mother's side he was of a German stock, transplanted to Boston, and there etherealized, perhaps, by east winds and Yankee cultivation. He boasted indeed of the blood of four different peoples. He was the second son of Joseph Marryat of Wimbledon, Member of Parliament for Sandwich, and was born in London. Educated at private schools, he was noted from his early boyhood for his boisterous and refractory though not unamiable temper, which often involved him in passionate quarrels with his teachers, and resulted in his running away. After he had run away repeatedly, and always with the intention of going to sea, his father, yielding to his determined bent, got him at the age of fourteen on board the frigate Impérieuse as midshipman. His ship was engaged as part of the squadron which supported the Catalonians against the French. His service there was active and brilliant: he took part in some fifty engagements, in one of which he was severely wounded and left for dead. His pugnacity saved him; for the contemptuous kick of a fellow midshipman, whom he hated, roused a fury in him that overcame his speechless and apparently lifeless condition. The work of his division was cutting out privateers, storming batteries, and destroying marine signal telegraph stations. Long afterwards he portrayed the daring and judgment of his commander, Lord Cochrane, in the characters of Captain Savage in ‹Peter Simple,› and Captain M—— in ‹The King's Own.›

Marryat was a man of a personal daring as reckless as that of his favorite heroes. Again and again he risked his life to save drowning men or to protect his superiors. More than once he received the medal of the Humane Society, and King Louis Philippe decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. A life of great exposure, constant danger, and severe exertion ruined his health; and before he was forty he resolved to leave the sea and devote himself to story-writing. He took many of his characters and incidents from real life, copying them closely in the main, but exaggerating and coloring them to meet the purposes of fiction. While not without imagination, he depended so greatly on his observation and experience that many of his novels may be said to be almost autobiographic. To this fact they owe much of their naturalness, vividness, and verisimilitude. His ample fund of rough humor and his extraordinary fondness for spinning yarns—a characteristic which belongs to the nautical temperament—contributed their best qualities to his books; giving them not only the hue and quality, but the very sound and odor of the sea. One of his old shipmates, who lived hale and hearty to be an octogenarian, used to say that to read ‹Midshipman Easy› or ‹Jacob Faithful› was exactly like spending half a day in the Captain's company in his best mood. There is very little art in his thirty-five or forty volumes. They are the narratives of a bluff, bold, thorough-going, somewhat coarse sailor, who has a strong dramatic sense and an intense relish for fun. Hardly any of his novels have what deserves to be called a plot,—the ‹King's Own› and one or two others, perhaps, being exceptions,—nor are they generally finished, or even carefully studied. Frequently they read like half-considered, uncorrected manuscripts that have been dictated. The principal events are graphically recorded, the minor circumstances and their connections loosely woven. But with all their defects, the stories seem to the ordinary reader more as if they had actually happened than as if they had been invented. They are entirely realistic,—the characters being perfectly vitalized, acting, breathing human beings.

Among Marryat's best known novels, besides those already mentioned, are ‹Adventures of a Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay,› his first work, published at twenty-eight; ‹Newton Forster,› ‹The Pacha of Many Tales,› ‹The Pirate and the Three Cutters,› ‹Japhet in Search of a Father,› ‹Peter Simple,› ‹Percival Keene,› ‹Snarley-Yow,› ‹The

Phantom Ship,' 'Poor Jack,' and 'The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago,' all of which had a large sale. He served in the Mediterranean, in the East and West Indies, and off the coast of North America; participating during the war of 1812 in a gunboat fight on Lake Pontchartrain, just before the battle of New Orleans. In the same year he was made lieutenant, and after a few months commander. At twenty-seven he married a daughter of Sir Stephen Shairp, and became the father of eleven children. In 1837 he visited this country; and two years later published 'A Diary in America,' in which he ridiculed the republic,—as Mrs. Trollope had done in her 'Domestic Manners,' as Dickens is still believed (by those who have not read the book) to have done not long after in his 'American Notes,' and as he did most viciously in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' to revenge himself for the uproar over the 'American Notes.' Americans of the present generation are so much less sensitive than their predecessors, however, that they are perhaps more inclined to ask whether these adverse criticisms were not well founded than to resent their severity.

After this journey he produced divers miscellaneous books; among which 'Masterman Ready' and 'The Settlers in Canada' delighted the boys of two generations, and are still popular. 'Masterman Ready' was primarily written because his children wished him to write a sequel to the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' which was structurally not feasible; but was also designed to ridicule that priggish story, and was meant as a protest of naturalness against artificiality. Fortunate indeed is the owner of an early illustrated edition of 'Masterman,' portraying that excellent father of a family, Mr. Seagrave, walking about his fortuitous island, turning over turtles, building stockades, or gathering cocoanuts, attired in a swallow-tailed coat, voluminous cravat, trousers severely strapped down under high-heeled boots, and a tall silk hat which he seemed never to remove.

In his later life Marryat retired to Norfolk, and undertook amateur farming, with the usual result of heavy losses. He died in 1848 at Langham; comparatively poor, through carelessness, mismanagement, and extravagance, although for many years he had earned a large income. In England 'Peter Simple' and 'Mr. Midshipman Easy' take rank with Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle' and 'Roderick Random.' Not a few of his characters are as individual and as often cited as 'Tom Bowling' and 'Jack Hatchway.' And if he is somewhat out of fashion in manner, it is still probable that his naturalness, his racy dialogue, and his comical incidents, will make him a welcome companion for years to come.

PERILS OF THE SEA

From ‹Peter Simple›

We continued our cruise along the coast until we had run down into the Bay of Arcason, where we captured two or three vessels and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance showing how very important it is that a captain of a man-of-war should be a good sailor, and have his ship in such discipline as to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore; and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double-reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sank so low as nearly to touch our mast-heads; and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvas which she was obliged to carry: for had we sea-room, we should have been lying-to under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might claw off shore. The sea broke over us as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle aft to the binnacles; and very often, as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles; and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions; for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers remained on deck during the whole of the night: and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably have been lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind; but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore; and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the lookout man upon the gangway called out, «Land on the lee beam!» I perceived the master dash his feet against the hammock rails as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

«Up there, Mr. Wilson,» said the captain to the second lieutenant, «and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the point.» The second lieutenant went up the main rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam.

«Do you see two hillocks inland?»

«Yes, sir,» replied the second lieutenant.

«Then it is so,» observed the captain to the master; «and if we weather it we shall have more sea-room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water: do you hear, quartermaster?»

«Ay, ay, sir.»

«Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands.»

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. «She behaves nobly,» observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle and looking at the compass: «if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather.» The captain had scarcely time to make the observation when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. «Up with the helm: what are you about, quartermaster?»

«The wind has headed us, sir,» replied the quartermaster coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass; and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

« We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship — ready, oh, ready.»

« She has come up again,» cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

« Hold fast there a minute. How's her head now?»

« N. N. E., as she was before she broke off, sir.»

« Pipe belay,» said the captain. « Falcon,» continued he, « if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night — the best bower?»

« Yes, sir.»

« Jump down, then, and see it double-bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done — our lives may depend upon it.»

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. « Luff now, all you can, quartermaster,» cried the captain. « Send the men aft directly. — My lads, there is no room for words — I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no time to wear. The only chance you have of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her full again for stays. Mind you, ease the helm down when I tell you.» About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed-to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, «Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,» said the captain. Not a word was spoken; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would haul all the yards at once: there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain; but he was too good an officer (and knew that there was no time for discussion) to make any remark: and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise that I thought the masts had gone over the side; and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock-rails, holding by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, «Cut away the cable!» A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave which struck us on the chess-tree and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

«My lads,» said the captain to the ship's company, «you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the mainbrace and call the watch. How's her head, quartermaster?»

«S. W. by S. Southerly, sir.»

«Very well, let her go through the water;» and the captain, beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get anything for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

"By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done," observed O'Brien: "the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flatfish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter, you're not fond of flatfish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now where's the chart, Robinson? Hand me down the parallel rules and compasses, Peter; they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?"

"I do, O'Brien: I heard the quartermaster tell the captain S. W. by S. Southerly."

"Let me see," continued O'Brien, "variation 2¼ — leeway — rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid: but however, we'll give her 2½ points; the Diomede would blush to make any more, under any circumstances. Here — the compass — now we'll see;" and O'Brien advanced the parallel rule from the compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart. "Bother! you see it's as much as she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my Bible oath that we were clear of everything, if the wind held."

"See what the distance is, O'Brien," said Robinson. It was measured, and proved to be thirteen miles. "Only thirteen miles; and if we do weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety. Well, my lads, I've a piece of comfort for you, anyhow. It's not long that you'll be kept in suspense; for by one o'clock this day, you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck or you'll be past praying for. Come, put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholy prospects; and steward, see what you can find in the way of comfort." Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of rum, procured at the time they "spliced the mainbrace"; but we were all too anxious to eat much, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favored us. On deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men, who knew what they had to expect,— for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship,— were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could trust to the captain, as far as skill or courage could avail them; and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock the rocky point which we so much dreaded was in sight, broad on the lee bow; and if the low sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance! the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast-heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

«Mr. Falcon,» said he at last, «we must put the mainsail on her.»

«She never can bear it, sir.»

«She *must* bear it,» was the reply. «Send the men aft to the mainsheet. See that careful men attend the buntlines.»

The mainsail was set; and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water; and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter-deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks below. Four men were secured to the wheel; the sailors were obliged to cling, to prevent being washed away; the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward; the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, which were expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way, as if it had stupefied her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, «This will not do.» «It is our only chance,» answered the captain to the appeal. That the ship went faster through the water and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force.

"If anything starts, we are lost, sir," observed the first lieutenant again.

"I am perfectly aware of it," replied the captain in a calm tone; "but as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty. The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbor. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say that I feel convinced that the masts of the ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them."

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

"I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point."

The ship was now within two cables' lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck.

"'Twill be touch and go indeed, Falcon," observed the captain (for I had clung to the belaying pins, close to them, for the last half-hour that the mainsail had been set). "Come aft; you and I must take the helm. We shall want *nerve* there, and only there, now."

The captain and first lieutenant went aft and took the fore-spokes of the wheel; and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind them. An old quartermaster kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the winds, was dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our main yard-arm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on which laid the ship on her beam-ends and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the ship dragged on; another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam-ends; the foresail and mainsail split and were blown clean out of the bolt-ropes — the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time that the ship, relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad similitude of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and like her we trembled as we panted with the sudden reaction, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance; I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night. We were now comparatively safe — in a few hours completely so, for, strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks the gale abated; and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails.

MRS. EASY HAS HER OWN WAY

From ‹Mr. Midshipman Easy›

It was the fourth day after Mrs. Easy's confinement that Mr. Easy, who was sitting by her bedside in an easy-chair, commenced as follows: «I have been thinking, my dear Mrs. Easy, about the name I shall give this child.»

«Name, Mr. Easy? why, what name should you give it but your own?»

«Not so, my dear,» replied Mr. Easy: «they call all names proper names, but I think that mine is not. It is the very worst name in the calendar.»

«Why, what's the matter with it, Mr. Easy?»

«The matter affects me as well as the boy. Nicodemus is a long name to write at full length, and Nick is vulgar. Besides, as there will be two Nicks, they will naturally call my boy Young Nick, and of course I shall be styled Old Nick, which will be diabolical.»

«Well, Mr. Easy, at all events then let me choose the name.»

«That you shall, my dear; and it was with this view that I have mentioned the subject so early.»

«I think, Mr. Easy, I will call the boy after my poor father: his name shall be Robert.»

«Very well, my dear: if you wish it, it shall be Robert. You shall have your own way. But I think, my dear, upon a little consideration, you will acknowledge that there is a decided objection.»

«An objection, Mr. Easy?»

«Yes, my dear: Robert may be very well, but you must reflect upon the consequences; he is certain to be called Bob.»

«Well, my dear, and suppose they do call him Bob?»

«I cannot bear even the supposition, my dear. You forget the county in which you are residing, the downs covered with sheep.»

«Why, Mr. Easy, what can sheep have to do with a Christian name?»

«There it is: women never look to consequences. My dear, they have a great deal to do with the name of Bob. I will appeal to any farmer in the country if ninety-nine shepherds' dogs out of one hundred are not called Bob. Now observe: your child is out of doors somewhere in the fields or plantations; you want and you call him. Instead of your child, what do you find? Why, a dozen curs, at least, who come running up to you, all answering to the name of Bob, and wagging their stumps of tails. You see, Mrs. Easy, it is a dilemma not to be got over. You level your only son to the brute creation by giving him a Christian name which, from its peculiar brevity, has been monopolized by all the dogs in the county. Any other name you please, my dear; but in this one instance you must allow me to lay my positive veto.»

«Well, then, let me see — but I'll think of it, Mr. Easy: my head aches very much just now.»

«I will think for you, my dear. What do you say to John?»

«Oh no, Mr. Easy, — such a common name!»

«A proof of its popularity, my dear. It is Scriptural — we have the Apostle and the Baptist, we have a dozen popes who were all Johns. It is royal — we have plenty of kings who were Johns — and moreover, it is short, and sounds honest and manly.»

«Yes, very true, my dear; but they will call him Jack.»

«Well, we have had several celebrated characters who were Jacks. There was—let me see—Jack the Giant-Killer, and Jack of the Bean-Stalk — and Jack — Jack—»

«Jack Sprat.»

«And Jack Cade, Mrs. Easy, the great rebel— and Three-fingered Jack, Mrs. Easy, the celebrated negro — and above all, Jack Falstaff, ma'am, Jack Falstaff—honest Jack Falstaff—witty Jack Falstaff—»

«I thought, Mr. Easy, that I was to be permitted to choose the name.»

«Well, so you shall, my dear; I give it up to you. Do just as you please; but depend upon it that John is the right name. Is it not, now, my dear?»

«It's the way you always treat me, Mr. Easy: you say that you give it up, and that I shall have my own way, but I never do have it. I am sure that the child will be christened John.»

«Nay, my dear, it shall be just what you please. Now I recollect it, there were several Greek emperors who were Johns; but decide for yourself, my dear.»

«No, no,» replied Mrs. Easy, who was ill, and unable to contend any longer, «I give it up, Mr. Easy. I know how it will be, as it always is: you give me my own way as people give pieces of gold to children; it's their own money, but they must not spend it. Pray call him John.»

«There, my dear, did not I tell you you would be of my opinion upon reflection? I knew you would. I have given you your own way, and you tell me to call him John; so now we're both of the same mind, and that point is settled.»

«I should like to go to sleep, Mr. Easy: I feel far from well.»

«You shall always do just as you like, my dear,» replied the husband, «and have your own way in everything. It is the greatest pleasure I have when I yield to your wishes. I will walk in the garden. Good-by, my dear.»

Mrs. Easy made no reply, and the philosopher quitted the room. As may easily be imagined, on the following day the boy was christened John.

MARTIAL

(MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS)

(50?–102? A. D.)

BY CASKIE HARRISON

Martial (Marcus Valerius Martialis), the world's epigrammatist, was, like Seneca and Quintilian, a Spanish Latin. Born at Bilbilis about A. D. 40, he probably came to Rome in 63; but we first individualize him about 79. He lived in Rome for nearly thirty-five years, publishing epigrams, book after book and edition after edition, doing hack-work in his own line for those who had the money to buy but not the wit to produce, and plagiarized by those who lacked both the wit and the money; reading his last good thing to his own circle, from which he could not always exclude poachers on his preserves, and lending a courteous or a politic patience to the long-winded recitations of new aspirants; patronized in various more or less substantial ways by the Emperor and sundry men of wealth, influence, and position, on whom he pulled all the strings of fulsome flattery and importunate appeal; adjusting himself to the privileges and expectancies of Rome's miscellaneous «upper ten» in private and public resorts: solacing his better nature with the contact and esteem of the best authors of the day. Bored with the «fuss and feathers» of town life, and yearning for the lost or imagined happiness of his native place, he would from time to time fly to his Nomentane cottage or make trips into the provinces, only to be disenchanted by rustic monotony and depressed by the lack of urban occupations and diversions. His works, and his life as there sketched, expose the times and their representative men at their best and at their worst. This delineation gives to his writings an importance even greater than that due to his general pre-eminence as the one poet of his age, or to the special supremacy of his epigrams as such. His rating as a poet has indeed been questioned, and his restriction of the epigram deplored; but no

MARTIAL

one can question his portraiture of the Roman Empire at the turn of its troubled tide.

Returning to Spain early in Trajan's reign, he died there about 102; and his death is noted with sincere feeling by the younger Pliny, whose recognition must to a certain degree offset our repugnance to some of Martial's acknowledged characteristics. Martial was a man of many personal attractions: he was essentially sympathetic and true, loving nature and children; his manners were genial, and his education was finished; his acute observation was matched by his versatile wit; in an age of artifice, his style was as natural as his disposition was fair and generous. All these qualities are detected in his works, although his time demanded the general repression or the prudent display of such qualities by one whose livelihood must depend on patronage,—an inevitable professionalism that perhaps fully explains, not only his obsequiousness, but also his obscenity. Martial was a predestined gentleman and scholar, forced by his profession into a trimmer and a dependent: a man of stronger character might have refused to live such a life even at the cost of his vocation and its aptitudes; but Martial was a man of his own world.

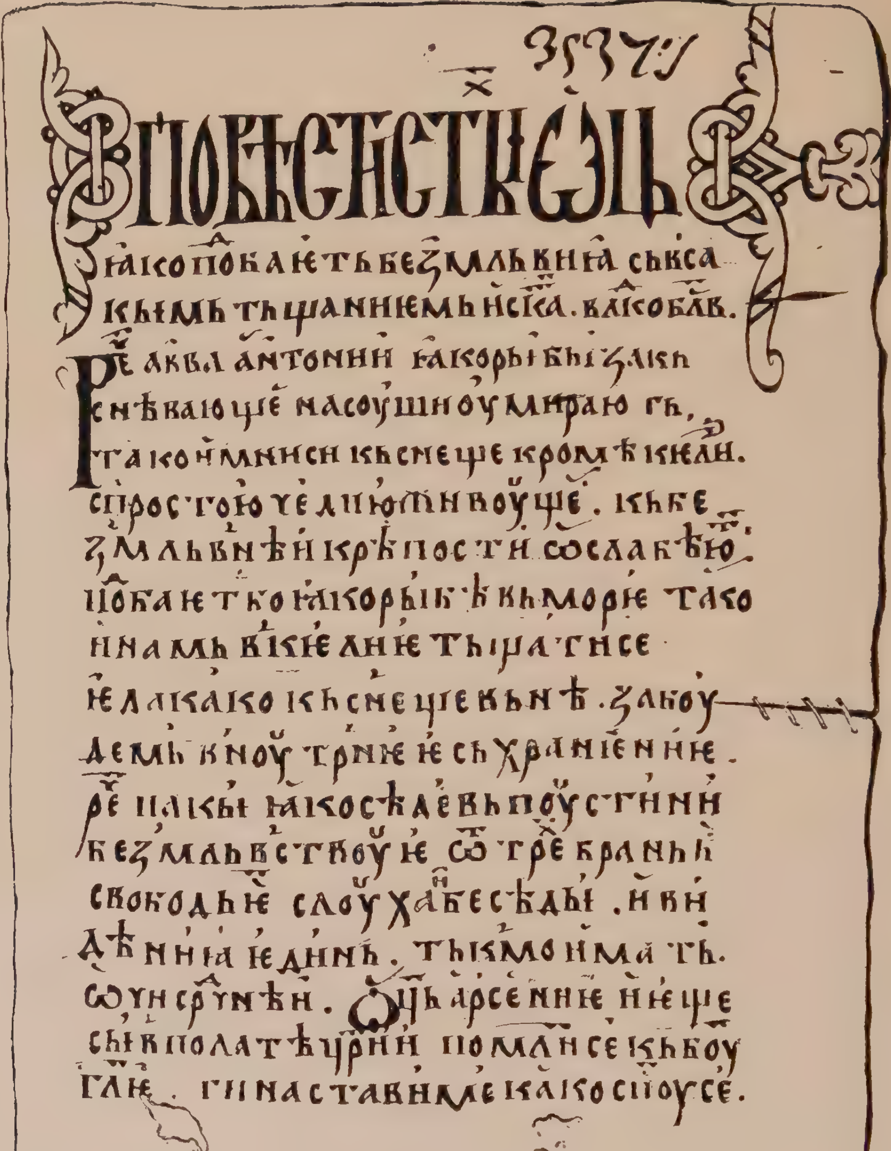
Whether Martial was married, and how many times, it is hard to determine: he is his only witness, and his testimony is too indirect to be unquestionable; at any rate, he seems to have had no children. His pecuniary condition is equally doubtful: he credits himself with possessions adequate to comfort only as a basis for protestations of discomfort; but we know how time and circumstances alter one's standards of worldly contentment. Even when Martial speaks in the first person, we cannot be sure it is not the «professional,» instead of the individual, first person,—the vicarious and anonymous first person of the myriad public whose hints he worked up into effective mottoes, valentines, and lampoons, and for whose holiday gifts he devised appropriate companion pieces of verse.

Martial's poems—fifteen books, containing about sixteen hundred numbers in several measures—are epigrams of different kinds. The ‹Liber Spectaculorum› (The Show Book) merely depicts the marvels of the «greatest shows on earth,» while eulogizing the generosity of the emperors who provided them. The ‹Xenia› («friendly gifts») and ‹Apophoreta› («things to take away with you») are couplets to label or convoy presents, whose enumeration includes an inventory of Flavian dietetics, costume, furniture, and bric-à-brac. The other twelve books are epigrams of the standard type; a kind illustrated indeed by the Greeks, but developed and fixed by the Romans from Catullus down, Martial being the perpetual exemplar of its possibilities.

Besides some lapses of taste, whereby the fatal facility of over-smartness sometimes leads to contaminating tender or lofty sentiments by untimely pleasantry, Martial is justly condemned by the modern world for the two blemishes which have been already specified. How far he really felt his obsequiousness and his obscenity to be compromises of his dignity, and how far his life was cleaner than his page, we cannot tell: he was a client of Domitian's day, but he had enjoyed the countenance of Pliny. In justice to Martial's memory, it must be said that only about one-fifth of his epigrams are really offensive.

The reign of Domitian was a reaction within a reaction, characterized by the power and the impotence of wealth and its cheap imitations. It was an age of fads and nostrums: sincere, as the galvanizing of dead philosophies; affected, as the vicarious intellectualism or the vicarious athleticism of hired thinkers and hired gladiators. It was an age of forgotten fundamentals, with no enthusiasm except for practical advantage, with public spirit aped only in mutual admiration. Its art and literature had no creativeness and no responsibility; form and copy being ideals, and point demanding the highest season for its pungency, while the stage and the arena were scenes of filth or brutality. Its religion was either agnostic paganism or various novel sentimentalities. Its social functions were chiefly heterogeneous gatherings of a flotsam and jetsam assemblage of parvenus, where acquaintance was accidental and multitudinous isolation was the rule. The incongruities of the day afforded matchless targets for our poet's wit, many of them unfortunately not suited to modern light. Yet other ages of the world have indisputably exhibited in their own forms one or another of the features familiarized to us by Martial.

Martial divides with Juvenal the right to represent this period; but the division is not equal. The serious purpose of the satirist, even more than the purely impersonal attitude of the historian, leads him to emphasize unduly circumstances of perhaps great momentary importance, but of no ultimate or typical pertinence. On the other hand, the satirist and the historian are apt to neglect or overlook many aspects of contemporary life because these seem insignificant as regards any particular aim or tendency; whereas trifles are often the best exhibits of the actual offhand life, as distinguished from the professed principles and practice of the time. Hence Martial's epigrams have been well called by Merivale «the quintessence of the Flavian epoch.» The epigrammatist has no mission to fulfill; and the form as well as the volume of his works enables him to touch every aspect of life into the boldest relief. Especially interesting is the modernness of these touches; and it would startle a stranger to see how slight an adaptation or perversion of an epigram or a line or a word produces anticipatory echoes of present-day experiences, in their extremest or most peculiar features.



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ВЪ ПОВѢСТЕХЪ СТЫХЪ ОЦЬ

ꙗко побаѥть безмлъвниꙗ съкса
къимь тъщанниѥмь искати. Ꙗко блв.
Рѣ авва антонии ꙗко рыбы излѣз
ѣвающе на соушю оумирають,
тако и мниси къснеще кромѣ келии.
съ простъю уедающими вѣще. къ бе
змлъвнѣи крѣпости сослабѣю.
Побаѥт ко ꙗко рыбѣ къ морю тако
и намъ къ кѥлии тыцатисе
ѥда како къснеще въ нѣ. забоу
демь к внутрьниѥ съхранениѥ.
Рѣ паки ꙗко сѣдѣвьшоу в поустыни
безмлъвьствоу и ѿ трехъ брани
свободьнѥ слоуха бесѣды. и ви
дѣниꙗ ѥдиноѥ. тъкмо на срдци.
соуще. Ѿць арсении ѥще
сы в полатѣ црни помлисе къ богу
гле. гн наставимѧ како спасусе.

SLAVONIC WRITING OF XIth CENTURY.

This is said to have been copied from a Manuscript in Cyrillian characters in the Bibliothèque Royale of Paris, containing some historical tracts and saints' lives.

Generally speaking, the Romans were humorous after the dry kind, while the Greeks were witty; but Greek comedy and epigram are as humorous as those of any nation, and Martial vindicates the Roman capacity for triumphant wit—a wit that shows all the colors of all the nationalities. The wit of America, of France, of Ireland, cross and blend with each other in Martial's epigrams; and even travesties like the American mockery of Hebrew or negro idiosyncrasies find illustration. Puns, parodies, paradoxes, refrains, antitheses, alliterations, echoes and surprises of all sorts are there, with some curious antetypes of modern slang, of present provincial or proverbial usages, and even of some points of recent comic songs. In the versions here appended, literalness has been sacrificed to spirit; the characteristic features of the original have been preserved in a modern countenance and expression. In the small space at command, preference has been given to our poet's wit rather than his other qualities, as being the special characteristic of himself and of the epigram; though the omission of other specimens is a sacrifice of his dues.

The only notable edition of Martial is Friedländer's with German notes, the school manuals being inadequate and unsympathetic. There is no great translation, the French renderings in prose and verse being the best complete reproduction; there are admirable versions of individual epigrams in all the modern languages. Sellar's monographs in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and his 'Selections from Martial' give perhaps the best brief estimate of the poet in our tongue.

Caskie Harrison.

THE UNKINDEST CUT

Last night as we boozed at our wine,
 After having three bottles apiece,
You recall that I asked you to dine,
 And you've come, you absurdest of geese!
I was maudlin, you should have been mellow,
 All thought of the morrow away:
Well, he's but a sorry good fellow
 Whose mind's not a blank the next day!

EVOLUTION

A surgeon once — a sexton now — twin personages:
Identical professions, only different stages!

VALE OF TEARS

Alone she never weeps her father's death;
When friends are by, her tears time every breath.
Who weeps for credit, never grief hath known;
He truly weeps alone, who weeps alone!

SIC VOS NON VOBIS

If that the gods should grant these brothers twain
Such shares of life as Leda's Spartans led,
A noble strife affection would constrain,
For each would long to die in brother's stead;
And he would say who first reached death's confine,
«Live, brother, thine own days, and then live mine!»

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

You're pretty, I know it; and young, that is true;
And wealthy — there's none but confesses that too:
But you trumpet your praises with so loud a tongue
That you cease to be wealthy or pretty or young!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

Yes, New and I both here reside:
Our stoops you see are side by side;
And people think I'm puffed with pride,
And envy me serenely blessed,
With such a man for host and guest.
The fact is this — he's just as far
As folks in Borrioboola Gha.
What! booze with him? or see his face,
Or hear his voice? In all the place
There's none so far, there's none so near!
We'll never meet if both stay here!
To keep from knowing New at all,
Just lodge with him across the hall!

THE LEAST OF EVILS

While some with kisses Julia smothers,
Reluctant hand she gives to others:
Give me thy merest finger-tips,
Or anything — but not thy lips!

THOU REASON'ST WELL

The atheist swears there is no God
And no eternal bliss:
For him to own no world above
Doth make a heaven of this.

NEVER IS, BUT ALWAYS TO BE

You always say «to-morrow,» «to-morrow» you will live;
But that «to-morrow,» prithee, say when will it arrive?
How far is't off? Where is it now? Where shall I go to find it?
In Afric's jungles lies it hid? Do polar icebergs bind it?
It's ever coming, never here; its years beat Nestor's hollow!
This wondrous thing, to call it mine, I'll give my every dollar!
Why, man, to-day's too late to live — the wise is who begun
To live his life with yesterday, e'en with its rising sun!

LEARNING BY DOING

As Mithradates used to drink the deadly serpent's venom,
That thus all noxious things might have for him no mischief in 'em,—
So Skinner feeds but once a day with scanty preparation,
To teach his folks to smile unfed nor suffer from starvation.

TERTIUM QUID

When poets, croaking hoarse with cold,
To spout their verses seek,
They show at once they cannot hold
Their tongues, yet cannot speak.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

I WONDER not that this sweetheart of thine
Abstains from wine;
I only wonder that her father's daughter
Can stick to water.

CANNIBALISM

WITHOUT roast pig he never takes his seat:
Always a boor — a boar — companions meet!

EQUALS ADDED TO EQUALS

YOU ask why I refuse to wed a woman famed for riches:
Because I will not take the veil and give my wife the breeches.
The dame, my friend, unto her spouse must be subservient quite:
No other way can man and wife maintain their equal right.

THE COOK WELL DONE

WHY call me a bloodthirsty, gluttonous sinner
For pounding my chef when my peace he subverts?
If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a poor dinner,
Pray how shall the scamp ever get his deserts?

A DIVERTING SCRAPE

MY SHAVER, barber eke and boy,—
One such as emperors employ
Their hirsute foliage to destroy,—
I lent a friend as per request
To make his features look their best.
By test of testy looking-glass
He mowed and raked the hairy grass,
Forgetful how the long hours pass;
He left my friend a perfect skin,
But grew a beard on his own chin!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

YOU'D marry Crichton, Miss Jemima:
Smart for you!
But somehow he won't come to time. Ah!
He's smart too!

THE COBBLER'S LAST

PREDESTINED for patching and soling,
For fragrance of grease, wax, and thread,
You find yourself squire by cajoling,
When with pigs you should hobnob instead;
And midst your lord's vertu you're rolling,
With liquor and love in your head!
How foolish to send me to college,
To soak up unpractical views!
How slow is the progress of knowledge
By the march of your three-dollar shoes!

BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW

HIS grave must be shallow,—the earth on him light,—
Or else you will smother the poor little mite.

E PLURIBUS UNUS

WHEN hundreds to your parlors rush,
You wonder I evade the crush?
Well, frankly, sir, I'm not imbued
With love of social solitude.

FINE FRENZY

LONG and Short will furnish verse
To market any fake:
Do poets any longer dream,
Or are they wide-awake?

LIVE WITHOUT DINING

Now, if you have an axe to grind, or if you mean to spout,
If your invite is to a spread, then you must count me out:
I do not like that dark-brown flask, I dread the thought of gout,
I'm restless at the gorgeous gorge that ostentation dares.
My friend must offer me pot-luck on wash-days unawares;
I like my feed when his menu with my own larder squares.

THE TWO THINGS NEEDFUL

How grand your gorgeous mansion shows
Through various trees in stately rows!
Yet two defects its splendors spite:
No charmed recess for tedious night—
No cheerful spot where friends may dine—
Well, your non-residence is fine!

JAMES MARTINEAU

(1805–)

Two names overtop all others in the history of English Unitarian thought and leadership,—Joseph Priestley and James Martineau. Priestley died in 1804, and Martineau was born the following year, April 21st, coming of a Huguenot family which had been long settled in England. From his father he inherited the gentleness and refinement of his nature, from his mother that intellectual strength in which his celebrated sister Harriet so fully shared. His education began at the «Grammar School» in Norwich, where his father was a manufacturer and wine merchant; and was continued at Bristol with Dr. Lant Carpenter, then a prominent Unitarian minister, but now best known as the father of the scientist W. B. Carpenter and Mary the philanthropist. The next step was to the workshop, with a view to making himself a civil engineer. This phase of his experience enriched his mind with the materials for many a brilliant metaphor in his writings, wonderful to his readers until they know his early history. But his heart was not in his work; and at length his father yielded to his solicitations, and assuring him that he was «courting poverty,» sent him to Manchester New College, which was then at York,—a lineal descendant of that Warrenton Academy in which Priestley taught and Malthus was educated, but already, in 1824, a Unitarian theological school. Here Martineau was graduated in 1827, and soon after became junior pastor of a church in Dublin, nominally Presbyterian like most of the early Unitarian churches in England and Ireland. Already distinguished as a preacher of great eloquence and fervor, upon the death of his senior he refused to take that senior's place because it entailed the *regium donum:* a gift of the Crown to Protestant ministers, which he thought discriminated unfairly against Roman Catholics. His next charge was in Liverpool, whither he went in 1832, and in 1836 published his first book, 'Rationale of Religious Enquiry,' which was strikingly in advance of the current

James Martineau

Unitarian thinking. In 1839 he made himself a great reputation in the famous «Liverpool Controversy»; accepting, with the Unitarians Thom and Giles, the challenge of thirteen clergymen of the Established Church to a public debate. Martineau's contribution was the most brilliant and effective ever made to Unitarian controversial writing. This success may have done something to set the habit of his life; for it is certain that it has ever since been stoutly controversial,—his numerous essays and reviews, and even his most important books, being cast for the most part in a controversial mold, while his sermons frequently take on a controversial character without any of the personalities which the other things involve.

In 1840 he was made professor of mental and moral philosophy in Manchester New College; which, following its peripatetic habit, in 1841 returned from York to Manchester, went to London in 1847, and to Oxford in 1889. Martineau was connected with it as professor, and for many years as its head, until 1885. In the mean time he had removed from Liverpool to London, in 1857, after ten years of journeying there to his lectures and back to his pastoral work. The substance of his college work is embodied in his ‘Types of Ethical Theory’ (1885), ‘A Study of Religion’ (1888), and ‘The Seat of Authority in Religion’ (1890).

The critical radicalism of the last of these volumes did much to alienate the sympathies of those whose religious conservatism had attracted them to the two others, and to the general working of his mind as opposed to the materialistic tendencies which were dominant and aggressive in the third quarter of the century. But as a critic of the New Testament and Christian origins there was nothing in ‘The Seat of Authority’ to astonish or surprise any one acquainted with the course of his development. In this respect he had been consistently radical from first to last. Some of the most radical positions in the book will be found, germinal if not developed, in his reviews and studies of a much earlier date. The result of his criticisms was, for himself, a conception of Jesus and his work in history which, ethically, and spiritually, transcended any that he found in the traditional presentation, but was strictly within the limits of a humanitarian view.

If Martineau's theological and philosophical position was conservative as compared with his criticism, it was so only from the accident of a temporary swaying of the pendulum of thought towards materialism — a tendency which has already reached its term, and which no English writer has done so much to counteract as he. But an intuitive philosophy, anti-materialistic, anti-necessarian, anti-utilitarian, was not a conservative but a radical philosophy from 1840 until 1860; and this was the philosophy of Martineau in those years of earnest thought and active change. He had begun as an ardent disciple of Locke and Hartley and Priestley; serving out his captivity with them more patiently because of the idealization of their doctrine by the younger Mill, who as early as 1841 noticed in a syllabus of Martineau's lectures that he was falling away from his allegiance to the empirical school, and begged to have the lectures printed lest he should «be studying them in another state of existence» were their publication long delayed. In a little while Martineau found himself bound «to concede to the self-conscious mind itself, both as knowing and willing, an autonomous function distinct from each and all of the phenomena known, and changes willed, — a self-identity as unlike as possible to any growing aggregate of miscellaneous and dissimilar experiences.» This involved a surrender of determinism and a revision of the doctrine of causation. In 1848–9 he spent fifteen months in Germany, studying with Trendelenburg, and was soon brought into the same plight with reference to the cognitive and æsthetic side of life that had already befallen him in regard to the moral. He had become a metaphysician,—the possible as real for him as the actual, *noumena* as real as phenomena, mind central to the universe, and God a righteous will.

It would be difficult to find a more brilliant series of writings—culminating in the elaborate treatises of 1885, 1887, 1890 — than those in which Martineau defended his new-found philosophic faith. He had many foemen worthy of his pen. In the persons of Mansel and Spencer he opposed himself to Agnosticism before Huxley had named the terrible child, and while it was provisionally called Nescience. Against Tyndall and others as the prophets of Materialism, he put forth his utmost strength. In the great battle with Determinism and Utilitarianism he met all those who came up against him with a dialectic supple and keen as a Damascus sword. On these several fields he was a recognized captain of the host, and obtained the admiration and the gratitude of many who could not abide his Unitarian faith. His scientific knowledge was so large that it enabled him to cope with noble confidence with scientists venturing across his lines. He has lived to see many of the bolder of them retreating from positions too rashly taken up; but that his own are final is not to be supposed. One may greatly admire him, and yet conceive that he has been far more apt in finding what is weakest in the philosophical and religious implications of a transitional science, than in appropriating those scientific elements which make for a more satisfactory solution of the universal mystery than any yet obtained.

But if Martineau had not been a master in philosophy and ethics, he would still have been one of the most distinguished preachers of his sect and time. His most helpful books have been his volumes of sermons, especially the two volumes (1843-7) ‹Endeavors after a Christian Life.› The published sermons of his later life are too much overcrowded by the fear that the materialists be upon us. They have not the joyous march and song of the ‹Endeavors.› A penetrating spirituality is the dominant note of all his works; a passion for ideal truth and purity. The beauty of holiness shines from every page as from the preacher's face. His style, though marvelously brilliant, has undoubtedly been a deduction from his influence. It is so rich with metaphor that it dazzles the reader more than it illuminates the theme. Moreover, we are arrested by the beauty of the expression as by a painted window that conceals what is beyond. Nevertheless, for those straining after an ideal perfection, his sermons are as music to their feet. He has won the unbounded love and reverence of his own household of faith; and in his ninety-third year (1897) is, with Gladstone, one of the most impressive figures on the century's narrowing verge. All the great universities of Great Britain, America, and Continental Europe long since accorded him their highest honors.

THE TRANSIENT AND THE REAL IN LIFE

From ‹Hours of Thought on Sacred Things›

Job xii. 22: "*He discovereth deep things out of darkness; and bringeth out to light the shadow of Death.*"

IT IS the oldest, as it is the newest, reproach of the cynic against the devout, that they construe the universe by themselves; attribute it to a will like their own; tracing in it imaginary vestiges of a moral plan, and expecting from it the fulfillment of their brilliant but arbitrary dreams. Instead of humbly sitting at the feet of Nature, copying her order into the mind, and shaping all desire and belief into the form of her usages and laws, they turn out their own inward life into the spaces of the world, and impose their longings and admirations on the courses and issues of Time. With childish self-exaggeration, it is said, we fancy creation governed like a great human life,—peopled with motives, preferences, and affections parallel to ours,—its light and heat, its winds and tides, its seasons and its skies, administered by choice of good or ill, transparent with the flush of an infinite love, or suffused with the shadow of an infinite displeasure. We set at the helm of things a glorified humanity; and that is our God. We think away from society the cries of wrong and the elements of sin, leaving only what is calm and holy; and that is our Kingdom of Heaven. We picture to ourselves youth that never wastes, thought that never tires, and friendship without the last adieu; and that is our immortality. Religion, we are assured, is thus born of misery: it is the soul's protest against disappointment and refusal to accept it, the pity which our nature takes upon its own infirmities, and is secured only on the pathos of the human heart.

Be it so. Are you sure that the security is not good? Are we so made as to learn everything from the external world, and nothing out of ourselves? Grant the allegation. Let our diviner visions be the native instinct, the home inspiration, of our thought and love: are they therefore false because *we* think them? illusory, because beautiful relatively to us? Am I to believe the register of my senses, and to contradict the divinations of conscience and the trusts of pure affection? Is it a sign of highest reason to deny God until I see him, and blind myself to the life eternal till I am born into its surprise? Nothing more arbitrary, nothing narrower, can well be conceived, than to lay down the rule that our lowest endowment — the perceptive powers which introduce us to material things — has the monopoly of knowledge; and that the surmises of the moral sense have nothing true, and the vaticinations of devoted love only a light that leads astray. The wiser position surely is, that the mind is a balanced organ of truth all round,— that each faculty sees aright on its own side of things, and can measure what the others miss: the hand, the palpable; the eye, the visible; the imagination, the beautiful; the spirit, the spiritual; and the will, the good. How else indeed could God and Heaven, if really there, enter our field of knowledge, but by standing thus in relation to some apprehensive gift in us, and emerging as the very condition of its exercise and the attendant shadow of its movements?

And in truth, if we are not strangely self-ignorant, we must be conscious of two natures blended in us, each carrying a separate order of beliefs and trusts, which may assert themselves with the least possible notice of the other. There is the nature which lies open to the play of the finite world, gathers its experience, measures everything by its standard, adapts itself to its rules, and discharges as fictitious whatever its appearances fail to show. And underlying this, in strata far below, there is the nature which stands related to things infinite, and heaves and stirs beneath their solemn pressure, and is so engaged with them as hardly to feel above it the sway and ripple of the transitory tides. Living by the one, we find our place in nature; by the other, we lose ourselves in God. By the first, we have our science, our skill, our prudence; by the second, our philosophy, our poetry, our reverence for duty. The one computes its way by foresight; the other is self-luminous for insight. In short, the one puts us into communication with the order of appearances; the other with eternal realities. It is a shallow mind which can see to the bottom of its own beliefs, and is conscious of nothing but what it can measure in evidence and state in words; which feels in its own guilt no depth it cannot fathom, and in another's holiness no beauty it can only pine to seize; which reads on the face of things — on the glory of the earth and sky, on human joy and grief, on birth and death, in pity and heroic sacrifice, in the eyes of a trusting child and the composure of a saintly countenance — no meanings that cannot be printed; and which is never drawn, alone and in silence, into prayer exceeding speech. Things infinite and divine lie too near to our own centre, and mingle in too close communion, to be looked at as if they were there instead of here: they are given not so much for definition as for trust; are less the objects we think of than the very tone and color of our thought, the tension of our love, the unappeasable thirst of grief and reverence. Till we surrender ourselves not less freely to the implicit faiths folded up in the interior reason, conscience, and affection, than to the explicit beliefs which embody in words the laws of the outward world, we shall be but one-eyed children of Nature, and utterly blind prophets of God.

No doubt these two sides of our humanity, supplying the temporal and the spiritual estimates of things, are at ceaseless variance; they reckon by incommensurable standards, and the answers can never be the same. The natural world, with the part of us that belongs to it, is so framed as to make nothing of importance to us except the rules by which it goes, and to bid us ask no questions about its origin; since we have equally to fall in with its ways, be they fatal or be they divine. But to our reason in its noblest exercise, it makes a difference simply infinite, whether the universe it scans is in the hands of dead necessity or of the living God. This, which our science ignores, is precisely the problem which our intellect is made to ponder. Again, our social system of rights and obligations is constructed on the assumption that with the springs of action we have no concern: they fulfill all conditions, if we ask nothing and give nothing beyond the conduct happiest in its results. But the natural conscience flies straight to the inner springs of action as its sole interest and object; it is there simply as an organ for interpreting them, and finding in them the very soul of righteousness: that which the outward observer shuns is the inward spirit's holy place. And once more, Nature, as the mere mother of us all, takes small account in this thronged and historic world of the single human life: repeating it so often as to render it cheap; short as it is, often cutting its brief thread; and making each one look so like the other that you would say it could not matter who should go. But will our private love, which surely has the nearer insight, accept this estimate? Do we, when its treasure has fallen from our arms, say of the term of human years, "It has been enough"?—that the possibilities are spent; that the cycle of the soul is complete; and that with larger time and renovated opportunity, it could learn and love and serve no more? Ah no! to deep and reverent affection there is an aspect under which death must ever appear unnatural; and its cloud, after lingering awhile till the perishable elements are hid, grows transparent as we gaze, and half shows, half veils, a glorious image in the depth beyond. Tell me not that affection is blind, and magnifies its object in the dark. Affection blind! I say there is nothing else that can see; that can find its way through the windings of the soul it loves, and know how its graces lie. The cynic thinks that all the fair look of our humanity is on the outside, inasmuch as each mind will put on its best dress for company; and if *there* he detects some littleness and weakness, which perhaps his own cold eye brings to the surface, there can be only what is worse within. Dupe that he is of his own wit! he has not found out that all the evil spirits of human nature flock to him; that his presence brings them to the surface from their recesses in every heart, and drives the blessed angels to hide themselves away: for who would own a reverence, who tell a tender grief, before that hard ungenial gaze? Wherever he moves, he empties the space around him of its purest elements: with his low thought he roofs it from the heavenly light and the sweet air; and then complains of the world as a close-breathed and stifling place. It is not the critic, but the lover, who can know the real contents and scale of a human life; and that interior estimate, as it is the truer, is always the higher: the closest look becomes the gentlest too; and domestic faith, struck by bereavement, easily transfigures the daily familiar into an image congenial with a brighter world.

Our faculties and affections are graduated then to objects greater, better, fairer, and more enduring, than the order of nature gives us here. They demand a scale and depth of being which outwardly they do not meet, yet inwardly they are the organ for apprehending. Hence a certain glorious sorrow must ever mingle with our life: all our actual is transcended by our possible; our visionary faculty is an overmatch for our experience; like the caged bird, we break ourselves against the bars of the finite, with a wing that quivers for the infinite. To stifle this struggle, to give up the higher aspiration, and be content with making our small lodgings snug, is to cut off the summit of our nature, and live upon the flat of a mutilated humanity. To let the struggle be, however it may sadden us, to trust the pressure of the soul towards diviner objects and more holy life, and measure by it the invisible ends to which we tend,—this is true faith; the unfading crown of an ideal and progressive nature. It is indeed, and ever must be, notwithstanding the light that circles it, a crown of thorns; and the brow that wears it can never wholly cease to bleed. A nature which reaches forth to the perfect from a station in the imperfect must always have a pathetic tinge in its experience. Think not to escape it by any change of scene, though from the noisy streets to the eternal City of God. There is but One for whom there is no interval between what he thinks and what he is; in whom therefore is "light, and no darkness at all." For us, vain is the dream of a shadowless world, with no interruption of brilliancy, no remission of joy. Were our heaven never overcast, yet we meet the brightest morning only in escape from recent night; and the atmosphere of our souls, never passing from ebb and flow of love into a motionless constancy, must always break the white eternal beams into a colored and a tearful glory. Whence is that tincture of sanctity which Christ has given to sorrow, and which makes his form at once the divinest and most pathetic in the world? It is that he has wakened by his touch the illimitable aspirations of our bounded nature, and flung at once into our thought and affection a holy beauty, a divine Sonship, into which we can only slowly grow. And this is a condition which can never cease to be. Among the true children of the Highest, who would wish to be free from it? Let the glorious burden lie! How can we be angry at a sorrow which is the birth-pang of a diviner life?

From this strife, of infinite capacity with finite conditions, spring all the ideal elements which mingle with the matter of our being. Nor is it our conscience only that betrays the secret of this double life. Our very memory too, though it seems but to photograph the actual, proves to have the artist's true selecting power, and knows how to let the transient fall away, and leave the imperishable undimmed and clear. As time removes us from each immediate experience, some freshening dew, some wave of regeneration, brightens all the colors and washes off the dust; so that often we discover the essence only when the accidents are gone, and the present must die from us ere it can truly live. The work of yesterday, with its place and hour, has but a dull look when we recall it. But the scene of our childish years,—the homestead, it may be, with its quaint garden and its orchard grass; the bridge across the brook from which we dropped the pebbles and watched the circling waves; the school-house in the field, whose bell broke up the game and quickened every lingerer's feet; the yew-tree path where we crossed the church-yard, with arm round the neck of a companion now beneath the sod,—how soft the light, how tender the shadows, in which that picture lies! how musical across the silence are the tones it flings! The glare, the heat, the noise, the care, are gone; and the sunshine sleeps, and the waters ripple, and the lawns are green, as if it were in Paradise. But in these minor religions of life, it is the personal images of companions loved and lost that chiefly keep their watch with us, and sweeten and solemnize the hours. The very child that misses the mother's appreciating love is introduced, by his first tears, to that thirst of the heart which is the early movement of piety, ere yet it has got its wings. And I have known the youth who through long years of harsh temptation, and then short years of wasting decline, has, from like memory, never lost the sense as of a guardian angel near, and lived in the enthusiasm, and died into the embrace, of the everlasting holiness. In the heat and struggle of mid-life, it is a severe but often a purifying retreat to be lifted into the lonely observatory of memory, above the fretful illusions of the moment, and in presence once more of the beauty and the sanctity of life. The voiceless counsels that look through the visionary eyes of our departed steal into us behind our will, and sweep the clouds away, and direct us on a wiser path than we should know to choose. If age ever gains any higher wisdom, it is chiefly that it sits in a longer gallery of the dead, and sees the noble and saintly faces in further perspective and more various throng. The dim abstracted look that often settles on the features of the old,—what means it? Is it a mere fading of the life? an absence, begun already, from the drama of humanity? a deafness to the cry of its woes and the music of its affections? Not always so: the seeming forgetfulness may be but brightened memory; and if the mists lie on the outward present, and make it as a gathering night, the more brilliant is the lamp within that illuminates the figures of the past, and shows again, by their flitting shadows, the plot in which they moved and fell.

It is through such natural experiences—the treasured sanctities of every true life—that God «discovereth to us deep things out of darkness, and turneth into light the shadow of death.» They constitute the *lesser religions* of the soul; and say what you will, they come and go with the *greater*, and put forth leaf and blossom from the same root. We are so constituted throughout—in memory, in affection, in conscience, in intellect—that we cannot rest in the literal aspect of things as they materially come to us. No sooner are they in our possession, than we turn them into some crucible of thought, which saves their essence and precipitates their dross; and their pure idea emerges as our lasting treasure, to be remembered, loved, willed, and believed. What we thus gain, then,—is it a falsification? or a revelation? What we discard,—is it the sole constant, which alone we ought to keep? or the truly perishable, which we deservedly let slip? If the vision which remains with us is fictitious, then is there a fatal misadjustment between the actual universe and the powers given us for interpreting it; so that precisely what we recognize as highest in us—the human distinctions of art, of love, of duty, of faith—must be treated as palming off upon us a system of intellectual frauds. But if the idealizing analysis be true, it is only that our faculties have not merely passive receptivity, but discriminative insight, are related to the permanent as well as to the transient, and are at once prophetic and retrospective; and thus are qualified to report to us, not only what is, but what ought to be and is to be. Did we apply the transforming imagination only *to the present*, so as to discern in it a better possibility beyond, it might be regarded as simply a provision for the progressive improvement of this world,— an explanation still carrying in itself the thought of a beneficent Provider. But we glorify no less what *has been* than what *now is;* and see it in a light in which it never appeared beneath the sun: and this is either an illusion or a prevision.

The problem whether the transfiguring powers of the mind serve upon us an imposture or open to us a divine vision, carries in its answer the whole future of society, the whole peace and nobleness of individual character. High art, high morals, high faith, are impossible among those who do not believe their own inspirations, but only court and copy them for pleasure or profit. And for great lives, and stainless purity, and holy sorrow, and surrendering trust, the souls of men must pass through all vain semblances, and touch the reality of an eternal Righteousness and a never-wearied Love.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621–1678)

Andrew Marvell has been described as of medium height, sturdy and thick-set, with bright dark eyes, and pleasing, rather reserved expression.

He was born in 1621, at Winestead, near Hull, in Yorkshire. His father was master of the grammar school, and there Andrew was prepared for Trinity College, Cambridge. But a boyish escapade led to his expulsion before the completion of his university course, and for several years he lived abroad; visiting France, Holland, Spain, and Italy, and improving his mind «to very good purpose,» as his friend John Milton said admiringly. He returned to become tutor to Lord Fairfax's young daughter, and lived at Nun Appleton near Hull. He was an ardent lover of nature, finding rest and refreshment in its color and beauty, noting the lilt of a bird or the texture of a blossom with a happy zest which recalls the songs of the Elizabethans. Much of his pastoral verse was written at this period. But his energetic nature soon tired of country calm. His connection with Lord Fairfax had made him known in Roundhead circles, and he left Nun Appleton, appointed by Cromwell tutor to his young ward Mr. Dutton, and afterwards engaged in politics. His native Hull elected him to Parliament three times; and he is said to have been the last member to receive wages — two shillings a day — for his services. So well did he satisfy his constituents that they continued him a pension until his death in 1678. His public career was distinguished for fearless integrity; and an often quoted instance of this describes Lord Treasurer Danby sent by Charles II. to seek out the poet in his poverty-stricken lodgings off the Strand, with enticing offers to join the court party. These Marvell stoutly declined; although the story adds that as soon as his flattering visitor had gone he was forced to send out for the loan of a guinea.

Andrew Marvell

Marvell's satiric prose was too bitter and too personal not to arouse great animosity, and he was often forced to circulate it in manuscript or have it secretly printed. The vigorous style suggests Swift; and mingled with coarse invective and frequent brutalities there is sledge-hammer force of wit,—much of which, however, is lost to the modern reader from the fact that the issues involved are now forgotten.

The great objects of Marvell's veneration were Cromwell and Milton. He knew them personally, was the associate of Milton at the latter's request, and these master minds inspired some of his finest verse. He has been called «the poet of the Protectorate»; and perhaps no one has spoken more eloquently upon Cromwell than he in his ‹Horatian Ode› and ‹Death of Cromwell.› It is interesting to note that Milton and Cromwell admired and respected Marvell's talents, and that the former suggested in all sincerity that he himself might find matter for envy in the achievement of the lesser poet.

Marvell «was eminently afflicted with the gift of wit or ingenuity much prized in his time,» says Goldwin Smith. His fanciful artificialities, reflecting the contemporary spirit of Waller and Cowley, are sometimes tedious to modern taste. But in sincerer moods he could write poems whose genuine feeling, descriptive charm, and artistic skill are still as effective as ever.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress's name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied —
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:—

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples,—plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice,—
With cedars, chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh, let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus they sang, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come;
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

THE MOWER'S SONG

My mind was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay;
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass:
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine;
That not one blade of grass you spied
But had a flower on either side:
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought;
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall:
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb:
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

THE PICTURE OF T. C.

In a Prospect of Flowers

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?

See! this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And under her command severe,
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

Oh, then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound,—
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise:
Let me be laid
Where I may see the glory from some shade.

Meanwhile, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring:
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

But oh, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;
And ere we see,
Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

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